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Josephine

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THE LIFE

OF THE

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE,

First Wife of Napoleon.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "WOMEN OF THE BIBLE," "LIFE OF LAFAYETTE," "LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS," "LIFE OF KOSSUTH," ETC.

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PREFACE.

In offering another biography of Josephine to the admirers of that brilliant woman, it was the design of both the Author and Publishers, to furnish in a more popular form than any similar work in print, an impartial delineation of her character, and a general view of the events upon the field of history across which she made a sad and brilliant transit. A strictly original work is not claimed, as no access could be had to manuscripts of the departed, or to the archives of France. For the correspondence, we are mainly indebted to Memes; and have referred for various interesting facts, to Bourrienne, Hazlitt, Von Rotteck, Scott, Alison, &c.

Josephine, for the times in which she lived, was a model of female character; and if this volume shall make the study of it more general, it will so far extend the admiration of the pure and beautiful, in

contrast with all the forms of corruption humanity could present in a period of bloody Revolution. The Empress was a greater personage than Napoleon in the elements of *moral* grandeur, and retained her sovereignty in the *hearts* of the people, while he ruled by the unrivalled splendor of his genius

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LIFE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

CHAPTER I.

INTEREST OF JOSEPHINE'S HISTORY.—BIRTH AND FAMILY.—EARLY YEARS.—FIRST LOVE.—SINGULAR PREDICTION.—CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH CHERISHED SUPERSTITION.—ATTACHMENT BROKEN OFF.—BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH BEAUHARNAIS.—IS MARRIED.—VISITS THE COURT OF FRANCE.—MAKES PROVINCIAL TOURS.—THE BIRTH OF EUGENE AND HORTENSE.—DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES.—SEPARATION FROM HER HUSBAND.—RETIREMENT.—RETURNS TO MARTINIQUE.—RESIDENCE THERE.—HER RETURN TO FRANCE.—INCIDENTS OF THE VOYAGE.—IS UNITED TO HER FAMILY.—ORIGIN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—ESTATES GENERAL CONVOKED.—BEAUHARNAIS A MEMBER.—UPON ITS DISSOLUTION AGAIN ENTERS THE ARMY.—HIS PRINCIPLES AND HUMANITY.—ELECTED TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.—APPOINTED COMMANDER ON THE GERMAN FRONTIER.—DESPATCH TO THE CONVENTION.

The name of Josephine is invested with a romantic and mournful interest. From the quiet life of her island-home, she rose to the splendor of royalty which borrowed lustre from her virtues; then, heart-broken, found retirement, where, with a meek resignation that contrasts beautifully with the untamed ambition of the illustrious exile of St. Helena, she lived till her death. Besides she is identified with those great events which mark the ebb and flow of the mighty tide bearing the destiny of universal humanity; revolutions whose sub-

siding swell left imperishable characters and memorials, like the diluvial epochs that have scarred the continents and changed the ocean-bed. These struggles will be studied with increasing interest by prince and people, the monarch and the sullen serf who chafes against his heavy chain ; till man's "inalienable rights' are wrung from the unwilling hand of despotism, while rational liberty, sanctioned and guarded by religion, is secured to the awakening nations.

In this view, Josephine is a heroine of history, alike interesting to the contemplative mind, which studies biography for the entertainment it affords, and to the Statesman who would obtain lessons of political wisdom, and become familiar with the origin and progress of revolutions.

Josephine was born on the island of Martinique, the 23d day of June, 1763. Mlle. Le Normand, who is questionable authority, puts the date of her birth one day later, the 24th—memorable for the official transfer of the island to the French power. Her father, M. Tasher, in early life joined the army, and was promoted to the captaincy in a regiment of cavalry. This rank, without farther evidence, indicates clearly noble descent; for not until the brilliant innovations upon ancient custom by Napoleon, were officers taken without regard to lineage, from the common people. He was ordered to the West Indies in 1758, where, retiring from service, he settled upon the estate La Pagerie. Very little is known respecting the childhood and youth of his wife, Mademoiselle de Sanois, connected

with a respectable family who came from a southern province of France, to retrieve the reverses of fortune in the New World. She married M. Tasher in 1761.

The data are imperfect, from which to gather a complete biography of their gifted daughter; the associations, and the moral influences which attended her juvenile years, giving complexion to her character, and shaping her destiny, are comparatively unknown.

She alludes to the companionship of Maria, a foster-sister, or, as it is affirmed by some writers, an elder daughter of M. Tasher, a contemplative and beautiful girl. In the enjoyment of this intimacy, surrounded by an atmosphere of the finest temperature, and with the solemn ocean spread at her feet, she rapidly developed both her intellectual and physical powers. Kind to all, especially to the slaves of the plantation, she was admired and caressed; careless-hearted as the gazelle, she danced away the hours beneath a sky that seemed to laugh in her joyous face. She had a passion for music, and would wander away to the sea-shore or a forest solitude, and pour her melodies like a wild-bird on the air. Of her rich tones, Napoleon said in after years, "The first applause of the French people sounded to my ear sweet as the voice of Josephine."

The inhabitants called her the "pretty creole," and her genius was equal to her charms. Her lively imagination and quick perceptions, made her progress in study a pleasant amusement. To copy her own language, "I did not like the restraint of my clothing, nor to be cramped in my movements. I ran, I jumped,

and danced, from morning to night. Why restrain the wild movements of my childhood? I wanted to do no hurt to those from whom I received any evidences of affection. Nature gave me a great facility for anything I undertook. Learning to read and write was mere pastime."

She passed much of her time during this period of early youth with Madam Renaudin, an amiable aunt, whose mansion was the resort of many cultivated persons, among the colonial inhabitants of the islands. Her native refinement was brought out by this culture, and she bloomed into womanhood, "the very personation of grace." Love had unconsciously thrown its spell upon her blithesome spirit. There was living on the island an English family, who, sharing in the misfortunes of Prince Edward, lost their possessions, and self-exiled, had fixed their residence near the home of Josephine.

Among these noble fugitives was young *William*, with whom she rambled and played from their childhood. The parents of each had seen and consented to the attachment, and Josephine was promised in marriage, when mature age should make the union proper. Mr. De K—— was called unexpectedly to England, to prove his heirship to the estate of a deceased lord, and was accompanied thither by his only son. This was a sad blow for Josephine. With Maria, who was inclined to melancholy, and loved solitude, her sprightly and social nature had less sympathy than with other female friends, to whom she would re-

late the story of her attachment, beguiling the hours with omens and day-dreams concerning her destiny and absent lover. One day she met a mulatto woman, who was generally known as the *magician*, on account of her skill in foretelling coming events. She bore the name of Euphemia, and also the familiar surname of David. The following is Josephine's account of the interview:—

"The old sibyl, on beholding me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost by force seized my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. Amused at these absurdities, as I thought them, I allowed her to proceed, saying, 'So you discover something extraordinary in my destiny?' 'Yes.' 'Is happiness or misfortune to be my lot?' 'Misfortune: ah, stop!—and happiness too.' 'You take care not to commit yourself, my good dame; your oracles are not the most intelligible.' 'I am not permitted to render them more clear,' said the woman, raising her eyes with a mysterious expression toward heaven. 'But to the point,' replied I, for my curiosity began to be excited; 'what read you concerning me in futurity?' 'What do I see in the future? You will not believe me if I speak.' 'Yes, indeed, I assure you. Come, my good mother, what am I to fear and hope?' 'On your head be it then; listen: you will be married soon; that union will not be happy; you will become a widow, and then—then you will be *Queen of France!* Some happy years will be yours; but you will die in a hospital, amid civil commotions.'

"On concluding these words," continued Josephine "the old woman burst from the crowd, and hurried away, as fast as her limbs, enfeebled by age, would permit. I forbade the bystanders to molest or banter the pretended prophetess on this *ridiculous prediction;* and took occasion, from the seeming absurdity of the whole proceeding, to caution the young negresses how they gave heed to such matters. Henceforth, I thought of the affair only to laugh at it with my relatives. But afterward, when my husband had perished on the scaffold, in spite of my better judgment, this prediction forcibly recurred to my mind after a lapse of years; and though I was myself then in prison, the transaction daily assumed a less improbable character, and I ended by regarding the fulfilment as almost a matter of course."

The circumstances of such a prediction are among the authenticated facts in her history: yet to minds unaffected with superstitions of the kind, the result will appear only one of those striking coincidences which sometimes occur in the lowest species of this prophetic legerdemain.

Josephine was almost necessarily superstitious. From the dawn of consciousness, she was under the influence of parental faith in the marvellous, and listened to the wild tales of unearthly scenes, common among the negro population, till her imagination was excited with the mysteries of human life; and that desire to read the future, more or less active in every mind, became a painful solicitude, that not unfrequently made

her sensitive spirit recoil with trembling from her unfolding destiny. This was no blemish upon her character; for under similar culture the Puritans of England and America became monomaniacs in their belief of the supernatural, and the very phenomena of nature, to their disordered fancy, blent with them the gloom and the glories of eternity.

Thus passed the years to this lovely maiden, so soon to enter upon the arena of French revolutions, and play her part with kings, under the eye of startled Europe. Among flowers and birds—on the lawn and by the sea-side—her gentle heart unfolded its pure affections, and sighed over visions of love which had faded. Parental opposition, with circumstances unknown to her, interposed a hopeless separation between her and William De K——; though she never forgot him on whom she had lavished the wealth of her young heart's devotion, even while she graced a throne, and won the admiration of millions.

But new events now engaged her thoughts, and opened before her the career of greatness and of trial. Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais, who held estates in Martinique under lease to M. Renaudin, visited the island to establish his claim to the inheritance. He, however, had some time before come to the New Continent, with a commission in the French army, fired with the enthusiasm for liberty, which had just burst like a conflagration from the bosom of the American Colonies upon the world.

Through Madam Renaudin he became acquainted

with the M. Tasher family, and interested in Josephine, who was now in the glory of her youthful beauty. That influential lady had fixed her choice upon Beauharnais for the future husband of her admired *protege;* and though the design met with bitter opposition from relatives, this obstacle yielded to the unaffected kindness and winning manners of Josephine, and the marriage took place soon after she had passed her sixteenth year. Beauharnais, though several years older, was young in appearance, and of commanding figure. During their visit to the capital of France, she was flattered by the nobility, and upon her presentation at court, received the most marked attentions from Marie Antoinette; who seemed scarcely less to admire the accomplished man who had introduced the fair creole into the brilliant circle she adorned—and called him the *beau danseur* of the royal saloons.

The months vanished like visions to the bewildered Josephine, in the splendid scenes crowding the gay circles of Paris and Versailles. Weary of pleasure, she accompanied her husband in provincial tours, visiting the ancestral domains in Brittany, where she gave birth to Eugene, an only son, and afterwards the distinguished Viceroy of Italy.

This was in 1780; and in 1783 Hortense was born, who became Queen of Holland. Though surrounded by all that could gratify ambition and taste—the embellishments of art, lavished on a beautiful residence—gorgeous equipage and retinue—happy in the domestic

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relations, and beloved by a legion of friends, a midnight cloud was gathering upon her radiant future. Beauharnais had caught the moral infection which pervaded the fashionable world, and made its shining exterior delusive as the phosphorescent light that sometimes plays upon the surface of a decaying form, from which life has departed. Josephine suspected his fidelity, while he in turn, it would seem from the partial disclosures made of this unpleasant and obscure transaction, doubted the sincerity of her affection, through the influence of a jealous female friend, who intimated that the heart of his creole wife was given unalterably to another. Whether in any degree she gave occasion for suspicion is of little consequence, where the guilt and responsibility of what followed are plainly his own.

His notions of conjugal fidelity in common with the courtiers of that period, and those that prevailed during the reign of the dissolute Charles of England, were unworthy the man who won the hand of Josephine; and she resented the insult he offered to her truthful and virtuous spirit, by his gallantries toward a woman she despised. It was not long, when the language of affection was exchanged for accusation and keen retort, before that knell of happiness, *separation*, passed his lips.

He designed to interpose a final barrier, which stung the proud heart of Josephine, and with weeping she besought him to avert this humiliating blow. It appears, however, that he commenced the suit for a

divorce, which, by her own management and the influence of friends, was defeated. In her retirement at this time, she felt all that heavy gloom, and *abandon* of sorrow, wnich fall like night on noonday, upon a heart in which *feeling* was the ruling element, moving ever to the Cynosure of love, and whose romantic dreams seemed already in their fulfilment, when they dissolved in tears. Her reading harmonized with the hue of her mournful thoughts. "Night Thoughts," and "Hervey's Meditations," became familiar books, and led her contemplations to the vast realities of a life to come—"the littleness of time, and the greatness of that eternity which lies beyond it." Whether she cherished any deep and practical religious impressions, imparting to her character that purest element of heroism, Christian fortitude, is not known.

Returning to her beloved Martinique, she found repose among the friends of her girlhood, and in the quiet beauty of her sea-girdled home. Though tranquillity was restored to outward life, yet like the sunlit tide she sometimes watched, laying its undulations in foam at her feet, while the sobbings of the retiring storm were heard in the distance; there were emotions which had no rest in her bosom, while memory turned to France, and the tempest which had driven her an exile from a husband and son to whom her affections clung.

So the years fled, till the tidings reached Josephine, that Beauharnais was prepared to welcome her back with renewed kindness and devotion. With a woman's

heart she had longed for an honorable restoration to her lost position as wife and mother, and hear again the music of Eugene's filial voice, and she prepared to embark. Long afterwards, she gave the following simple narration of her voyage before the ladies of her court at Navarre, while they were admiring her unrivalled collection of jewels, whose richness and beauty attracted the attention of her most illustrious visitors.

"Believe me, my young friends, that splendor is not to be envied which does not constitute happiness. I shall doubtless very much surprise you, by saying that the gift of a pair of old shoes afforded me at one time greater satisfaction than all these diamonds now before you ever did." Here her youthful auditors could hardly refrain from visibly intimating their conjecture that this remark was intended as a pleasantry. Josephine's serious air assuring them of their mistake, they began, with one accord, to express their respectful desire of hearing the history of these famous shoes, which, to their imaginations, already promised greater wonders than the marvels of the glass-slipper.

"Yes, ladies, it is certain, that of all the presents I ever in my life received, the one which gave me the greatest pleasure was *a pair of old shoes—and these, too, of coarse leather*. This you will understand in the sequel.

"Quitting Martinico, I had taken a passage on board a ship, where we were treated with an attention which I shall never forget. Having separated from my first husband, I was far from rich. Obliged to return to

France on family affairs, the passage had absorbed the major part of my resources; and, indeed, not without much difficulty had I been able to provide the most indispensable requisites for our voyage. Hortense, obliging and lively, performing with much agility the dances of the negroes, and singing their songs with surprising correctness, greatly amused the sailors, who, from being her constant playfellows, had become her favorite society. No sooner did she observe me to be engaged, than, mounting upon deck, and there the object of general admiration, she repeated all her little exercises to the satisfaction of every one. An old quarter-master was particularly attached to the child; and whenever his duties permitted him a moment's leisure, he devoted the interval to his young friend, who, in turn, doated upon the old man. What with running, leaping, and dancing, my daughter's slight shoes were fairly worn out. Knowing she had not another pair, and fearing I would forbid her going upon deck should this defect in her attire be discovered, Hortense carefully concealed the disaster, and one day I experienced the distress of beholding her return, leaving every footmark in blood. Fearing some terrible accident, I asked, in affright, if she was hurt. 'No, mamma!' 'But see, the blood is streaming from your feet.' 'It is nothing, I assure you.' Upon examining how matters stood, I found the shoes literally in tatters, and her feet dreadfully torn by a nail. We were not yet more than half-way; and before reaching France it seemed impossible to procure another pair

of shoes. I felt quite overcome at the idea of the sorrow my poor Hortense would suffer, as also at the danger to which her health might be exposed, by confinement in my miserable little cabin. We began to weep bitterly, and found no solace in our grief. At this moment entered our good friend the quarter-master, and, with honest bluntness, inquired the cause of our tears. Hortense, sobbing all the while, eagerly informed him that she would no more get upon deck, for her shoes were worn, and mamma had no others to give her. 'Nonsense,' said the worthy seaman; 'is that all? I have an old pair somewhere in my chest. You, madam, can cut them to the shape, and I'll splice them up again as well as need be. Shiver my timbers! on board ship you must put up with many things; we are neither landsmen nor fops, provided we have the necessary—*that's the most principal.*' Without giving time for a reply, away hastened the kind quarter-master in search of his old shoes. These he soon after brought to us with a triumphant air, and they were received by Hortense with demonstrations of the most lively joy. To work we set with all zeal, and before day closed my daughter could resume her delightful duties of supplying the evening's diversion to the crew. I again repeat, never was a present received with greater thankfulness. It has since often been matter of self-reproach that I did not particularly inquire into the name and history of our benefactor, who was known on board only as Jacques. It would have been grati-

fying to me to have done something for him, when afterwards, means were in my power."

Soon after her arrival, she was once more united in "sweet concord," as she expressed it, to M. de Beauharnais. The gloomy scenes of the past were forgotten amid the sacred joys of domestic peace, and Josephine was happy as she had been miserable—devoting her tact and energies to the ruling purpose of making her mansion the attractive centre of felicity to her husband. But her suffering country was preparing a cup of deeper woe, although it could not press to her trembling lips the poison of *self-reproach.*

The political elements which had long been in agitation now blackened the heavens over the exasperated masses of France. From the conquest wars of Louis XIV., which slaughtered men and absorbed money, followed by his profusion, and the magnificence of his court, the corruption of the social state, and the burdens of the poor, had rapidly increased; while an insolent nobility and dissolute clergy rioted on resources wrung from the starving millions. Added to these facts, the American contest for liberty had thrown new ideas of right and oppression, like rockets into a magazine, among the pillaged and discontented classes.

Louis XVI. was now on the throne, whom "Fate had selected as the expiatory victim of the faults of his predecessors." He was evidently a monarch of benevolent and honest heart, but neither brilliant nor heroic—irresolute, and without independence of char-

acter, he was incapable of stilling or guiding the storm.

Beauharnais sympathized with the King, while he was imbued with republican principles and ready to strike for reform. Calonne, the minister of state, alarmed at the current *deficit* in the finances, which in one year was increased *one hundred and twenty-five millions of livres*, represented the necessity of immediate and radical reform to the King, and proposed a convocation of the Assembly of the Notables; which occurred in the spring of 1787. Though little was directly accomplished, it prepared the way for convoking the States General, which the people throughout the kingdom now demanded in language that must be heard. The King yielded, and the deputies of the three estates assembled at Versailles, 27th of April, 1789. Beauharnais now appeared boldly in the revolution, before whose terrific might were sunk a throne and splendid aristocracy, while the fetters of despotism which bore the rust of ages, were severed like threads of gossamer. In this "Constitutional Assembly," he took his seat as representative for the nobles of Blois. He was conservative in his views; opposed to those high privileges and feudal laws which excluded the noblesse from the progressive movement of the age, he did not enter fully into the extreme doctrines of democracy which spread like a contagion among the rising masses. He made speeches and introduced reports of conciliatory yet republican tone—committing himself fully to the deepening commotion which was soon to

become a national tragedy. The Assembly was dissolved, September 20, 1791. By a resolution passed, the members were ineligible to re-election for a time, and the Viscount Beauharnais again entered the army. He was associated with La Fayette after the events of August 10th, 1792; and became a member of the third or National Convention, of which he was twice chosen president. A Girondist in politics, he was humane in action, and earnestly desired the safety of the King, whose doom he might delay, but could not change; for his blood must be poured like oil on the angry billows it would fail to calm. While Josephine's husband was thus engaged in reform, her brother-in-law, the Marquis de Beauharnais, was equally devoted to royalty, and a major-general in the army of Conde. But in vain were his efforts—Louis was beheaded, and the sanguinary struggle went forward. The Viscount was appointed commander-in-chief of the Rhine, to defend the German frontier; for Europe was fairly awake, and revolutionary nobles were obliged to serve as generals, in the absence of experienced leaders, for the excited and desperate throng, harnessed to this car of Juggernaut, which, on puritan ground, was but the temple of Liberty, lifting its beautiful proportions amid a rational people, who with a strong and steady arm had beaten back the invader of human rights.

The following despatch exhibits the generalship and the republicanism of Beauharnais; dropping by the

omission of the *de* in the autograph, every indication of titled aristocracy.

TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION
Head-quarters, Landau, 20th July, 1793.

"I have to inform you, citizen representatives, that on the night of the 19th, I quitted the position on the heights of Menfield, in order to take up another nearer Landau; and, at the same time, to attack the enemy encamped in the vicinity of that place. I directed the army to advance in six columns, three of which were destined for false attacks. The principal object was to obtain possession of the passes of Anweiller, and the heights of Frankweiller, in front of these passes; and upon which the enemy lay strongly entrenched. Everything succeeded to my wish. General Arlandes, with the 10th regiment of infantry, seized the pass of Anweiller; General Meynier, at the head of the 67th, occupied at the same instant Alberweiller and the various defiles leading therefrom; the vanguard, led on by Generals Landremont, Loubat, and Delmas, repulsed the enemy with loss from the heights of Frankweiller, which was guarded by the emigrants and the free corps of Wurmser.

"General Gilot, making a sortie with three thousand of the brave garrison of Landau, in order to occupy the enemy's attention at a point where his line rested upon a wood, proved successful in that quarter. The false attacks directed by General Ferriere, and those of the brigades of Generals Lafarelle and Mequillet,

on the respective points of the hostile line, occasioned a diversion highly favorable to the main attack, by causing the evacuation of the villages of Betheim, Kintelsheim, and Ottersheim. Everywhere the enemies of the republic have been driven back with loss, and have left, contrary to their practice, the field covered with their dead and wounded. We made some prisoners, and have captured several redoubts, without cannon, it is true, but in which our brave soldiers found bread, great coats, and supplies of various kinds.

"This action, so fortunate in its results, since the troops of the republic have successfully effected what I had proposed, gives anticipation of still more important advantages. My communications with the army of Moselle have meanwhile been established by the county of Deuxponts; and the courage of the republicans composing the army of the Rhine promises to become more and more worthy of national confidence, by fulfilling those engagements which that army, by its situation and force, and through the interests of the important city now besieged, had contracted with the country. I am yet unable to speak in detail of those individual achievements which merit the attention of the representatives of the people, and in a free state call for an expression of national gratitude; but my next letter will contain the necessary particulars.

"I request you again to accept from all the republicans of the army of the Rhine, the homage of fidelity to the republic, one and indivisible, of their attachment

to the constitution, and of their gratitude to the estimable legislature to whom that constitution is owing.

"The Commander-in-chief
"of the Army of the Rhine,
"ALEXANDER BEAUHARNAIS."

This was his last effort for his country—a new chapter is opened in the bloody annals of this period, and in the history of the noble De Beauharnais.

CHAPTER II.

FALL OF THE GIRONDE.—BEAUHARNAIS ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED.—LETTER OF JOSEPHINE TO HER AUNT.—FRIENDS FORSAKE HER.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH BEAUHARNAIS.—LEVITY IN VIEW OF DEATH, AND INFIDELITY DURING THE REIGN OF TERROR.—JOSEPHINE'S KINDNESS TO THE SUFFERING.—EXAMINATION OF BEAUHARNAIS.—LOUIS OBTAINS AN INTERVIEW FOR BEAUHARNAIS WITH HIS FAMILY.—JOSEPHINE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.—PARENTAL INFLUENCE.—BEAUHARNAIS BETRAYED.—HIS DANGER INCREASED BY NEW EVENTS.—CHARGE OF CONSPIRACY.—EUGENE AND HORTENSE EXAMINED.—JOSEPHINE'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRANSACTION.—AGAIN VISITS THE LUXEMBOURG.—SCENES IN PRISON.—LETTERS.—ROBESPIERRE.

During the progress of the Revolution, a formidable club had arisen, called *Jacobins*, from a suppressed cloister of that name, in which the deputies from Bretagne that composed it, held their sessions. In this society, enthusiasm at first well directed, passed into reckless ambition and lawless passion—Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, were the fit leaders of this wild and reigning faction. Opposed to the extreme measures and furious zeal of the Jacobins, was the judicious, earnest spirit of the *Girondists*, who received their title from the department of Gironde, which had furnished the most splendid minds that shone in their debates, and gave direction to the patriotic ardor of freemen.

But after the execution of Louis, no barrier was left to check the maddened populace, and a *revolutionary*

tribunal was established, whose decisions were final, while the property of the doomed was absorbed by the state. The Jacobins, no longer feared the political power of the Gironde, whose moderation they hated, and their vengeance fell unsparingly on this noble party, which in May, 1793, fell in the embrace of the blind and many-armed Briareus, whose locks were knotted with the best blood of France, and whose strokes slaughtered alike the innocent and the guilty. The proscribed sought refuge in concealment and flight. But Beauharnais, conscious of integrity, trusted with mistaken confidence in the magnanimity of desperate men who now raved like maniacs, amid the desolation and wailing of a kingdom. He was arrested by the heartless servitors of Robespierre, and hurried away to the prisons of the Luxembourg. No better account of the whole transaction, in which ruffianism triumphed over virtue, and might over right, without the ground of accusation, can be given than by quoting the following extract from the letter of Josephine to her aunt, residing in the vicinity of Fontainebleau :—

JOSEPHINE TO MADAM FANNY BEAUHARNAIS.

"Ah, my dear aunt, compassionate—console—counsel me. Alexander is arrested; while I write he is led away to the Luxembourg!

"Two days ago, a man of ill-omened aspect was seen prowling around our house. Yesterday about

three o'clock, the porter was interrogated whether citizen Beauharnais had returned from St. Germain. Now, you know, my aunt, that my husband has not been at St. Germain since the month of May. You were of the party, and may recollect that Cubieres read to us some verses on the pavilion of Luciennes. The same inquisitor reappeared in the evening, accompanied by an old man of huge stature, morose, and rude, who put several questions to the porter. 'You are sure it is Beauharnais the Viscount?' 'Ci-devant vicounte,' replied our servant. 'The same who formerly presided in the assembly?' 'I believe so.' 'And who is a general officer?' 'The same sir,' said the porter. 'Sir!' sharply interrupted the inquirer, and addressing his companion, who had said nothing, 'you see the cask always smells the herring.' Upon this they disappeared.

"To-day, about eight in the morning, I was told some one wished to speak with me. This was a young man, of gentle and decent appearance: he carried a leather bag in which were several pair of shoes. 'Citizen,' said the man to me, 'I understand you want socks of plum-gray?' I looked at my woman, Victorine, who was present, but she comprehended as little of this question as I did. The young man seemed painfully disconcerted: he kept turning a shoe in his hand, and fixed upon me a mournful look. At length, approaching close, he said in an undertone, 'I have something to impart to you, madam.' His voice, his looks, and a sigh which half escaped him, caused me

some emotion. 'Explain yourself,' I replied eagerly; 'my servant is faithful.' 'Ah,' exclaimed he, as if involuntarily, 'my life is at stake in this matter.' I arose instantly, and dismissed Victorine with a message to call my husband.

"'Madam,' said the young tradesman, when we were alone, 'there is not a moment to lose, if you would save M. de Beauharnais. The revolutionary committee last night passed a resolution to have him arrested, and at this very moment the warrant is making out.' I felt as if ready to swoon away. 'How know you this?' demanded I, trembling violently. 'I am one of the committee,' said he, casting down his eyes; 'and being a shoemaker, I thought these shoes would afford me a reasonable pretext for advertising you, madam.' I could have embraced the good young man. He perceived that I wept, and I believe tears stood in his own eyes. At this moment Alexander entered; I threw myself into his arms. 'You see my husband,' said I to the shoemaker. 'I have the honor of knowing him,' was the reply.

"Your nephew, learning the service which we had received, wished to reward him on the spot. This offer was declined in a manner which augmented our esteem. Alexander held out his hand, which the young man took with respect, but without embarrassment. Spite of our solicitations, Alexander refused to flee. 'With what can they charge me?' asked he; 'I love liberty; I have borne arms for the Revolution; and had that depended upon me, the termination would

have been in favor of the people.' 'But you are a noble,' answered the young man, 'and that is a crime in the eyes of revolutionists,—it is an irreparable misfortune.' 'Which they can charge as a crime,' added I; 'and moreover, they accuse you of having been one in the Constitutional Assembly.' 'My friend,' replied Alexander with a noble expression and firm tone, 'such is my most honorable title to glory—the only claim, in fine, which I prefer. Who would not be proud of having proclaimed the rights of the nation, the fall of despotism, and the reign of the laws?' 'What laws!' exclaimed I: 'it is in blood they are written.' 'Madam,' said the young man, with an accent such as he had not yet employed, 'when the tree of liberty is planted in an unfriendly soil, it must be watered with the blood of its enemies.' Beauharnais and I looked at each other; in the young man, whom nature had constituted with so much feeling, we recognized the revolutionist whom the new principles had been able to render cruel.

"Meanwhile, time elapsed; he took his leave of us, repeating to my husband, 'Within an hour it will no longer be possible to withdraw yourself from search. I wished to save, because I believe you innocent; such was my duty to humanity; but if I am commanded to arrest you,—pardon me; I shall do my duty, and you will acknowledge the patriot. In you I have ever beheld an honorable man—a noble and generous heart; it is impossible, therefore, that you should not also be a good citizen.'

"When our visitor had departed, 'Such,' said Alexander to me, 'are the prejudices with which our youth are poisoned. The blood of the nobles, of those even the most devoted to the new ideas, must nourish liberty. If these new men of the Revolution were only cruel and turbulent, this sanguinary thirst, this despotic rage, would pass away; but they are systematic, and Robespierre has reduced revolutionary action into a doctrine. The movement will cease only when its enemies, real or presumed, are annihilated, or when its author shall be no more. But this is an ordeal which must in the end strengthen liberty; she will ferment and work herself clear in blood.' 'You make me shudder,' said I to Alexander; 'can you speak this and not flee?' 'Whither flee?' answered my husband: 'is there a vault, a garret, a hiding-place, into which the eye of the tyrant does not penetrate? Do you reflect that he sees with the eye of forty thousand committees animated by like dispositions and strong in his will? The torrent rolls along, and the people throwing themselves into it, augment its force. We must yield. if I be condemned, how escape? if I be not, free or in prison, I have nothing to fear.' My tears, my entreaties were vain. At a quarter before twelve, three members of the revolutionary committee made their appearance, and our house was filled with armed men.

"Think you my young cordwainer formed one in this band? You are not deceived, and his functions there were painful to me. I confess, however, I beheld him exercise these with a sort of satisfaction. He it

was who signified to Alexander the order placing him under arrest, which he did with equal urbanity and firmness. In the midst of a crisis so grievous to me, I could not help observing in this young man a tone of authority and decency which placed him in striking contrast with his two colleagues. One of these, the same old inquisitor who the night previously had made it his business to inquire concerning the presence and occupation of my husband, was once a planter in Martinico, and who, despite of *equality*, has never beheld in the human species but two classes,—masters and slaves. His present opinion is, that the Revolution will be brought to a happy conclusion only when its agents shall have reduced all its enemies to the condition of the negroes of Senegal when exported into America; and to accomplish this end, he demands that the whole race of priests, nobles, proprietors, philosophers, and, in short, all the aristocratic classes, be despatched to St. Domingo, there to replace the caste of the blacks, suppressed by the Revolution. 'Thus,' added the ferocious wretch, addressing his words to me with a sinister glance directed from his sunken eyes, 'thus the true republicans secure the grand moral triumph, by measures of profound and elevated policy!' His third compeer, vulgar and brutal, busied himself in taking, in a blustering way, an inventory of the principal pieces of furniture and papers. From these latter he made a selection, collecting the pieces into a parcel, which was sealed and forwarded to the committee. The choice chiefly included reports and discourses

pronounced by Alexander in the Constitutional Assembly. This meeting, held in horror by the revolutionists, is not less odious to the aristocrats of all classes and shades. Does not this prove that that assembly had resolved all the problems of the Revolution, and, as respects liberty, had founded all the necessary establishments? From the régime of 1789, it had taken away all means; from that of 1793, it removed all hope. Alexander has often repeated to me, that to neither there remained any chance of rising, save by violence and crime. Ah! why did he foresee so justly, and why should he, to the title of a prophet, perhaps add that of a martyr?"

De Beauharnais was a prisoner, and Josephine a lonely mother. She learned in her calamity, that saddest lesson of life, the frailty of friendship, which disappears, too often, with the first breath of the rising storm. She complains touchingly of this abandonment by those who frequented her mansion in brighter days, in a letter to a friend, and turns with mournful pleasure to the messages that reach her from the cell of her calm and even cheerful husband.

"Think of my house solitary, myself more solitary —more forsaken still. In the course of five days, since *he* was taken from me, all his friends have disappeared, one by one. At this moment when I sit down to write it is six o'clock in the evening, and nobody has come here. Nobody! I am wrong; my excellent young man does not stand aloof; he comes twice or thrice in the day with news from Luxembourg. Provided his

duty be not compromised, he cares little about exposing his person; the pestilence of misfortune does not keep him at a distance. Alexander confides to him those letters which he desires I only should read; his jailers, the committee, have the first perusal of the others."

There is a quiet *raillerie* in his letters, which illustrates the unconquerable buoyancy of the national character, as will be seen in the subjoined communication.

VISCOUNT DE BEAUHARNAIS TO JOSEPHINE.

"Lo! *pauvre petite*, you are still unreasonable, and I must console you? That, however, I can easily do; for even here is the abode of peace when the conscience is tranquil, and where one can cultivate for one's self and others all the benevolent sentiments of the heart, all the best qualities of the spirit, all the gentle affections of our nature. I should be troubled about our separation, were it to be long; but I am a soldier; and at a distance from you, my sweet Josephine, removed from our dear children, I bethink myself of war, in truth, a slight misadventure is a campaign against misfortune. Ah! if you knew how we learn to combat our mischance here, you would blush for having been afflicted. Every captive—now this is literally the case—leaves his sorrows at the grated entrance, and shows within only good-humor and serenity. We have transported to the Luxembourg the entire of society, excepting politics; thus, you will grant me that

we have left the thorns in order to gather the roses. We have here charming women, who are neither prudes nor coquettes; old men, who neither carp nor moralize, and who demean themselves kindly; men of mature age, who are not projectors; young men, almost reasonable; and artists, well bred, sober, without pride, amuse us by a number of pleasant facts, and entertaining anecdotes; and, what will astonish you more than all the rest, we have monied men, become as polite and obliging as they were generally vulgar and impertinent. We have here, then, all that is best, always excepting my Josephine and our dear children. Oh! the choice—the good—the best, compose that cherished trio. I ought likewise to except our good friend Nevil; the only fault in him is his notion of relationship to Brutus. As to his title of committee man, I have no reproach to make on that score; I find it too much in my favor. He is the messenger, my beloved friend, who will convey to you this letter, in which I enclose one thousand kisses, until such time as I shall be able more substantially to deliver them myself, and without counting."

Such were the consolations of infidelity during the Reign of Terror. Men listened to the sentence of execution with a smile of indifference, made mirth at their hastening departure from time, and gazed with jesting lips upon the lifted blade of the guillotine, wet with the blood of their comrades; and called it the sublime decision of minds which were above the shadows of superstition, and in the clear serene of reason!

Their courage was madness, and their joy the levity of idiotic folly. How strangely in this period of lawlessness and gigantic crime, did man affect to efface every trace of the Divine image from his soul—hush the forebodings of future retribution—and blot out that instinctive desire, to which Von Rotteck finely alludes in his splendid history: "Whenever men think and feel *humanely*, there lives the idea, the presentiment at least, of God and immortality." Neither Beauharnais nor Josephine have left any record of their own religious opinions, amid the blasphemies of this almost universal atheism, whose epitaph upon the tombstones of its murdered victims was, "Death is an eternal sleep!"

Leaving for a while the frightful scenes of Paris, Josephine made every exertion to alleviate the miseries of the suffering poor she met in the way, or followed to their kennels in the suburbs of the cities. Widows and orphans were famishing in groups, while the cry for bread was drowned only by that for blood. Many of these homeless wretches blessed the hand of Josephine, and lived to honor gratefully as Queen her whom they loved as a ministering angel when ready to perish. Confident of her husband's release, she cheerfully waited for the event. In the mean time, De Beauharnais was examined before a revolutionary committee—a tribunal which in its original institution was styled, the "Committee of Public Salvation;" at which Robespierre, after he had rid himself of Danton, who shared the power, presided in "bloody omnipotence," and like

Nero, gloried in his homicidal pastime, till he drained the wine-cup of unmingled depravity, and died in his hideous intoxication.

The ordeal was so favorable to the integrity of the Viscount, that Josephine was encouraged in hope, and sent the following account of the affair to Madam Fanny de Beauharnais, which will be read with interest, both as a record of scenes in which justice was a mockery, and an index of characters memorable for cruelties inflicted in the name of liberty, that make the spirit recoil from the contemplation of history.

"Alexander has been examined to-day, and to-morrow I shall have permission to visit him. The president of the committee is a good enough man, but void of all energy: whom I know not how many quintals of fat deprive of movement, ideas, and almost of speech With the best intentions in the world, he has less authority than the meanest clerk in his office. He arrives late, gets to his chair, puffing and blowing, falls down heavily, and, when at length he is seated, remains a quarter of an hour without speaking. Meanwhile a secretary reads reports which he does not hear, though affecting to listen; sometimes he falls asleep during the reading, a circumstance which prevents not his awaking just in time to sign what he has neither heard nor understood. As to the examinations which he commences, and which all of his colleagues continue, some are atrocious, a great number ridiculous, and all more or less curious. What, indeed, can be more remarkable than to behold the highest orders interrogated be-

fore those who, notwithstanding their elevation, are but the dregs of society? My dear aunt, when I speak thus, understand me to make no reference to birth, fortune, or privileges; but to sentiment, conduct, and principles.

"Enclosed I send you an outline of my husband's examination, in which, as you will perceive, the ridiculous contends with the horrible. Such are the true features of our era."

"*President.*—Who are you?

M. de Beauharnais.—A man, and a Frenchman.

President.—None of your gibes here! I demand your name.

M. de B.—Eugene-Alexander de Beauharnais.

A Member.—No *de*, if you please; it is too aristocratic.

M. de B.—Feudal, you would say. It is certain, a name without the particle would be more rational. The offence, if it be one, comes of time, and my ancestors.

Another Member.—Ah! so you have got ancestors! The confession is an honest one; it is well to know as much. Note *that*, citizens; he has a grandfather, and makes no secret of it. [Here nine of the twelve members composing the committee fell a laughing. One of those who, amid the general gayety, had maintained an appearance of seriousness, called out, in a loud tone, 'Fools! who does not know that ancestors are old musty parchments? Is it this man's fault if his credentials have not been burned? Citizen, I advise

thee to bestow them here with the committee, and I give thee the assurance that a good bonfire shall soon render us an account of thine ancestors.' Here a ridiculous laughter took possession of the entire of the honorable council, and not without much difficulty could the fat president recall them to a sense of decorum. At the same time, this explosion of hilarity having put him into good-humor, he politely requested the accused to be seated. Again he was interrupted by a member calling him to order, for having used the plural to a suspected citizen. Hereupon the uproar began anew more violently than ever, from the word *Monsieur* having been applied to the president by the member as a joke. Order once more established, my husband embraced the first moment of silence to felicitate the members on the innocent nature of their discussions, and to congratulate himself in having for judges magistrates of such a joyous disposition.]

President, with an important air.—Dost take our operations for farces? Thou art prodigiously deceived. The suspected citizen is right, colleagues, in calling us judges; that title ought to restore us to gravity. Formerly, it was permitted to laugh, now we must be serious.

M. de B.—Such is the distinction between the old and new régime.

President.—Proceed we then seriously, and continue the examination. Citizen Jarbac (to one of the secretaries,) be'st thou there? (To *M. de B.*)—Thy titles and qualities?

M. de B.—A French citizen, and a general in the service of the republic.

A Member.—President, he does not declare all; he was formerly a—

Another Member.—A prince or a baron at least.

M. de B., smiling.—Only a vicomte, if so please you, and quite enough, too.

President.—Enough! it is a great deal too much: so you confess being a noble.

M. de B.—I confess that some men so call me, and so, for some time, I believed, under the reign of ignorance, habit, and prejudice.

President.—Acknowledge also that you are not yet entirely disabused.

M. de B.—The obstinacy of some men who persist in combating a chimera preserves for such things a sort of reality. As for myself, I have long regarded the illusion as dissipated. Reason had taught me that there could exist no distinctions save those which result from virtue, talent, or service; a sound policy has since demonstrated to me that there ought to exist none other.

Citizen Nevil.—That I call reasoning from principle.

President.—Without denying the consequences, whence has the accused derived these principles? From the Constitutional Assembly?

M. de B.—I consider it an honor to have been a member of that Assembly.

President.—Did you not ever preside there?

M. de B.—Yes, citizen; and at an ever-momorable era.

President.—That was after the flight of the tyrant?

M. de B.—That was on the occasion of the journey of Louis XVI. to Varennes, and on his return.

Member.—For a bet, the citizen does not consider Lewis Capet to have been a tyrant.

M. de B.—History will explain, and posterity will pronounce.

Citizen Nevil.—The question here is, not what citizen Beauharnais thinks, but what he has done.

President.—Just—most just: see we then what citizen Beauharnais has done.

M. de B.—Nothing; and *that* in a distempered time, I conceive to be the best of all proceedings.

President.—Thus you declare for no party?

M. de B.—No, if by party you mean factions which hate each other, rend the State, and impede the reign of the laws, and the strengthening of the republic; but yes—if by party you understand the immense majority of the French people who desire independence and liberty: of that party am I.

A Member.—It remains to be known through what means of adherence?

M. de B.—I should prefer, in order to persuade, the means employed by reason, to convince those of sentiment, against anarchy, by turns the cause and the effect of factions: I nevertheless believe it is not forbidden to employ force. But I require that it be used so as not to be abused; that men have recourse to it

rarely, and that they yield to humanity whatever they can take from severity without compromising the safety of the State.

A Member, (it was the old wretch charged with the arrest of my husband.)—Humanity! humanity! In certain mouths, such language is suspected.

M. de B.—And ought to be so, if it signify pity for wilful criminals; but it is respectable when invoked in favor of inexperience and error.

A Member.—Such is the tone held by all moderates.

M. de B.—Moderation is the daughter of reason, and the mother of power; why should I be violent and agitated, if, in a sound state of mind, I feel myself vigorous through calmness, and powerful by wisdom?

Nevil.—I assure you, citizens, that neither Rousseau, nor Mably, nor Montesquieu ever wrote anything more sensible.

A Member.—Who are these people? do they belong to the section?

Another Member.—Don't you see they are Feuillans? All that has the smack of moderatism, and is not worth a ——.

President.—You are all wrong, citizens; these are authors of the reign of Louis XIV., and you may see their tragedies played every night at the Theatre Français."

"Here a new uproar ensued, some defending, others impugning, these novel discoveries in literary history.

My husband would have smiled in derision, had he not sighed to think in whose hands the fate of his fellow-citizens had thus been placed. Nevil, by laboring to bring back the debate to its proper object, endeavored to terminate a sitting equally painful and ludicrous. After some more absurd and irrelevant interrogatories, the president decided for the provisional detention of Alexander. 'Time will thus be afforded,' so concluded his address, with revolutionary forethought, 'for convicting you; and you, citizen, will have leisure for your defence. If you love your country, you can serve it as well by your resignation as by your activity; and if liberty be dear to you, it will become much more so in a prison. Thereupon, I remit you, not as culpable—God forbid! but as one who may become guilty. You will be inscribed upon the registers of the Luxembourg merely with this favorable remark: *committed of being suspected!*'"

Mercy was an attribute unknown except in fitful, momentary manifestations, with those who sat in the judgment-seat during this frightful period. Louis of the Lower Rhine, who was a companion in crime and rank with Robespierre, yielded to the entreaty of Beauharnais, and consented to a meeting of his family with him in prison. She received the intelligence with a bounding and hopeful heart, as the dawn of returning joy to her desolate dwelling, and hastened with Eugene and Hortense, to embrace the captive. Josephine has feelingly and most beautifully described

the scene which followed, in a letter to her sympathizing aunt.

"This has been a day at once very delightful, and very painful. My husband having desired to see us, I resolved, in order to spare their young feelings, to send the children first, and Nevil took charge of them for this purpose. They had for some time been told that their father, being sick, was under the care of a famous physician, who, on account of the salubrity of the air, and the spacious buildings, resided in the Luxembourg. The first interview passed over very well; only Hortense remarked that papa's apartments were extremely small, and the patients very numerous. At the time I arrived they had left their father, a kind-hearted turn key, gained by Nevil, having taken the precaution to keep them removed. They had gone to visit in the neighboring cells, whose inmates were touched by their youth, their situation, and their ingenuousness. I dreaded the sight of our mutual emotion: our interview took place in their absence. Alexander, who supports his captivity with courage, showed himself unable to bear up against my tears. Recovering myself at length, and alarmed to see him so greatly moved, I constrained my own sorrow, and endeavored in turn to soothe his. Our children now made their appearance. This brought on a new crisis, the more painful that we felt its cause must be dissembled.

'Hortense, who is sincerity itself, was for long deceived, and in all the tenderness of an affectionate heart, wished to persuade us that we acted wrong in

afflicting ourselves, since papa's illness was not dangerous. All this while poor Hortense exhibited that light air of incredulous hesitation which you know becomes her so well. 'Do *you* believe that papa is ill?' said she to her brother; 'if so, at least, it is not the sickness which the doctors cure.' 'What do you mean, my dear girl,' asked I; 'can you suppose that papa and I would contrive between us to deceive you?' 'Pardon, mamma, but I do think so.' 'Oh! sister,' eagerly interrupted Eugene, 'that is a very singular speech of yours!' 'On the contrary,' replied she, 'it is quite simple and natural.' 'How, miss?' said I, in my turn, affecting severity. 'Unquestionably,' continued the little sly one, 'good parents are permitted to deceive their children when they wish to spare them uneasiness; is it not so, mamma?' At these words, she threw herself upon my bosom, and, putting one arm around her father's neck, drew him gently towards us. A smile shone through her tears; and Eugene, mingling his caresses in this domestic scene, rendered the whole truly affecting. Amiable and gentle child, he shows as much singleness of heart as his sister displays penetration and spirit. Both have hitherto formed our joy: why should it be, that, at this crisis, they are the cause of our most lively disquietudes, and occasion to me—to me personally, inexpressible uneasiness, which I am unable to subdue, and can with difficulty combat; for myself I have no fear; but for them—for Alexander, I become a very coward.

"In the course of the visits which my children had

made, and from the conversations my daughter had collected, and overheard, she had divined that her father was a prisoner. We now acknowledged what it was no longer possible to conceal. 'And the reason?' demanded Hortense. Even her brother, less timid than usual, would know the motive for such severity. It would have been very difficult to satisfy them. Strange abuse of power, abused and despicable excess of tyranny, which a child has judgment to condemn, which all ought to possess the right to punish, and yet of which men dare not complain!

"'Oh,' cried Hortense, 'when we are able, we will punish your accusers.' 'Hush, my child,' said her father, 'were you to be overheard speaking thus, I should be ruined, as well as yourself and your mother; while we would not then enjoy the consolation of being presented altogether unjustly.' 'Have you not often explained to us,' remarked Eugene, 'that it is lawful to resist oppression?' 'I repeat the same sentiment once more,' replied my husband; 'but prudence ought to accompany resistance; and he who would overcome tyranny, must be careful not to put the tyrant on his guard.'

"By degrees the conversation assumed a less serious turn. We forgot the present misfortune to give ourselves up to soft remembrances and future plans. You will readily conceive that in these latter you were far from being overlooked.

"'I wish every possible happiness to my aunt,' said Alexander, laughing: 'nevertheless as the Nine are

said never to be so interesting as when they are afflicted, I would beseech just a few days' captivity for my aunt's nurse; a fine elegy would doubtless be the result, and the glory of the poetess, by immortalizing her prison would prove ample consolation for having inhabited one.' What say you to the wish, my dear aunt?"

While that parental training developed in this simple narrative, which in any emergency finds falsehood an auxiliary, may be as questionable as the counsel of the French nobleman to his wife, urging the necessity of teaching his sons fashionable *oaths* as a preventive to lying; Josephine evidently imparted elevated sentiments to her children, which were enforced by their unfortunate father, and sealed with his blood.

The very expressions of patriotism, and hostility to despotism, which were exchanged in this domestic group, were overheard by the spies of the Convention, and reported to the "man-slayer," who guided its "infernal machinery." The severities which marked the treatment of prisoners were increased—closer confinement required, and life soon lavished in atonement for the kindness of delay. In another communication to her relative, Josephine writes:—

"I must now, my esteemed aunt, collect all my fortitude to inform you of the catastrophe which has just befallen us; you will need the whole of yours to sustain the recital. The observations made by my husband to his children, and which I transmitted, will not

have escaped you. 'It is permitted,' such were his words to Eugene, 'it is even a duty to resist oppression; but prudence ought to direct force, and he who would subvert or subdue tyranny must beware of disclosing his designs.' To explain to you how these words, which we conceived were heard by ourselves alone, reached the ears of spies, would be difficult for me; and now that I reflect upon the circumstance, the disclosure appears still more mysterious. At first we suspected Nevil; but you will conceive with what indignation against ourselves we repelled a suspicion which, for the moment, forced itself upon our alarmed fancy. One of the saddest miseries of adversity is, that it renders men unjust, awakening doubts of the sincerity of friendship, so rarely given to misfortune. In thinking the best of the conduct of that excellent young man I did well; for it is still through his means that I am able to transmit you the following details:— I am thus completely ignorant by whom or in what manner we have been betrayed.

"As soon as the Revolutionary Committee had knowledge of my poor Alexander's remark, they intercepted all communication between him and the other prisoners; and, which has thrown us into greater consternation still, between him and his family. On the morrow he was shut up in his chamber, which fortunately opens upon a small corridor communicating with a second apartment, at present unoccupied, an arrangement which, hitherto unobserved, triples the space for exercise. Two days after, the doors were thrown open,

and he received the very unexpected visit of a member of the Committee of General Safety. The visitor was Vadier, his colleague in the Constitutional Assembly, a gray-headed, suspicious ruffian, who follows the dictates of habitual misanthropy, and with whom suspicions are equivalent to proofs. In the tone assumed with my husband, the latter instantly recognized prejudice and personal hatred, and shrunk from penetrating farther. As for myself, the bare idea causes me to shudder, and were I to dwell upon the thought for a moment, I feel that terror would freeze my heart.

"'Without inquiring,' answered Alexander, 'by what means you have discovered my thoughts, I am very far from disavowing the maxim which you repeat after me, or the principles you attribute to me. Is not the entire theory of the Revolution comprehended in these ideas? do they not teach a doctrine which its friends have reduced to practice? are not these principles yours also?' 'All that I grant,' replied Vadier; 'but times, places, persons, change all; and a truth of this nature, admirable as it may be in speculation, becomes a dagger when men know not how to use it; it is a two-edged weapon which we have done well in directing against the enemies of liberty: but if it so happen that those who have been wounded, though not prostrated, essay to turn it against the defenders of freedom, if, in such a retrograde and criminal movement, they were guided by one of those arms which had combated them, and which in protecting them today, desired to avenge their wounds of the past, say,

would such a one be guiltless? would the intentions he obeyed be pure? or, could too great severity be exercised to prevent the effect rather than have to punish the consequences?' 'In these dangerous and forced deductions,' answered M. de B., 'I recognize the doctrine of your master. Under deceitful hypotheses you may base at will the scaffolding of any proposition, however absurd; and arguing from the possible to the positive, you deliver the innocent to punishment, as the means of preventing them from guilt.' 'Whoever is suspected,' was the atrocious reply, 'deserves suspicion.' 'Speak more honestly at once,' replied your nephew: 'whoever is innocent soon falls under suspicion; and, once suspected, he perishes; if it be imagined that his innocence may waver, you quickly punish him as criminal.' 'You press the consequences rather from feeling than reason,' returned Vadier; 'we designate and treat as criminal, him only who impedes or corrupts the principles of the Revolution. Would you have spoken out had not the anti-revolutionary doctrines, in despite of us, and even without our knowledge, refuted you? Woe to the guilty who compromise themselves.' 'Woe, rather,' cried my husband, 'woe to those tyrants who explain, or rather who mystify, by an insidious and crafty sophistry, their system of manslaughter! we may easily put aside the thrust which is aimed at us in honest hostility; and, as the President du Harley remarks, a mighty space interposes between the heart of the good man and the poniard of the miscreant. But how avoid the stab made in darkness? there is no

remedy; we must be silent and bare the throat.' At these words, which I much blame, the old President of the General Safety Committee left the prison; and Nevil, who had been listening in the corridor, imagined he remarked in his naturally stern countenance an indescribable expression of the most sinister import. I shall keep you daily informed of the consequences of this affair, which fills me with inexpressible alarm."

The horizon now blackened around De Beauharnais, and his hunted family—the fatal bolt was aimed with relentless and murderous decision of purpose at another warm and manly heart, whose ebbing current would honor the soil it baptized, and like that of the first martyr, cry to Heaven against

"Man's inhumanity to man;"

whether in the sceptred homicide, or as now, a flagitious mob, apotheosizing liberty while trampling on her sacred form. The fearful authority of Robespierre was, at this stage of revolutionary progress, shaken, and he entered upon the desperate struggle to regain his vanishing and terrible greatness. The reaction against the monster of crime, was encouraged by Callot d'Herbois, Tallien, Barras, and others, who figured as chiefs in the events which preceded the 27th July, 1794; and the vigilance and activity of Robespierre's emissaries proportionally increased.

When, therefore, a pretext was found to excite the popular feeling more intensely against the "captive aristocracy," so that the trembling demon of the fierce

commotion, and his subordinate spirits, might dispose of their foes with the guillotine, it was improved with cowardly haste.

Soon after the interesting scene in the cell of Beauharnais, the revolutionary newspapers came out with flaming editorials upon the "grand conspiracy discovered in the house of seclusion at the Luxembourg;" and with the assurance that the argus-eyed administration would penetrate the terrible plot, threatened the summary punishment, which too quickly followed.

Nevil, the youth who in disguise attempted to save de Beauharnais, exhibiting a singular attachment to the unfortunate general he aided officially to imprison, was now arrested, and conveyed with inquisitorial secrecy to his place of confinement. Then the "Committee" entered the sanctuary of home, endeavoring to extort from childhood, evidence of parental guilt. The description as given by Josephine, makes the contemplative reader pause with painful emotions over the public and domestic tragedies of a "Republic," which poured the crimson tide of human life in sluices along the streets—and instead of the Genius of Liberty, was guarded by atheistical bacchanals, grasping the dripping blade of the assassin.

JOSEPHINE TO MADAM FANNY DE BEAUHARNAIS.

"Will you believe it, my dear aunt? My children have just undergone a long and minute examination! That wretched old man, member of the Committee,

and whom I have repeatedly named to you, introduced himself into my house; and under pretence of feeling interested in my husband, and of entertaining me, set my poor ones a talking. I confess that at first I was completely thrown off my guard by this stratagem; only I could not help wondering at the affability of such a personage. Innate guilt, however, soon betrayed itself when the children replied in terms whence it was impossible to extort the least implication against their unfortunate parents. Thus I speedily detected the deceit. When he perceived I had penetrated his craft, he ceased to feign, and declaring that he had been charged with obtaining from my children information so much the more certain as being ingenuous, he proceeded to interrogate them in form. Upon this avowal, I was sensible of an inexpressible revulsion taking place within me; I felt that I grew pale with affright—that I now reddened with anger—now trembled with indignation. I was on the point of expressing to this hoary revolutionist the loathing with which he inspired me, when the thought arose that I might thus do injury to my husband, against whom this execrable man shows inveterate enmity; then I repressed my resentment in silence. Upon his desiring to be left alone with my little ones, I felt again the spirit of resistance rising within me; but such ferocity appeared in his looks that I was constrained to obey.

"Having locked up Hortense in a closet, he commenced by questioning her brother. When my daughter's turn came, oh, how I trembled on perceiving the

length to which her examination extended! for our inquisitor had not failed to remark in the dear girl an acuteness and penetration far beyond her years. After sounding them as to our conversations, our opinions, the visits and letters which we received, and especially on the actions which they might have witnessed, he broached the capital question, namely, the discourse held with their father in prison. My children, each in character answered excellently well, and spite the subtlety of the wretch, who wished to find guilt, the sound understanding of my son and the intelligent address of his sisier, disconcerted, if they were not able to confound, the knavery. What consequences will they extort from an examination such as truth dictates to lips that are guileless? It can redound only to the triumph of innocence and the shame of its accusers: will they dare to produce it, if thence arise this two-fold check?

"Still the same silence concerning the unfortunate Nevil. Notwithstanding my repugnance, I have decided on requesting an audience of a member of the Committee of General Safety, Louis, (deputy of the Lower Rhine,) of whom report speaks less unfavorably than of his colleagues. Your nephew has expressly prohibited me from seeing these men, whom he regards as the assassins of our country; but he has not forbidden me to solicit from gratitude, and in favor of friendship. Had he done so, I could almost have dared to disobey the injunction. I hold the ungrateful in horror, and certainly shall never increase their number."

She was successful in her application—Louis gained for her access to the prison-police, and through him to Prosper Sigas, whose decision completed the formalities of admission. The frightful disclosures which were made there, in the loathsome dungeons of innocence, reminded one of the gloomy "slave-ship," whose rayless hold of sullen wretches was at length opened to the light of day, and the groans heard, which were for centuries wasted on the solitude of the ocean. She graphically portrays some of those horrors, whose gigantic sepulchre under the old order of things, was the ancient Bastile, swept away by the revolutionary storm. The letter is addressed to

MADAM FANNY BEAUHARNAIS.

"Louis, the deputy of the Lower Rhine, whom I just saw for a moment, appeared to me not without some good, and I believe him not insensible. The accents of pity seem to find his heart not inaccessible. He does not repel misfortune, nor add bitterness to the reproaches wrung from grief; but those qualities precisely which recommend him to the oppressed, become vices and lessen his influence with the oppressors. He enjoys little credit; and after hearing my petition, could do nothing therein directly, but introduced me to his colleague, who is charged with the police of the prisoners. The latter, with malice in his look, and mockery on his tongue, complimented me ironically upon the interest I expressed in Nevil's fate.

'The cordwainer,' said the ruffian, 'is a vigorous and handsome youth: it is quite as it should be for him to be protected by a woman who is young and handsome also. If she now manifest sensibility, the time may come when he will be able to show his gratitude. As to the matter in hand, however, his examination being finished, his affair is no longer a concern of mine. You must therefore transport yourself into the office of citizen Prosper Sigas, who, if so disposed, may grant you the required permission. You may say that I recommend him to be yielding, for it is really a sin to keep so long separated from each other, two young people who only ask to be reunited.'

"After these impertinences, to which I deigned no reply, the fellow gave me a card to the functionary whom he had just named. Oh! as for this latter, he proved quite another sort of person: to my delight and great astonishment, I found in M. Sigas all the urbanity desirable in a man of the world, joined to that knowledge of detail which we have a right to expect in a public officer. He informed me, that notwithstanding a first examination, citizen Nevil still remained in the depôt of the Committee of General Security. 'As it is supposed,' continued my informant, 'that he has disclosures to make, it has been judged fit to place him there, that he may be forthcoming when wanted. I am sorry for it, first on his own account, and next on yours, madam, whose interest he appears so fortunate as to have excited. There is your permission to communicate with him; you will observe that it

authorizes these communications only in the presence of a witness; but this postcript which I add, gives the power to render the witness invisible if circumstances permit; or, if not, makes him blind and deaf.' Avow, my beloved aunt, that though now misplaced, it would not be easy to find a more amiable personage than M. Prosper Sigas.

"From the officers of the Committee I descended to the Hotel de Brionne, under the gate of which the depôt is situated. You will have difficulty in believing that neglect, or rather atrocity, could be carried so far as to establish this depôt in a subterranean passage, narrow, dark, receiving through grated loopholes a struggling and doubtful light, and which, in close contact with a public sewer, has, upon the roof, the channels of wells constantly in use. In this damp, gloomy, and infected hole are to be found, by tens and twelves, huddled into spaces of fifteen feet square, captives unknown to each other, and without other bed than a few boards raised some thirty inches from the floor, spreading mutual infection from the bodies, while they envenom the evils of their minds by dreadful confidences. Here groaned Nevil, when to his great astonishment, he was called out, and recognized me with lively satisfaction. It is quite true that he has been examined, but less upon what concerns my husband than upon what passed at the Luxembourg. He is prepared for new trials."

Robespierre, though a man of ordinary powers, and by nature a coward, besides exercising with energy

that paralyzed the nation, the might of brute force displayed tact in the management of that horrible enginery, which shook the kingdoms of Europe. When he beheld symptoms of a reaction involving the decline of his demoniac authority, like a lion crouching before the hunted prey he would beguile to his lair, he affected a lenity, against which his bitter spirit chafed with hidden passion, that waited only the opportunity to send forth its volcanic fires. He gave more latitude to the press, and permitted debate—apologizing with apparent regret for the enormities committed, while all the time, heads were rolling upon the scaffold, beneath the axe, whose fatal stroke fell like the steady beat of a machine for perpetual motion, until action wore our its iron heart.

He began to read in the lurid glare of the meteor of his fame, which had culminated upon a sky darkened with the smoke of slaughter, the despairing looks of millions, and caught the murmur of the angry deep, his trident had ruled too long. His mercy was in vain, only as it threw a pleasant illusion upon hearts like Josephine's, tortured with suspense, and clinging to the object of affection. His cup of trembling was well nigh full—the corsair of the wrathful billows, was already reeling in the circles of the vortex awaiting it.

CHAPTER III.

JOSEPHINE UNDECEIVED.—HER ARREST.—DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.—THE PRISON.—HORTENSE AND EUGENE.—JOSEPHINE'S COMPOSURE.—HER KINDNESS TO THE PRISONERS.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH BEAUHARNAIS RENEWED.—ROMANTIC STORY.—PRISON HORRORS.—BEAUHARNAIS' INTEREST IN THE YOUNG MANIAC.—RETURNING HOPE.—LEVITY OF PRISONERS.—JOSEPHINE'S MATERNAL CHARACTER.—ROBESPIERRE'S POLICY.—THE INTERPOSITION OF FRIENDS.—JOSEPHINE'S APPEAL TO SIGAS.—RESULT.—MEETING OF BEAUHARNAIS AND JOSEPHINE.—CRISIS IN DESTINY.—LAST HOURS OF BEAUHARNAIS.—HIS EXECUTION.—RELICS UNEXPECTEDLY RECEIVED BY JOSEPHINE.—HER DISTRESS AND DANGER.—CHEERED BY THE PROPHECY OF EUPHEMIA.—CIRCUMSTANCES OF ROBESPIERRE'S DEATH.—LIBERATION OF JOSEPHINE.—INTEREST IN HER CHILDREN.—FAMINE.—DOMESTIC SUFFERING.—SURVEY OF THE REVOLUTION—BEAUHARNAIS FAMILY TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1795.

During the interlude of hope, Josephine wrote to her husband, breathing encouragement and the affection of a true woman's heart in every line. She referred to a pamphlet which about this time appeared, condemning the severity of the Committee, and intimating a restoration of ancient customs, written by Desmoulins, himself soon after a victim to the vengeance of the chief, who permitted him to write and live no longer than might subserve his designs.

The infidelity of Robespierre also, it seems, about this time assumed the phase of Deism; which she regarded as indicative of slumbering humanity awaking to activity. But Beauharnais understood the Revolu-

tion better than his faithful wife, and discerned beneath a seeming tranquillity, the unsubdued elements, whose open war would soon again pour their fury upon the heads of those enrolled on the list of proscription or suspicion. He replied to her note of gratulation in the following emphatic language :—

DE BEAUHARNAIS TO JOSEPHINE.

" My poor friend, what an error is thine ! Hope deludes you ; but in the times wherein we live hope disappoints and betrays. I have read with attention the work of Desmoulins : it is the production of an honest man, but a dupe. He wrote, you say, to the dictation of Robespierre : it is probable : but after having urged him thus far, the tyrant will sacrifice him. I know that determined man : he will not retreat before any difficulty ; and, to secure the triumph of his detestable system, he will even, if need be, play the part of a man of feeling. Robespierre, in the conviction of his pride, believes himself called to regenerate France ; and his views are short-sighted, and his heart cold ; he conceives of radical regeneration only as a washing in blood. It is the easiest mode of reform, for the victims are penned, and the butcher has merely to extend his hand, and drag them to the slaughter-house. Some, however, before expiring, had raised a cry of lamentation, and this note the credulous Camile is employed to repeat, in order to try conclusions with opinion. Whatever may be his object, it will incur opposition,

which will be wrested by the tyrant into a cause for the sacrifice of new victims. Such is the grand outline of his policy.

"I grieve, my dear Josephine, to destroy your heart's illusion; but how can I entertain it, who have viewed too closely the manœuvres of tyranny? When we are unable to oppose to despotism a power capable of crushing it, there remains but one possibility of resistance, namely, to receive its inflictions with a virtue which may cover it with dishonor. Those who come after us will at least profit by our example, and the legacy of the proscribed will not be lost to humanity."

Scarcely had Josephine perused these warnings of impending danger, before they proved to be the tocsin of a darker calamity, that brought her beneath the very shadow of the guillotine. She was thrown into prison, where entire families were pining in unpitied wretchedness, a fate which she might have anticipated long before, but for a soul buoyant and hopeful, and full of that kindness which "thinketh no evil." Her disinterested devotion to her family, appears finely in the letter written immediately after the sad event. How sweetly Hortense returns a mother's love, and even in her dreams directs the weary spirit to the only source of help and composure amid the beatings of the tempest.

JOSEPHINE TO MADAM F. BEAUHARNAIS.

"I commence this letter at a venture, and without knowing if it will reach you. On Tuesday last Nevil's

mother entered my apartment with an air of anxiety, and even grief, on her countenance. My mind reverted to her son. 'I do not weep for him,' said the good woman, sobbing aloud as she spoke; 'though he be in secret confinement, I have no fears for his life; he belongs to a class whose members are pardoned, or rather overlooked; others are more exposed.' 'Others!' Instantly my thoughts were at the Luxembourg. 'Has Alexander been called before the tribunal?' exclaimed I! 'Be comforted, the viscount is well.' I could then think of no one for whom to feel alarm. The kind-hearted creature proceeded, with many precautions, to inform me that she alluded to myself. I immediately became tranquil. After having trembled for all that we love, my God! how delightful to have to fear only for one's self!

"Yesterday morning I received an anonymous letter, advertising me of danger. I could have fled; but whither retire without compromising my husband? Decided thus to await the storm, I sat down with my children, and in their innocent caresses could almost have forgotten my misfortunes, if their very presence had not more forcibly recalled the absence of their father. Sleep stole them from my arms, which at such a moment folded them, as if instinctively, in a more tender embrace. Alas! the love which unites a mother to her offspring has its superstitions also: and I know not what invincible presentiment overcame me with vague terror. Judge, if, thus left quite alone, I could banish this painful sentiment. Yet Heaven is witness,

that the three cherished beings who constitute my whole happiness, occasion likewise my sole pain. How think of myself when they are threatened?

"I continued plunged in these reflections, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer door of the house. I perceived that my hour was come, and, finding the requisite courage in the very consciousness that the blow was inevitable, I resigned myself to endurance. While the tumult continued increasing, I passed into my children's apartment; they slept! and their peaceful slumber, contrasted with their mother's trouble, made me weep. I impressed upon my daughter's forehead, alas! perhaps my last kiss; she felt the maternal tears, and though still asleep, clasped her arms round my neck, whispering, in broken murmurs, 'Come to bed, fear nothing; they shall not take you away this night. I have prayed to God for you.'

"Meanwhile, a crowd had entered my sitting-room, and there, at the head of ferocious and armed men, I found the same president already named, whom very weakness renders inhuman, and whose sloth favors his prepositions against the accused. These prejudices, so far as concerned me, were deemed by him sufficient warranty for my arrest; without examination, as without probability, I saw that he firmly believed in what atrocious ignorance has termed the conspiracy of the Luxembourg. I spare you needless details; already have I been forced to impart too many sad ones. Let it suffice to know, that seals being placed upon every article with lock and key, I was conducted to the

house of detention at the Carmelites. Oh, what shudderings came over me on crossing that threshold, still humid with blood! Ah! my beloved aunt, for what outrages are not those men prepared who did not punish the execrable crimes committed here!"

Josephine's prison "at the Carmelites," was a convent distinguished in the Reign of Terror, for its *hecatombs* of the eight thousand slain during four days of execution at the hands of an infatuated mob. Gloomy days! when *women* rolled their sleeves for human butchery, and smiled at the havoc which drenched the dungeon-floor with blood, and awakened the perpetual and dismal echoes of dying agony.

We can hardly appreciate the heroism of character which sustained this fair victim, away from every pleasant association, and surrounded with the stains of that general assassination; while her husband and offspring were at the mercy of excited enemies. How marvellous often the different phases of destiny! A dismal, bloody cell, and a dazzling throne—such the words that might have been traced in the crimson mould upon those dreary walls, as a brief memoir of the captive.

Hortense and Eugene left alone in the solitude of a great city, which heeded not the friendless and suffering, were thrown upon their youthful resources for escape from their night of desolation. A reckless crowd and the prison-pile were near—the mansion of the benevolent Madam F. Beauharnais in the distance—the prospect of access to either seemed equally hope-

less. But never does the influence of early culture appear more decidedly than in circumstances like these; when the want of experience and mature judgment throws the mind back upon the counsels of parental love. After various devices, they enlisted the mother of Nevil in their behalf; she transmitted intelligence of their unnatural orphanage to the amiable relative residing in the country, who soon conveyed them to her domain. Josephine was immediately informed of their safety, as the following extract from a letter to a lady in London, pleasantly shows, while it indicates also a sensible view of life, and a sublime calmness of spirit.

"Let me place before you, my dear friend, two contrasts, which we but seldom remark, though they present themselves every day; and of which I have a fancy to talk with you for a moment. Good news, last evening, of my children—to-day, hopes in my husband's affairs: what more favorable to appetite, to sleep, and to good-humor? Thus, mine is not so very sour; and that it may become altogether agreeable, I set about writing to you.

"You are young, rich, handsome, witty, adored by an amiable husband, and courted by a circle where your talents are applauded and enjoyed; why, then, are you not happy? I possess little fortune, still less beauty, no pretensions, few hopes; how then am I able to taste some felicity? Grave philosophers might perhaps enter into lengthy discussion, in order to resolve the question The problem would become still

more complicated were I to add—the one lives in the land of independence and of liberty—yet she weeps: the other vegetates in a region of servitude—and, though in prison, is yet tranquil. To explain this diversity by difference of characters, is rather to postpone the explanation than to remove the difficulty; for whence arises the difference of character?

"My dear Clara obeys the impulse of her heart when she recounts to me sorrows which she exaggerates: I, on my part, yield to the dictates of mine while entertaining her with what another would call pains, but which two days of slight hope, springing up once more in my breast, has transformed into pleasures.

"Know you, my beloved friend, what it is that in a place such as this, creates unceasingly those pleasures which are almost always soothing, sometimes even positive happiness?—two trifling combinations which concurred fortuitously; namely, a parody of life in the great world, and the simplicity of private retirement.

* * * * * *

"Among the hundred and sixty captives composing our establishment, five or six private societies have been formed through resemblance of individual opinions and character. Some others there are, still more closely associated by the most tender affections, and these, isolated and silent, mix little with the pleasures of the rest, which they never disturb. As for me, independently of a number of acquaintances and friends whom I have recovered, I see everybody and everywhere meet with hearts to console and misfortunes in

which to sympathize. This reminds me that you, my dear Clara, believe yourself to be among the unfortunate and under that title have a right to what I lavish upon others. To-day, however, you shall have no consolation beyond the certainty of an approaching melioration in my destiny. Is not that sufficient to render yours happy, at least for some moments? Need I assure you of my participation in your afflictions, imaginary though they be? and know you not, that while you suffer I suffer also? The greatest of all misfortunes is to doubt that which we love to think true, and such sorrow at least we shall never experience, so far as depends upon each other. Adieu, my friend. *Courage!* Must that word be pronounced by her who languishes in prison? Ought she not rather to preserve for herself the exhortations which she sends to you? My children are well—De Beauharnais' affair assumes a more favorable turn—why, then, should my fortitude fail? Once more adieu."

Josephine by acts of kindness and looks of sympathy towards those confined with her, won that affection cherished by all who came within the circle of influence, which like a charmed atmosphere always attended her. There was a graceful freedom from all ostentation of manner, that made her attentions doubly grateful to the suffering—and a true feminine delicacy of feeling, which rendered her conversation charming to the humblest admirer.

Correspondence was permitted under inspection, between her and Beauharnais, through the faithful Nevil,

who had obtained his liberty. She describes, with, great simplicity, an affair of romantic interest connected with her prison friends, and sketches vividly the sanguinary events that might have filled the imagination of a superstitious person with a thousand ghostly visions, and unearthly sounds of anguish and imprecation.

JOSEPHINE TO BEAUHARNAIS.

"You have not forgotten the unfortunate village maiden in the environs of Rouen, who being abandoned by her lover, became insane, and wandered about the highways, inquiring of every traveller concerning her ungrateful seducer. The good Marsollier caused us to shed many tears when he related some years ago the misfortunes of the poor, forsaken maniac; and our amiable Dalayrac has rendered them familiar to the public ear by verses which will not soon be forgotten. Well, my friend, there is in this house a youth, who, with even greater propriety than Nina, might become the hero of a drama. He is an English boy, named Tommy. The fatal consequences of an unfortunate passion have often been to be deplored, which, by depriving the hapless sufferer of reason, takes away all feeling of sorrow; but the sentiment of gratitude is rarely so profound as to produce the same effect. The wretched Tommy is a touching example of the excess of an affection of which much is said, but little felt. This history struck me as so interesting that I resolved

to send you the relation. Your heart will appreciate the simple recital; and, by occupying you for a few minutes with the sorrows of others, I shall beguile you from your own. To lament over our species, to give tears to their griefs, is, alas! the sole distinction vouchsafed in a season of trial.

"A respectable priest of St. Sulpice had conceived an affection for Tommy, and bestowed upon him the principles of a Christian education: I say Christian, in the full extent of the word; for the worthy Abbe Capdeville, equally tolerant as pious, made the youth his pupil only, nor once thought of rendering him his proselyte; persuaded that religion in a pure mind will insinuate itself gently by example, and can never be prescribed as maxims. Those which he inculcated upon Tommy were drawn from a universal charity, of which he exhibited meanwhile an affecting example in his own practice. A witness of numerous benefactions, distributed with no less kindness than discernment, Tommy could not doubt that the first foundation of religion is to be laid in charity. He was in like manner convinced that indulgence and toleration must have been ordained by God, whom he beheld so well manifested in the benevolent Abbe. This priest reserved for himself nothing beyond the simplest necessaries: lavish towards others, he refused to himself whatever could not be regarded as indispensable at an age so advanced as his. The calmness and placidity of his countenance testified that his heart had ever been tranquil. Never did a shade appear on his vis-

age, save when he found it impossible to be of service to a brother, or soothe the remorse of a guilty conscience.

"Tommy, gifted with quick penetration and lively sensibility, conceived for his benefactor an attachment so much the more ardent that he had previously never known any one to love! He had been deprived of a mother's tenderness before he could feel his loss; and he was not more than eight years old when Providence threw him in the way of this protecting angel. An orphan, forsaken by all the world, he had been received, brought up, and educated by M. Capdeville. To obey the latter appeared so delightful to him, that he succeeded in all things; it sufficed that his father—for so the boy named the good priest—directed him to do anything, in which case an indefatigable perseverance enabled him to surmount every difficulty. This amiable and excellent youth displayed a remarkable aptitude for music. His voice, harmonious, though not brilliant, accorded with several different instruments; and his daily progress on the harp permitted the anticipation that, by-and-by, he would be able to impart to others what he himself so well knew. M. Capdeville being a man of great learning, received as pupils the children of several distinguished professors, who in turn, took pleasure in teaching the *protege* of their friend. Thus, without expending what he conceived to be the property of the poor, the worthy man found means of procuring the best masters for his dear Tommy; and so modest himself in everything per-

sonal, he enjoyed with pride the success of this child of his adoption. Alas! the happiness which he thus experienced was destined to be of short duration!

"The consequences of the fatal 10th of August, crowded the prisons with almost every priest who had not taken the constitutional oaths. The Abbe Capdeville, persuaded that churchmen ought to obey the powers that be, according to the precepts of the gospel, had given the required pledges, and submitting, if not in heart, at least to authority, had consequently no reason to fear any measure against himself. But how abandon the venerable Archbishop of Arles, his diocesan and constant patron? In consequence of this devotedness, the revolutionists of the section, who had seen, and wished to see, only an accomplice in a grateful friend, pronounced his imprisonment in the Carmelites. Here, some days afterward, by various means, and after much difficulty, Tommy contrived to join his benefactor; for, at a time when a word, a look even, sufficed to plunge the individual into a dungeon, the poor youth was denied the privilege, which he solicited with ardor, of serving in his turn the old man who had watched over his childhood. The heartless men who refused for some time his request, termed their denial a favor, while it was but cruelty. One of the members, who had formerly been under obligations to M. Capdeville, at length obtained an order, and Tommy, to his inexpressible joy, was shut up with his benefactor.

"I wish to spare you, my friend, the description which has since been given me of the horrible massa-

cre which took place on the 2d of September in this prison—a spot forever memorable by reason of the sublime resignation of the numerous victims there sacrificed. The chapel was particularly selected by the murderers as the scene of death for the clergy. They seemed to have been dragged thither in order that their last look might rest upon Him who, persecuted like His servants, had taught them to forgive; and the last sighs of these unfortunate men respired in feeble hymns of praise. They were actually praying for their assassins when the frantic mob burst into the sacred place! The Archbishop of Arles, seated in a chair on account of his great age, was giving his last benediction to his kneeling companions; Capdeville, on his knees also, was reciting the prayers for those in peril—the responses within were given as from a choir of martyrs, and without, in the savage vociferations of a furious crowd eager to shed blood.

"Tommy, dreadfully agitated, traversed the whole building, in every sense of the word, stopping in order to listen, weeping at intervals, and uttering mournful cries. Some neighbors, whom a courageous pity had emboldened to enter, wished to save him and favored his escape; but returning to his master, or rather friend, he took a station by his side, and refused to be separated from him. The ruffians, having forced open the door, and broken the windows, penetrated by several points at once: the pavements of the chapel, and the steps of the sanctuary, were speedily inundated with blood. Capdeville, struck immediately after the Bishop,

fell at his feet, and extending a mangled hand to Tommy, expired as he looked upon him. That look was a last blessing.

"Already the poor youth, or rather child—for he is not yet sixteen—exhibited unequivocal symptoms of alienation of mind; on the death of his friend a fixed insanity appeared. The unfortunate Abbe, who had knelt apart from the companions of his martyrdom, having been engaged in officiating, had fallen with his head supported on the upper step of the altar, and his body extended across the others: the left hand was pressed against the heart, and the right, as I have already said, extended toward his pupil. The blow that had deprived him of life had been so rapid in its operation, that death had not effaced his habitual expression of benevolence which lightened his placid countenance. He seemed to smile and slumber; by some change in the reasoning faculties, Tommy became convinced that his friend slept. Instantly as if by enchantment the scene of slaughter disappeared from before his vision; he knelt down by the side of the bleeding corpse, waiting its awaking. After three hours of watching, and as the sun sank beneath the horizon, Tommy went to seek his harp, and again sat down beside the remains of his friend, playing melancholy airs, in order to hasten his awaking, which appeared to him to be long in taking place. While thus employed, sleep stole over his own frame, and the charitable hands which removed from the despoilers the bodies of the martyrs carried away Tommy, and laid

him on his bed. There he remained eight-and-forty hours in a kind of lethargy, whence, however, he awoke, with all the appearances of soundness of body and mind. But, if health had been restored, reason had fled forever.

"In commiseration of his pious madness, a free asylum has been granted to him in this house, where he passes the day in silence till each afternoon at three o'clock. The moment that hour strikes, Tommy, who ordinarily walks slowly, runs to seek his harp, upon which, leaning against the ruins of the altar still remaining in the chapel, he plays his friend's favorite airs. The expression of his countenance on these occasions announces hope; he seems to expect a word of approbation from him whose remembrance he cherishes; this hope and this employment continue until six o'clock, when he leaves off abruptly, saying, '*Not yet!*—but to-morrow he will speak to his child.' He then kneels down, prays fervently, rises with a sigh, and retires softly upon tiptoe, that he may not disturb the imaginary repose of his benefactor. The same affecting scene takes place day after day; and during the intervals, the poor boy's faculties seem completely absorbed, till the fatal hour calls forth the same hopes, destined forever to be chilled by the same disappointment.

"Though a prisoner within the same building, I had not had an opportunity of seeing the unfortunate youth. I have just for the first time looked upon that countenance whereon are depicted so many griefs and virtues.

I found it impossible to entertain you with anything else to-day. Adieu, then, *my friend, till to-morrow ;* but more happy than Tommy, I am certain of being able to repeat to the object of my solicitude all the tenderness with which he inspires me."

There cannot be a more touching disclosure of a pure philanthropy and disinterested kindness of heart, than this little narrative. And were it not for a native flow of animal spirits, and familiarity with sad reverses, in a period of wild discord, Josephine's cheerful interest in the happiness of others, and the comparative *sang-froid* of Beauharnais, amid the thickening gloom that to every observant eye hung menacingly on the future, would be marvellous. He enters into her benevolent commiseration of Tommy, with a delicacy of feeling and sympathy, which shed an attractive lustre upon his character, and afford, in the subjoined reply, a pleasing continuation of the young maniac's history.

BEAUHARNAIS TO JOSEPHINE.

"Your history, my beloved friend, is extremely touching, and little Tommy very interesting. After having read your letter more than once, privately, I communicated it to our circle, and each like myself, praised, as he deserves, the poor victim of the noblest of all sentiments—that is to say, all have shed tears over his misfortunes. All France would do the same were the circumstances disclosed. Ah! how he merits to be known! What a contrast to the crimes of the

age! But the epochs of the greatest iniquities are likewise the eras of the loftiest virtues, and for the sake of example, that of Tommy ought not to remain in obscurity. We have talents here which will find delight in holding up his to general admiration. One of us is prepared to paint the portrait of your Tommy; another will dedicate his literary exertions to the same pious purpose; and this little monument, offered without pretension to a public not naturally insensible, may, perhaps, lay the foundation of the orphan's fortune.

"For my own part, I shall be happy to contribute to this effect by attaching the forsaken youth to the fortunes of our son. Eugene bears in his heart the germ of every virtue; and how would these seeds of goodness be ripened into activity by the example of one who had carried even to excess the affections of attachment and gratitude! Do not lose sight of this idea; it will, my good Josephine, accord with your benevolent inclinations; and, should it ever be realized, we shall have gained, from the most painful occurrences of our life, the rarest of all monuments—the most affecting of all recollections.

"My oppression diminishes daily; there remains only a severe cold, which has fixed upon my chest, through the perpetual irritation inseparable from my situation. At the sight of the doctor, all this disappears; and when I read your letters, my dear Josephine, I cannot persuade myself but that I am happy! When we shall once more be reunited, my happiness will no

longer be an illusion, and you will be of the same mind for you will feel it to be real."

Josephine attributed this returning hope of a reunion, to the effect of reading of the "Old Cordelier," a work whose appearance was hailed by the victims of Robespierre, as evidence of more moderation in views, and a less brutal policy to succeed that which decimated France. After alluding with triumphant anticipation to the new ground of courage, in a note to Beauharnais, she casually discloses the volatility and irreligion of the noblesse; showing their entire incapacity to introduce a better order of things in government, had they attained the power. While lust, blasphemy, and legalized murder, were filling the land with horrors at which the civilized world stood aghast, and executioners were impatient to add their bodies to the gladiatorial show, these captives were busy with the plans of extravagant pleasure, and dreaming only of the sports of the turf, and the excitement of the chase. In her own words: "One half of our captives have given orders for fêtes, country parties, and new furniture. To-day, Madam de S. sent for a famous jockey, with whom she has concluded a treaty for replenishing her stud; and the old Du Merbion, with whom you may recollect having hunted at Rainey, has ordered from Scotland six couple of terriers, such as were never seen in France. In short, projectors of all descriptions are retained by the month; and when we do get out I know not if we shall find a morsel of food! Nevil's mother participates in our hopes and our joys; and

you, my dear Alexander, you must not destroy them with a cruel foresight—an ill-founded distrust, and all the sinister presentiments inspired by too much experience, by the remembrance of a home, and the aspect of a prison. Till we meet, my beloved, adieu; I do not to-day embrace you upon cold paper; for I hold myself in reserve soon to lavish upon you endearments like my affection—real.

"P. S. I have written to our aunt, imparting the happy news. I wrote also to our children, and have informed Eugene of a companion worthy of him. Tommy consents to live with us, but stipulates one express condition—namely, that, upon the second day of every month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he shall be permitted to come here, and, by the harmony of his notes, charm the dreams of his sleeping friend during the whole continuance of the Revolution! Poor Tommy! who would not be moved by a delirium so affecting!"

This postscript is the last glimpse of her *protege*, Tommy; the effect of subsequent release upon the helpless one among thousands—his wanderings and death are unrecorded. He was nevertheless great as the greatest, in the essential elements of humanity, and his title to immortality beyond the dread theatre of his sufferings.

Josephine amused herself in writing to her husband and children, while her presence and goodness shed a beautiful radiance athwart the gloom of desponding spirits in that prison, and formed a fine contrast with

the idiot folly and sensuality that marked the character of her associates, from the fashionable walks of life. She was a fond mother, and yet endowed with decision, which never sacrificed principle, and propriety, to parental partiality. There is a delightful illustration of this trait, in a brief letter to Hortense after an adventure that no less displayed the impulsive ardor of the daughter, who, leaving her aunt secretly one morning, rode to Paris, *thirty miles*, with a market-man; returning the following day without having obtained the object of her filial flight.

JOSEPHINE TO HORTENSE.

"I should be entirely satisfied with the good heart of my Hortense, were I not displeased with her bad head. How, my daughter, is it, without permission from your aunt, that you have come to Paris? What do I say? It is contrary to her desire! This is very bad. But it was to see me, you will say. You ought to be quite aware that no one sees me without an order, to obtain which requires both means and precautions, such as poor Victorine is little able to take. And, besides, you got upon M. Darcet's cart, at the risk of incommoding him, and retarding the conveyance of his merchandise. In all this you have been very inconsiderate. My child, observe, it is not sufficient to do good; you must also do that good properly. At your age, the first of all virtues is confidence and docility towards your relations. I am therefore obliged to tell you, that I prefer

your brother's tranquil attachment to your misplaced warmth. This, however, does not prevent me from embracing you, but less tenderly than I shall do when I have learned that you are again at Fontainebleau"

This reproof almost broke Hortense's sensitive heart, soothed only by the renewed affection and attentions of her guardian aunt.

Robespierre was still apparently relenting, approving the conservatism of the "Old Cordelier," whose publication, after all, was only permitted as a test of popular feeling. And when he saw that the subsiding swell of madness for blood was slowly sweeping down upon his throne of terror, his suspension of the unsparing havoc was an interlude of preparation with him—his blows would be more certain when his eye had scanned fully the front of darkening danger.

But Josephine and De Beauharnais both cherished anticipations of release, strengthened by the interposition of friends who had come into places of power. Cubieres and Sigas were principals in this effort to save the Viscount, and others before whom he would be summoned if tried, had served under his command in the army. Sigas, minister of war, was selected to report this case to the Committee of Public Safety, which drew from Josephine a communication creditable alike to the mind and heart of the writer.

JOSEPHINE TO CITIZEN PROSPER SIGAS.

"CITIZEN,—I am informed that you have been employed to prepare a report, to be presented to the Committee of General Safety, on the affair of General Beauharnais. For this I give thanks to heaven; and had I been permitted to choose my judge, that choice would have fallen upon you. I had heard you mentioned, and always has your name been accompanied by those honorable but considerate epithets which flattery can never invent, which can be inspired by gratitude alone, and are never deceitful. Subsequently chance, or rather Providence, became less severe towards us—placed me in momentary correspondence with you. That brief space sufficed to convince me, that the gratitude of those whom you have obliged is only consistent with truth. I also am become one of those whose misfortunes you have endeavored to mitigate. I have to unite my gratitude to that of the many unfortunate beings whom you have labored to render forgetful of their calamities. Nor are you ignorant that mine increase in bitterness each day that passes away while my husband remains in prison untried. For it is no longer his liberty which he solicits—he demands his trial. A brave soldier has a right to this when he is accused of a crime which compromises his honor.

"Alexander de Beauharnais a conspirator! One of the founders of liberty meditating its downfall! He

who among a hundred others, was distinguished as a promoter of the republic, essaying to overturn freedom! Citizen, you have never believed the accusation, and those who have brought it forward believe it no more than you. But the importance lies in that his judges should no longer give credit to the imputation. Let them listen to you, and they will be persuaded. Do not tell them, however, that his wife, equally innocent as himself, languishes far from him, under other bolts than those by which he is retained. I speak of myself only to enable you to appreciate the injustice done to Alexander. Forget the mother persecuted, and her children dispersed, in order to think solely of the father and husband, or rather of the soldier and citizen, worthy of recovering honor and liberty."

The appeal was successful in obtaining an interview between Josephine and her husband by his removal to the office of the Committee. The meeting was arranged without the knowledge of either, with the further design of securing the main object if possible.

She was brought from prison and conducted to an ante-room, there to await the summons for trial before the tribunal of mock-justice. While in an agony of suspense in the very grasp of the foe, suddenly De Beauharnais was ushered into the apartment. The mutual surprise was overwhelming. Beauharnais, pale and haggard from confinement, fixed his brilliant eye upon the beautiful being before him, in amazement, while with mantling cheek and quivering lip, after a momentary pause, she rushed to his arms.

They wept with rapture, and when the emotion which effaced the gloomy record of "a whole year of misery! was past, and thought returned to the future, a ray of light played upon the horizon of despair to the gaze of the Viscount, whose hastening ordeal would blot it out forever. Sigas broke the charm of this unexpected hour of bliss, by entering to announce the removal from office of reporter Louis of the Lower Rhine, who was kindly disposed toward the family of Beauharnais; and consequently to urge an examination upon the new officer of the Committee, would be inexpedient, perhaps defeat the noble purpose of friends who had made the encouraging movement.

Josephine writes:—"I also resolved to profit by this information, and promised to solicit no audience till a more favorable moment. This occasion had indeed, been far from unpropitious, since it had brought us together. But in what a place! and at what a crisis! I know not what my poor Alexander thought of me; for my part, I found him very pale, very thin, and sadly changed. As to his disposition, that is ever the same; he is the most amiable and the noblest of men. Resignation, courage, heroic sentiments, and conduct still more magnanimous, such are the principles of his character. He had wept with joy on once more beholding me; when it had become necessary that we should separate, he was calm and collected. He embraced me more like a friend than a husband, and recommended our children to my care. Such tranquillity becomes innocence like his. Now I grieve that these

people of the Committee did not see him. Could they have resisted the ascendency of his virtues?"

This trusting wife, with all her experience in scenes of human cruelty—her sorrows inflicted by the ferocity of the gory tribunal, did not fathom the caverns of iniquity in the bosoms of those who held the reins that guided the car of *Reason* over the corpse of every opposing citizen, whether prince or beggar.

Her next intelligence of Beauharnais was the sentence on the 6th Thermidor, (July 23d, 1794,) and its execution on the succeeding day. Two days later Robespierre fell amid the execrations of the mob, just in time to avert the lifted stroke from the head of Josephine. So does destiny hinge on moments, and lie coiled in a passing event, that with a little change in ts relation to the individual, it would have given a different aspect to time and eternity. Had Robespierre been slain a few hours sooner, Beauharnais had lived, and "*the first wife of Napoleon*," never been added to the honors of Josephine—had the tyrant been spared till another morning, she would have been thrown with her beheaded companion into the pit of the undistinguished dead.

When apprized of his doom, Beauharnais was calm, for the event had been expected, till the apprehension assumed the form of a presentiment, and prepared his mind for the time of sacrifice. It would seem that he was a believer in Revelation, and borrowed sustaining hope from its sacred page, intelligently appreciating the solemnity of entering "within the veil" of com-

pleted destiny, and of reckoning with a Judge whose decisions are unerring and final.

During this night of contemplation, his last on earth, he wrote a parting message to Josephine, interrupted by the messengers of death, from whom he purchased *a lock of his own hair*, shorn off in accordance with usage, before execution, to expose fully the victim's neck to the fatal axe. What a concentration of life into that brief period! The past lay behind him with its bitter and pleasant memories—the present like the last goblet of water pressed to the parched lip of the perishing for thirst, each drop a treasure, was counted by moments—and before his swimming eye lay a culprit's grave, and the vast shadows of a realm unknown.

Enclosing the memorial of affection in the letter, he was hurried away to the guillotine, and for a while silence rested on the closing scene of his tragical career as a member of the Gironde. At length the relic reached Josephine, and, to quote from a line to Madam F. Beauharnais, transmitting the manuscript for perusal, produced "a sweet change in all her feelings," dispelling a dark mystery, and reviving affection with new tokens of love.

DE BEAUHARNAIS TO JOSEPHINE.

"NIGHT OF THE 6–7TH THERMIDOR,
Year 2d, Conciergery (24–25*th July*, 1794.)

"Yet some moments to tenderness, to tears, and to regret—then wholly to the glory of my fate, to the

grand thoughts of immortality. When you receive this letter, my Josephine, your husband will have long ceased to live here, but, in the bosom of his God, he will have begun to enjoy a real existence. Thou seest, then, that there is indeed no cause for mourning on his account; it is over the wicked, the insensate men who survive him that tears are to be shed; for they inflict, and are incapable of repairing the evil. But let us not sully with their guilty image these last moments. I would, on the contrary, adorn them by the thought, that having been united to a charming woman, I might have beheld the years passed with her glide away without the slightest cloud, had not wrongs, of which I became sensible only when too late, troubled our union. This reflection wrings tears from me. Thy generous soul pardoned the moment that suffering overtook me; and I ought to recompense thee for such kindness by enjoying, without recalling it to thy remembrance, since I must thus bring back the recollection of my errors and thy sorrows. What thanks do I owe to Providence, who will bless thee!

"Now Heaven disposes of me before my time, and even this is one of its mercies. Can the good man live without grief when he sees the world a prey to the wicked? I should think myself happy, therefore, in being removed from their power, did I not feel that I abandon to them beings so valued and beloved. If, however, the thoughts of the dying be presentiments, I experience one in the recesses of my heart which assures me that these horrible butcheries are soon to be

suspended—that to the victims are to succeed their executioners—that the arts and sciences, the true prosperity of states, shall flourish again in France—that wise and equitable laws will reign after these cruel sacrifices—and that you will obtain that happiness of which you were always worthy, and which to the present time has fled from you. Our children will contribute to your felicity—they will discharge their father's debt.

"I resume these incoherent and almost illegible lines which my jailers had interrupted.

"I have just undergone a cruel formality, which, under other circumstances, they should have forced me to endure only by depriving me of life. But why strive against necessity? reason requires that we do all for the best. My hair has been cut off. I have contrived to purchase back a portion of it in order to bequeath to my wife, and to my children, undeniable evidence, pledges of my last recollections. I feel that at this thought my heart is breaking, and tears bedew the paper. Farewell, all that I love! Love each other; speak of me; and never forget that the glory of dying the victim of tyrants, the martyr of freedom, ennobles the scaffold."

In the mean time, Josephine was suffering the anguish of suspense as to her own fate, which, with this sudden bereavement, prostrated her system, and well nigh dethroned reason. She heard without pain the summons to prepare for the guillotine. But the fall of Robespierre, and his fearful end, before the decision

was carried into effect, rescued her from the murderer's hand, and with seventy others doomed to death on the following morning.

Never, perhaps, was there a more forcible illustration of the mastery of superstition over the mind, when it once has usurped control of the imagination, than that afforded by Josephine's turning triumphantly amid the sad yet changeful events that crowded upon her, to the prediction of Euphemia, the "*magician*" of Martinique. When the jailer came to remove the furniture of her prison for another captive, and replied to the remonstrance of Duchess d'Aiguillon, with an "atrocious laugh," as he finished his work, "She will not need it; she is to be taken to a new lodging, and thence to the guillotine;" while her companions lifted a wild lamentation, she calmed their fears by assuring them, she was yet to be the *Queen of France*. A singular reaction of feeling brought back, with the power of a revelation from the skies, this remarkable *hit* in the guessings of a gipsy, and was at least serviceable in reviving her worn and drooping spirits.

The circumstances of Robespierre's death, whom the delirious populace at first named the "*patriot*"—then the "*virtuous*"—then again the "*incorruptible*"—and at length the "*great*," exhibit impressively the certain retribution of gigantic crime, and also the influence of small events on the destinies of men. The murmur of "*tyrant*," which had startled him to vigilance and mock clemency, found a response even in the party who sustained him in power, and a con-

spiracy was formed of which Tallien was the guiding genius. But to hurl the ensanguined Titan from his seat was no trivial exploit, and when or how the conspirators should "crush the wretch," was a problem whose solution might have been delayed till the morning sacrifice of citizens had filled the open pits that waited for the mutilated forms of princes and mendicants—maidens and mothers—but for Tallien's love for a beautiful captive, Madam de Fontenay, who for his sake leaving her husband, was finally divorced. She found that her blood was required, and without immediate action, she would be hurried to the scaffold. One evening as she was wont to do, she stood before the prison-grates, accompanied by her friend Madam Beauharnais, to have at least a look from Tallien, who thus nourished his own attachment. Madam de Fontenay determined to make an effort to avert the stroke of the dictator. She resorted to one of the many disguises employed by parted friends in all ages, under the vulture eye of oppression. Attracting Tallien's attention, she threw a *cabbage-stalk* from the window, enclosing a note, entreating him "if he loved her, to urge every means to save France, and her." The die was cast—he hastened to the Committees, and fanned the discord there, then entered the Convention, where Robespierre was silently waiting like a couchant tiger for conflict with his foes. St. Just was addressing the assembly, and as he uttered the words, "I lift the veil," he forced him from the tribune, and shouted with awakening energy, "I rend it asunder!" Then like

Cicero on Catiline, he turned his impetuous harangue upon Robespierre, until the indignation was concentrated in that cry of vengeance, "Down with the tyrant!" resounding through the hall, the knell of his doom. He was arrested in the circle of his adherents, who made a short struggle in his defence; but escaping from custody and accompanied by them, he proceeded to the Hotel de Ville. The Convention declared them all "outlaws," and broke in upon their conclave to finish the summary sentence. After an unsuccessful attempt to kill himself, Robespierre was dragged to the guillotine, and his brother, with others of the Jacobin oligarchy, soon after followed him to the block. Thus perished amid the execrations of the people, the homicide they worshipped as a god when he rose to his guilty eminence on the ruins of a fallen throne. This was on the 9th Thermidor, (July 27, 1794.) And thus a *woman* indirectly slew the ruler in this Reign of Terror, and opened the way for her companion in peril, to reach the summit from which he was so suddenly hurled, and which her virtues would, by a mighty contrast, brilliantly adorn.

And it was doubtless through the influence of this lady, afterwards Madam Tallien, that Josephine regained her freedom—though the process of her liberation is not disclosed. For under the new government of a kingdom still throbbing to its centre with the volcanic action of the mad-fever raging in its bosom there was only a cessation of cruelties—a conservative check thrown upon the revolutionary struggle; while

the masses were suffering, and the prisoners retained as a kind of hostage for future emergency. Josephine warmly acknowledged the kindness of the interposition which saved her, and was ever afterwards a devoted friend of Madam Tallien.

Letters which were written by the widowed mother the night before her anticipated trial, evince the unsullied devotion to her family, so conspicuous in every change of her varied fortunes. She prepared messages for Eugene and Hortense, in which she says, "My last sigh will be one of tenderness, and I hope my last words may prove a lesson. Time was when I could impart sweet instructions, but the present will not be less useful, that they have been given in the season of calamity." Although restored to her joyful offspring and the bosom of friends, her property had gone down in the vortex from which she but narrowly escaped, and France itself was desolate. Her benevolence in brighter years, was remembered, and there were those who cheerfully extended aid in the destitution that prevailed, especially Madam Dumoulin, an excellent woman, "to whom," she has said, "I was actually indebted for my daily bread." The famine raged so fiercely, the wealthiest were fearful of starvation—and the common people, like those of afflicted Ireland at present, were frantic skeletons or dying maniacs. As the previous years were called the Reign of Terror, so 1795 might be named the "*starving time.*" It is also related that to escape the restless spirit of ochlocracy which yet was rife, Madam Beauharnais was obliged

to apprentice Eugene to a carpenter in the Rue del' Echelle, lest his noble blood should make him a mark for the assassin's stroke; and that the subsequent Viceroy of Italy, in this condition, was seen bearing on his youthful shoulders the heavy plank, and other burdens incident to his rough employment It is certain, his mother afterward alluded to their humble life at Fontainebleau, to restrain ambition, and enforce on the prince's mind the lessons of humanity and magnanimity.

We may here pause, where the "counter-revolution equally bold and artful, raised its vengeance-glowing head;" and survey the outline of the unparalleled movement, whose rapid sweep astonished the nations.

Its rise was manifestly the legitimate result of corruption in the social and political state, in contrast with the diffusion of intelligence among the people. Since the advent of Christ, ideas of equality of rights, essential to human responsibility, had been penetrating the minds of the enslaved, and the *press* scattered them like firebrands among the combustible material that lies beneath the shadow of every despotic throne. National bankruptcy and pecuniary distress, in connection with the light Montesquieu shed on the cause of freedom, followed by Voltaire and Rousseau, whose scepticism also prepared the way for the blind atrocity which distinguished the revolution; hastened the dreadful consummation of awakening rebellion in France.

The clear illumination of Revelation was discarded as superstition, and sensuality, passion, characteristic

frivolity, and aristocratic bitterness of the court and foreign monarchies to innovation, made the struggle from its commencement a lawless, dark, ferocious, and hopeless civil war. Yet did 1789 bring such a shivering of fetters, and shout of uprising millions, that the sound rose above the shrieks of madness and groans of death-agony, and fell like music on the ear of the oppressed, and as a knell, was listened to by anxious kings. The echo of that conflict has not died away, but a response is heard in the deepening voice of the masses demanding justice; and beheld in the birth-throes of liberty that shake the dynasties of Europe.

As we have seen, the first decisive action was the convocation of the Estates, April 27th, 1789. The committal of Louis to the third estate, or the people, by which his authority was gone—and the consequent indecision when urged to crush the tumult by massacre, followed by the report of the banishment of Necker and Montmain, both popular ministers—inflamed the multitude, and spread insurrection on every side. Then came the storming of the Bastile, the state fortress, in which the noblest and purest had wept and died. The eager throng, raising their wild outcry, rushed upon the hoary sepulchre of hope and innocence like resistless surges, till it fell amid the acclamations of millions, and their tears of joy; while the overthrow resounded over the continent, gladdening everywhere the hearts of the good.

Political fanaticism, excited and encouraged by aspiring and unprincipled leaders, succeeded; the aban-

doned and homeless flocked together, with curses begging for bread, until forty thousand marched toward Versailles, and the royal family were compelled to ask for mercy. Conducted by the rabble to Paris, Louis was a creature of the living tide, that now with accumulating strength bore on its bosom the titles of nobility and the insignia of rank, threatening the very citadel of Bourbon power. Clubs arose which favored the concentration of Revolutionary action. The King finally fled, but after five days, returning, was reinstated, and signed a constitution which was speedily overthrown, while foreign coalition to crush democracy, "poured oil on the blazing flame." September 21st, 1792, the Jacobin faction, headed by Robespierre and Marat, having obtained the ascendant, declared *Royalty forever abolished, and France a Republic.*

Louis XVI. was arraigned before the Convention. December 11th; January 17th condemned, and was executed on the 21st of the same month. Next fell the Gironde, of whom Beauharnais was a chief in elevation of mind, and terrorism with its hideous tribunal was supreme. In this unexampled machinery of desolation, were a Committee of Public Safety, the many-headed monster which wielded the strength—having its secret courts, and dictating measures at pleasure, however villanous their design. The Committee of Public Security was subordinate, acting as police, and with the former constituting the Legislative Assembly as far as any *deliberative* action softened the fierceness of misrule and unbridled depravity. The

crowning *terror* was the Tribunal, whose eight judges and twelve jurymen, were a frightful semblance of justice to the accused. This executive, afterward divided into four branches for more successful operation, was aided by the Parisian Club, whose members hunted out the suspected, whether retired citizens or active patriots—and the guillotine declared permanent, flooded the land with the life-stream of headless trunks, till more than a million were offered up to the deity of Reason.

So from each smiling valley and sunny slope, with the spreading dawn, the sledges were visible loaded with victims, and the green turf bathed in the red baptism, till the people drunk with slaughter, turned on the insatiate autocrat, and trampled him indignantly under their feet. This crisis reserved Josephine for new scenes, and brighter as well as gloomier days.

With the pliancy of disposition, so striking in Frenchmen, Paris stained with blood, soon displayed the gorgeous livery of fashion, and circles of festivity Madam Tallien, and Madam Beauharnais, were conspicuous in the saloons, on account of their beauty and accomplishments, especially the former, whose *personal* attractions were superior to those of the graceful widow. It is pleasing to witness amid this singular oblivion of the past, a remembrance of the dead, and cultivation of the better feelings, as in the following letter of

JOSEPHINE TO MADAM F. BEAUHARNAIS.

"I must relate to you a charming trait of our Eugene

Yesterday, being the 7th Thermidor, the anniversary of a day ever to be deplored, I sent for him, and showing the engraved portrait of his father, said, 'There, my son, is what will prove equivalent to six months of diligent study and of wise conduct. The portrait is for you; carry it to your chamber, and let it often form the object of your contemplations. Above all, let him whose image it presents be your constant model: he was the most amiable and affectionate of men, he would have been the best of fathers.' Eugene spoke not a word: his look was cast down, his countenance suffused, and his grief evident in his agitation. On receiving the portrait, he covered it with kisses and tears. Mine also flowed apace, and thus, silently locked in each other's embrace, we offered to the shade of Alexander an acceptable homage.

"The same evening all my friends having retired excepting Cubiere and St. ——, I beheld my son enter, followed by six of his young friends, each decorated with a copy of Alexander's portrait, suspended from the neck by a black and white ribbon. 'You see,' said Eugene, 'the founders of a new order of knighthood; behold our tutelary saint,' pointing to the portrait of his father, 'and these are the first members,' introducing his youthful friends. 'Ours is named the order of *Filial Love*, and if you would witness the first inauguration, pass with these gentlemen into the small drawing-room.' Judge, my dear aunt, of my emotion! We followed Eugene. Our little saloon, fitted up with a taste in which I recognized the hand of Victorine,

was ornamented with a long garland of ivy, roses, and laurels. Inscriptions, extracted from the printed discourses or remarkable sayings of M. de Beauharnais, filled the intervals, and beneath them were girandoles with lighted tapers. This heroic and simple decoration served as an offset to a species of altar, upon which, surrounded with festoons of flowers, and with flambeaux, stood the whole-length portrait of my unfortunate husband. Three crowns, one of white and red roses, a second of laurel, and the third of cypress, were suspended from the picture-frame; and in front stood two vases with perfumes. Six others of my son's companions, ranged about the altar, maintained a respectful silence. On seeing us, the greater part, being armed with swords, unsheathed their weapons, and clasping the hand of my son, took the oath, 'to love their parents—to succor each other—and to defend their country.' At this sacred word, my son, unfurling and waving a small pennon, shaded among its folds the head of his father. We embraced each other, mingling tears with smiles, and the most amiable disorder succeeded to the ceremonial of inauguration.

"Ah! my beloved aunt, could anything comfort me for my irreparable loss, would not my children prove my consolation, who, while they make me feel it more acutely, sweeten the pain by so many good and endearing qualities! How much did I regret that my Hortense was absent!—but she is with you. She will read my letter; she will weep with joy in there recognizing her own affections, and will double her delight while

she runs to mingle tears with those of her brother, who, I am well assured, will ever bear in mind his father's constancy and courage, and will strive to render himself worthy of the name he bears, by perpetuating the brilliant actions which render the warrior illustrious, and which honor the peaceful citizen. The heart of my Eugene includes all that is good and great."

Cheered by visions of Eugene's future glory, and idolized in the society of the metropolis, where even over Barras and others who had been associated with the terrorists, she threw a subduing spell, while she won their friendship, advantageous as it was sincere, Josephine passed quietly the vernal months of 1795; a prelude to her entrance upon a wider and more splendid theatre of influence.

CHAPTER IV.

BONAPARTE IN PARIS.—A GLANCE AT HIS HISTORY.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE. —HIS EXPLOIT THE 13TH VENDEMIAIRE. — ACQUAINTANCE WITH JOSEPHINE.—HER VIEWS OF A SECOND MARRIAGE.—HESITATES.—NAPOLEON FREQUENTS THE MANSION OF MADAM DE BEAUHARNAIS.—HIS CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.—MARRIAGE.—LEAVES HIS BRIDE TO JOIN THE ARMY.—BRILLIANT SUCCESS.—CORRESPONDENCE.—EUGENE'S HEROISM.—LETTERS TO JOSEPHINE.—HER RESIDENCE AT MILAN.—BONAPARTE'S PECULIARITIES, AND KINDNESS TO JOSEPHINE'S FAMILY.—HE MARCHES TO RASTADT. —RETURNS TO PARIS.—JOSEPHINE JOINS HIM.

It was "Prarial"* of the third year of the Republic, (1795,) when Napoleon, the hero of Toulon, returned to Paris, suspended from his rank as General of the artillery, and taking private lodgings, renewed his intimacy with his old classmate and friend, Bourrienne. Albitti and Salicetti, who succeeded the terrorists as Representatives of the people, influenced by the misrepresentations of his enemies, or jealous of the young Corsican, whose rapid advancement astonished them ordered the arrest which resulted in this humiliation; and had it occurred a few weeks earlier, would doubt-

* The new calendar formed October, 1793, upon the abolition of the Christian Register, divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each, succeeded by five complemental days. The names of the months are taken from the seasons. In the Spring, were *Germineal*, *Florial*, and *Prarial;* in the Summer, *Messidor*, *Thermidor*, and *Fructidor;* in the Autumn, *Vendimiere*, *Bramuire*, and *Frumiare;* in the Winter, *Nivose*, *Pluviose*, and *Ventose*.

less have added him to the myriads despatched by the guillotine. Here the months passed away; the youthful officer frequenting the theatres, and moving quietly among the busy crowds that thronged the Capital, scarcely arrested their attention, much less the eye of beauty; while his restless spirit chafed against his inactivity, like the captive eagle upon the iron grate that confines his free pinions. But his generous impulses found culture in relieving the pitiful groups that crossed his daily paths, and he often enlisted the sympathies of others for the wretched.

Bonaparte's career up to this time had prepared him for his mission. In Corsica, he was cradled in the midst of political agitation, and hostile from his boyhood to the subjugation of the island, he became meditative and reserved, nourishing that self-reliance and independence of character, which made him at Brienne a sullen *solitaire*, and target of raillery to his fellow students. This strengthened his sublime decision of character, and quickened his keen observation of human nature, while it gave him that appearance of severity and contempt for man, which distinguished his manner when mingling with promiscuous society.

He was at this date, twenty-six. The dark complexion of early years had worn off under the mild sky of France; but a contagious disease he had taken at Toulon, from a soldier, and which penetrated his system with malignant power, so reduced his frame, that his flashing eye seemed set in the sockets of a skeleton. Yet his ambition was untamed, and he

waited anxiously for an occasion which the convulsions of the country in their constantly changing aspect, in the following autumn presented. The Convention had lost favor with the multitude, and a new step was demanded in the march of revolution. A constitution was formed, securing a Directory of five, the executive—a Council of five hundred, the House of Commons—and the Council of Ancients, answering to the English Peers. The Convention, unwilling to part with authority, made it a condition of acceptance, that the second division should include two thirds of their members. This excited the Parisians, especially the superior classes, who were indignant because it disclosed an arbitrary and selfish tenacity of power With these insurrectionary sections, the National Guard united, and the forces prepared to attack the Tuilleries, and compel the assembly to meet the wishes of the majority, and change their measures. With five hundred regular troops, and the remnant of Robespierre's ruffian army, the Convention prepared to resist the onset. Menou assumed the command, and failed to fill the perilous position. While his indecision alarmed the body still in session, Barras exclaimed, as if a sudden revelation had aroused him, "I have the man whom you want: it is a little Corsican officer, *who will not stand upon ceremony.*" This expression determined the destiny of Napoleon. He was soon in command, and the 13th Vendemiare, (October 5th,) planted his cannon at the cross-streets and bridges, sweeping with his hail of death the advancing columns

of the insurgents, till the pavements were covered with the slain, and the flame of rebellion extinguished in blood. The new order of things was established, and Barras, the presiding spirit, obtained for Bonaparte the generalship of the Army of the Interior, and the office of commandant of Paris. He was now no longer a unit among the many, but the military chieftain of a kingdom. Charged with the work of disarming the conquered citizens, he obtained the sword of the Viscount De Beauharnais, a blade its mouldering possessor never dishonored. Eugene, in his boyish enthusiasm, resolved to have the weapon wielded by a father he loved and lamented. Presenting himself to Napoleon, he made his request—the General was struck with his earnestness and manly bearing, and restored the relic, which he bore away bathed with tears. The next day Josephine called at the commandant's headquarters, to thank him in person for his kindness. This increased the interest Napoleon had entertained for her since through the friendship of Barras he formed her acquaintance in the social circles of Paris. It is related that before he indulged serious intentions of marrying Madam Beauharnais, he offered himself to Madam De Permon, an old family friend, and an interesting widow, but was rejected. However this may be, he was deeply smitten with the charms of the lovely woman, whose son had given assurance of her excellent qualities in his own admirable behavior. The increasing attachment was every way favorable to Napoleon's plans and advancement, but subject of

painful solicitude to her, which is well expressed in a letter of some length, affording also farther insight into a heart, cultivated no less than her genius.

"My dear friend, I am urged to marry again: my friends counsel the measure, my aunt almost lays her injunctions to the same effect, and my children entreat my compliance. Why are you not here to give me your advice in this important conjuncture? to persuade me that I ought to consent to a union which must put an end to the irksomeness of my present position? Your friendship, in which I have already experienced so much to praise, would render you clear-sighted for my interests; and I should decide without hesitation as soon as you had spoken. You have met General Bonaparte in my house. Well!—he it is who would supply a father's place to the orphans of Alexander de Beauharnais, and a husband's to his widow.

"'Do you love him?' you will ask. Not exactly. 'You then dislike him?' Not quite so bad; but I find myself in that state of indifference which is anything but agreeable, and which to devotees in religion gives more trouble than all their other peccadilloes. Love, being a species of worship, also requires that one feel very differently from all this; and hence the need I have of your advice, which might fix the perpetual irresolution of my feeble character. To assume a determination has ever appeared fatiguing to my Creole supineness, which finds it infinitely more convenient to follow the will of others.

"I admire the general's courage—the extent of his information, for on all subjects he talks equally well—and the quickness of his judgment, which enables him to seize the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but, I confess it, I shrink from the despotism he seems desirous of exercising over all who approach him. His searching glance has something singular and inexplicable, which imposes even on our Directors: judge if it may not intimidate a woman! Even, what ought to please me, the force of a passion, described with an energy that leaves not a doubt of his sincerity, is precisely the cause which arrests the consent I am often on the point of pronouncing.

"Being now past the heyday of youth, can I hope long to preserve that ardor of attachment which, in the general, resembles a fit of delirium? If, after our union, he should cease to love me, will he not reproach me with what he will have sacrificed for my sake?—will he not regret a more brilliant marriage which he might have contracted? What shall I then reply?—what shall I do? I shall weep. Excellent resource! you will say. Good heavens! I know that all this can serve no end; but it has ever been thus; tears are the only resources left me when this poor heart, so easily chilled, has suffered. Write quickly, and do not fear to scold me, should you judge that I am wrong. You know that whatever comes from your pen will be taken in good part.

"Barras gives assurance, that if I marry the general, he will so contrive as to have him appointed to the

command of the army of Italy. Yesterday, Bonaparte, speaking of this favor, which already excites murmuring among his fellow-soldiers, though it be as yet only a promise, said to me, 'Think they then, I have need of their protection to arrive at power? Egregious mistake! They will all be but too happy one day should I condescend to grant them mine. My sword is by my side, and with it I will go far.'

"What say you to this security of success? is it not a proof of confidence springing from an excess of vanity? A general of brigade protect the heads of government! That, truly, is an event highly probable! I know not how it is, but sometimes this waywardness gains upon me to such a degree, that almost I believe possible whatever this singular man may take it into his head to attempt; and with his imagination, who can calculate what he will not undertake?

"Here we all regret you, and console ourselves for your prolonged absence only by thinking of you every minute, and by endeavoring to follow you step by step through the beautiful country you are now traversing. Were I sure of meeting you in Italy, I would get married to-morrow, upon condition of following the general; but we might perhaps cross each other on the route; thus I deem it more prudent to wait for your reply before taking my determination. Speed, then, your answer—and your return still more.

"Madam Tallien gives me in commission to tell you, that she loves you tenderly. She is always beautiful and good; employing her immense influence only to

obtain pardon for the unfortunate who address themselves to her; and adding to her acquiescence an air of satisfaction, which gives her the appearance of being the person obliged. Her friendship for me is ingenuous and affectionate. I assure you that the love I bear towards her resembles my affection for you. This will give you an idea of the attachment I feel for her. Hortense becomes more and more amiable; her charming figure develops itself; and I should have fitting occasion, if so inclined, to make troublesome reflections upon villanous Time, which merely adorns one at the expense of another. Happily, I have got quite a different crotchet in my head at present, and skip all dismals in order to occupy my thoughts solely with a future which promises to be happy, since we shall soon be reunited, never again to be separated. Were it not for this marriage, which puts me out, I should, despite of all, be gay; but while it remains to be disposed of, I shall torment myself; once concluded, *come what may*, I shall be resigned. I am habituated to suffering; and if destined to fresh sorrows, I think I can endure them, provided my children, my aunt, and you were spared me. We have agreed to cut short the conclusions of our letters, so adieu, my friend."

It is very apparent, that Josephine was more deeply interested in her admirer than she would have her friend believe; and asking counsel, was only declaring both her passion and intention to marry. The months departed, and Napoleon, though environed with duties which attended his appointment, retired at evening to

the mansion of Madam Beauharnais, to hear the melody of her voice, and enjoy an interlude of romantic pleasure, amid the stormy scenes that opened before his feet the path of glory. With a few select friends, among whom Madam Tallien was conspicuous, there were frequent meetings of the parties, and brilliant entertainments, which extended the friendship and influence of the commander-in-chief, among the very class the most available in carrying forward his ambitious schemes; already towering above Alpine summits, and embracing thrones which had withstood the flow of centuries.

Josephine has left her testimony respecting the fine conversational powers of her lover—which is proof of his ability in this department, whenever he chose to indulge the *abandon* of wit and compliment in the society of women, for whom, it is well known, he entertained but a light opinion; owing doubtless to the frivolous character and easy virtue of the majority of those he met in the gay society of the metropolis.

The spring-time spread beauty again over the valleys of unhappy France, while the tocsin of war fell on the eager ear of Napoleon. How the waving foliage nourished by the decaying dead, the bending sky, and the harmonies of nature filling it, mocked the mournful dwellings and breaking hearts, whose trampled vineyards were a symbol of what madness had wrought, and an index of future desolation by the shock of contending armies! But Napoleon listened only to the ravishing tones of love, and the sweeter notes of fame's

shrill trumpet; for his pulse never beat so wildly with hope and enthusiasm before.

He led Josephine to the altar according to revolutionary form, which was a simple presentation before the proper magistrate, March 9th, 1796. Barras and Tallien witnessed the ceremony, and signed with Lemarois, an aid-de-camp, and Calmelet, a lawyer, the act recorded in the state register of Paris.

Twelve days later he bade adieu to his bride and was on his way to the plains of Italy—a parting that blended in one tide of strong emotion, the affection of an ardent, impetuous spirit, and the glowing desire to encircle his brow with laurels, that

> "———— would burn
> And rend his temples in return;"

and which would prove a crown of Upas to the fair forehead of the sorrowful Josephine. After a hasty visit with his mother, at Marseilles, of whom he always spoke with tender regard, he joined the suffering army at Nice. He rallied the drooping courage of brave men, and his accents caught with a resurrection power the ear of Augereau, Massena, and Lannes, veterans in service, but disheartened by ranks of unclad and hungry soldiers. He pointed to the opulent cities and beautiful fields beneath the shadow of the Alps which lay between them and his fifty thousand starving warriors, and disclosed with cheerful assurance, the project of crossing the cloud-mantled barrier. His successful march—his splendid victories, and his terrific

devastation, are familiar to all readers of history. The national standard, within a year, waved along the mountain defiles which had sheltered the flower of the Austrian army, and over plains on which the disciplined columns had encamped securely; while the name of Napoleon was heard from one side of the continent to the other.

But his heart was true to Josephine, and turned from the spoils of victory and applause of millions, to meet the smile of her approval, and hear in fancy her accents of congratulation and love. Of the correspondence which passed during these stirring events, but little which is authentic, is preserved. The extravagant letters attributed to him, are doubted by judicious biographers, because so unlike his previous and subsequent communications, in the fulsome adulation, and approach at least, to bombast, for which they are distinguished. But it were not strange if at twenty-six, with a distant bride he had left so quickly, and covered with glory that would bewilder an aged conqueror, he did pour his raptures in language whose extravagance seems now the fond ravings of a happy lunatic, rather than the utterance of an intellect well poised as it was creative and mighty.

Eugene soon joined his father-in-law, in the campaign, and won distinction for himself, grateful to Napoleon as it was flattering to the young soldier. This will appear in the subjoined notes originally furnished by Josephine.—

FROM GENERAL BONAPARTE TO HIS WIFE.

"My beloved friend,—My first laurel is due to my country; my second shall be yours. While pressing Alvinzi, I thought of France; when he was beaten, I thought of you. Your son will send you a scarf surrendered to him by Colonel Morback, whom he took prisoner with his own hand. You see, madam, that our Eugene is worthy of his father. Do not deem me altogether unbeserving of having succeeded to that brave and unfortunate general, under whom I should have felt honored to have learned to conquer. I embrace you. Bonaparte."

The brevity and delicacy of feeling which are noticeable in the above, are in pleasant contrast with the effusion of the delighted and affectionate son, flushed with honors, and impatient for a wider field of action

FROM COLONEL EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS TO HIS MOTHER.

"My dear and respected mother,—Detained at Lyons by business, I cannot resist my impatience to commune with you. I have been so fortunate as to perform, under the eye of General Bonaparte, an action which obtained his approbation, and has inspired me with a more honorable opinion of myself. In taking prisoner an Austrian lieutenant-colonel, I thought of my father; I was seen by the general, and felt con-

scious that you would applaud me. What motives to serve one's country! These encouragements will at all times be the same, and they will ever possess the same influence over my heart. Hang up the scarf in your cabinet, under the portrait of my father, to whom, with you, I render this homage. As to the one woven and given me by Hortense, tell her it shall not easily be taken from the wearer. We intend to make the Austrians very prodigals in this respect, but are all resolved to continue towards them the same niggards as heretofore!

"Farewell, my good and gracious mother! Eight days hence and my noble gray shall be put to his mettle, as if with a bound I could place myself at your feet."

Bourrienne, who admired the handsome colonel, wrote the following complimentary passage concerning him, then in his seventeenth year. "Eugene had an excellent heart, a manly courage, a prepossessing exterior, with an obliging and amiable temper. His life is a matter of history; and those who knew him will agree that his maturer years did not disappoint the promise of his youth. Already he displayed the courage of a soldier, and at a later period evinced the talent of a statesman."

Napoleon having concluded the preliminaries of peace at Leoben, passed rapidly through the Venetian States to Milan, and fixed his residence at Montebello, a delightful country-seat six miles from that city. Here Josephine, having arrived from Paris,

began to enjoy what circumstances had hitherto denied her since her second marriage, the tranquility and joy of *home*. She won the affection and homage of the gay Milanese; many lavished upon her attentions expressive of gratitude to the victor, whom they regarded as their liberator. Thus from pure admiration or motives of policy, all classes sought with enthusiasm to honor the wife of Napoleon, and enhance the pleasures of her sojourn among the romantic scenery of that country—whose southern boundary was beautiful and fallen Italy.

But she soon became weary of the pomp and ceremony of what was to her, except in name, a splendid court. Balls and the drama, fêtes and concerts, which she felt obliged to grace with her presence, were to her imaginative and sensitive nature the tiresome whirl of a dazzling panorama of vanishing views, and she longed for more elevated communion. She therefore went forth, and under a sky, which bent lovingly over her as when she was the charming *Creole* of Martinique, and looked upon the glorious summits, and unrivalled lakes that slept in their embrace. Her excursions to the Apennines, Lake Como, and especially to Lake Maggiore, afforded her refreshment of spirit and of frame. On the latter clear expanse repose the Borromean Islands, celebrated by Tasso and Ariosto, in glowing language. These lie in a gulf ornamented with tasteful dwellings and terraced gardens, with the orange, citron and myrtle to lend shade and beauty to the esplanade. In the distance the Alps lift their

solemn brows into the azure, girdled with cultivated fields, mantling foliage, and glittering with ice-plains, that flash in the sunlight, like a motionless sea of diamonds. On the other side is the open country, covered with vineyards, dotted with villages and cities, and presenting all the variety of picturesque landscape so attractive to the traveller in southern Europe. Josephine stood here entranced, like the Peri of this paradise. At her feet lay the crystal waters, reflecting the green slopes, the mansions of wealth, and the wandering clouds; while the white wings of distant sail boats passed each other on the bright undulations. Napoleon loved this resort, where the grand and beautiful encircled him, invested with associations of the glory of a former age. His expanding genius, and soaring ambition, were pleased with scenes that embellished the majestic heights guarding the land of his victories, and which were silent exponents of his own dawning greatness. Even in his social intercourse he manifested a consciousness of superiority—an isolation of character, in avoiding a disclosure of his purposes and feelings, while his penetrating glance and admirable tact drew from others their very shade of changing thought. Josephine complains of this restless independence and distrust, which withheld from her the unrestrained intercourse of confiding affection. There was in her a transparent candor and lively sympathy, Napoleon doubtless feared; for secrecy he well knew was his only security, while his movements which had the stamp of destiny, were under the inspection of a legion

of powerful foes. And there is always connected with great genius an *egoism*, as the Germans term this self-reliance and irritability, which are unfavorable either to friendships or domestic felicity. But far as any object besides the sceptre of the world could reign over his heart, Josephine had control, and was cherished in moments of rest from his stupendous plans, with the fondness of early attachment. He was exceedingly kind to her son and daughter, both in correspondence, and projecting their advancement and happiness, in proportion to his own exaltation and resources of usefulness to friends. He was not destitute of deep emotion—nor a stranger to the better feelings of our nature; and yet there was ever a conflict between these and the attainment of his chief good—the unquestioned pre-eminence of power which should overshadow a continent at least—a principle of action that, in its legitimate result, would, if possible, map out the heavens, and give away to his favorites, the stars.

One little incident illustrates his regard for his wife amid the stirring events that heralded his name, and betrays the same superstitious faith in omens she cherished. Isaby, a celebrated artist, painted a miniature of Josephine at the time of her marriage, which he constantly wore near his heart, in the feverish repose of his tent, and in the smoke of battle. When the war-cloud rolled away from the bed of the slain, and the shout of victory drowned the groans of the dying, with the pause of joy that succeeded to the conflict, he not unfrequently drew forth this talisman of

his purest hopes and most rational delight, and then hastened to communicate the tidings of conquest to the original; in which the expression once occurs, "In the contest I think of France, afterward of *you*." By some accident it happened that the glass covering the picture was broken, and immediately the presentiment awakened that Josephine was dead—a solicitude which was calmed only with the return of a courier sent to learn if she were among the living.

When about quitting Milan for Rastadt, he presented a flag to the Directory by General Joubert, the messenger appointed for the occasion, on one side of which was the inscription, "To the army of Italy, the grateful country;" on the other a condensed, yet ambitious bulletin of his campaign: "One hundred and fifteen thousand prisoners; one hundred and seventy standards; five hundred and fifty pieces of battering cannon; six hundred pieces of field artillery; five bridge equipages; nine sixty-four gun ships; twelve thirty-two gun frigates; twelve corvettes; eighteen galleys; armistice with the King of Sardinia; convention with Genoa; armistice with the Duke of Parma; armistice with the King of Naples; armistice with the Pope; preliminaries of Leoben; convention of Montebello with the republic of Genoa; treaty of peace with the Emperor at Campo-Formio.

"Liberty given to the people of Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Massa-Carrara, La Romagna, Lombardy, Bressera, Bormio, the Valletina, the Genoese, the Imperial Fiefs, the people of the departments of Coreigra,

of the Ægean Sea, and of Ithaca. 'Sent to Paris all the master-pieces of Michael Angelo, of Genercino, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Correggio, of Albano, of Carracei, of Raphael, and of Leonardo da Vinci.'"

But the Directory were, in return for his success, envious of his popularity, which with the word *Liberty*, was traversing the valleys, and echoing among the snow-crowned tops of the Alps and Apennines, and annoyed both himself and Josephine by the subtle vigilance of spies; whose presence failed to obtain from either, treasonable or unlawful aspirations, with which to check, by the interposition of authority, the splendid course of this hero, whose youthful promise was that of bearing at length the prize alone in the Olympic games of blood, whose honors Kings and Generals had struggled for, and alternately lost and won.

Leaving Josephine and her family at Milan, he reached Mantua, celebrated the funeral of General Hoche, attended to the erection of a monument to the memory of Virgil, then amid the acclamations of the people marched toward Rastadt. In addition to the portrait given incidently in the preceding narration of Napoleon's personal appearance, an additional extract from a letter written at this time by an observer of the triumphal procession, is interesting, and has an air of fidelity in the description.

"I beheld with deep interest and extreme attention that extraordinary man who has performed such great deeds, and about whom there is something which seems

to indicate that his career is not yet terminated. I found him very like his portrait, small in stature, thin, pale, with the air of fatigue, but not in ill health as has been reported. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with what he was thinking of, than with what was said to him. There is great intelligence in his countenance, along with an expression of habitual meditation which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thinking head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose that some designs are engendering which shall have their influence on the destinies of Europe."

Already despising the weakness of the Directory, Bonaparte was elated and encouraged by the enthusiasm of the people in the cherished determination to overthrow the wretched government, soon as the blow could be decisively given. This it would seem was a reason for the family arrangement which fixed the residence of Josephine and her children indefinitely at Milan, while he returned to the Capital to mature his plans; thus keeping them away from the centre of danger should there in the event of rupture be a recoil of the rulers he scorned, upon himself. But there were restless, slanderous spirits, that ever haunt society, who, employed by Napoleon's brothers, in their jealousy of his wife's influence, were eager for an opportunity to ruin her peace and torment her illustrious companion. It was rumored that her stay in Milan, was induced by a desire to shine in its gay circles, and by her fascination lead a train of princely admirers. Though utterly

false, it was the commencement of detraction and suspicion which poisoned the cup of pleasure and applause.

She was summoned to Paris, and the prelude to another long separation consequent upon the widening field of the Commander's victories, was evidently clouded with an interruption of domestic tranquillity, which but for the magic of her sincere devotion, inspiring confidence and diffusing a subduing kindness, might have deepened into the gloom of a sad eclipse.

An invasion of England had been in contemplation by Bonaparte, but the opposition of the Directory foiled his designs, and his own observation of the hazard of the enterprise induced him to abandon it for another. In these schemes his noble wife did much in obtaining influential friends to aid him in securing their adoption. The expedition to Egypt was finally decided upon by the Directory, who were willing to place the envied general in a command that would remove him to a dangerous climate, and perhaps rid them altogether of his dreaded preëminence. He received his appointment April 12th, 1798, and with a troop of *a hundred Savans*, to gather antiquarian embellishments for the gallery of the Louvre, which he had already adorned by his contributions from the cabinets of Italy, and also to make scientific researches; he hastened to Toulon to join his assembled army and magnificent fleet.

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE OF NAPOLEON FOR EGYPT.—THE PARTING WITH JOSEPHINE AT TOULON.—SHE RETIRES TO PLOMBIERES.—ACCIDENT.—SENDS FOR HORTENSE.—EXCURSION HOME.—RARE QUALITIES OF JOSEPHINE'S CHARACTER.—CONSEQUENCES OF HER CONFINEMENT AT PLOMBIERES.—RUMORS OF NAPOLEON'S DISASTERS IN EGYPT.—MALMAISON.—JOSEPHINE WATCHED BY SECRET ENEMIES.—CHARGES OF INFIDELITY TRANSMITTED TO NAPOLEON.—HER INNOCENCE VINDICATED.—MATERNAL SOLICITUDE AND FAITHFULNESS.—NAPOLEON'S RETURN TO FRANCE.—UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.—HIS ANGER.—THE RECONCILIATION.—FRANCE.

On the 19th of May, the winds having driven his watchful enemy, Nelson, off the coast, Napoleon ordered a hurried embarkation of his troops; the anchors were lifted and the squadron moved out of the harbor beneath the splendor of the rising sun. For six leagues along the Mediterranean shore, the grand armament in the form of a semicircle, unfurled its thousand snowy wings, and threw upon the breeze its gay streamers; while the uniform of forty thousand "picked soldiers," reflected the unclouded beams of the ascending orb Josephine, who accompanied the General-in-chief to Toulon, extorting a promise of permission to follow soon his fortunes in the East, gazed with a full heart upon the dazzling pageant. Amid all the magnificence of the spectacle, her eye followed alone the L'Orient, which bore a husband and son, whose farewell embrace still thrilled her sensitive frame, till its tall mast became

a speck in the distance, and vanished like departing hope from her tearful gaze, beneath the horizon's rim. Yet there was the possibility of meeting her husband in accordance with the assurance given, among the ruins of Memphis and Thebes, which restored the dreams of a calmer, brighter future. She had a soul that soared like the sky-lark when the storm is past, and breathed the gentlest music of love, in the ear of whoever would listen. It was eminently her experience, that

> ——— "Even through the shower
> Of tear-drops on life's way,
> The rainbow promises of hope
> *Will dance*, and make us gay."

She retired to Plombieres, celebrated for its springs, whose waters it was thought might give that tone of perfect health to her system, Napoleon ambitiously desired for the transmission of his accumulating honors, and which she sought ardently for his sake. It was arranged that she should remain there until the arrival of the frigate from Egypt to convey her thither. But a melancholy accident again darkly overshadowed her prospects, and lengthened her stay into a captivity of several months. The scene is thus described by a biographer.

"Madam Bonaparte, a few days after her arrival, was sitting one morning in the saloon at work, and conversing with the ladies of her society, among whom were Mesdames De Crigny, afterward married to the celebrated Denon, and De Cambes. The latter, who was in the balcony entertaining the party with what

passed in the street, expressed great admiration of a beautiful little dog which she observed below. Upon this, all eagerly rushed upon the balcony, which came down with a fearful crash. Happily, no lives were lost; but the unfortunate individual who had been the innocent cause of the accident had her thigh-bone fractured, and Josephine herself was grievously bruised. The contusions on her hands and arms were so severe that for some time she had to be fed like an infant. Charvet, afterward steward of the household, who was at this time principal male domestic, happening to be in a room immediately above, hastened to the assistance of his mistress, and by his direction a sheep was instantly killed, and Madam Bonaparte wrapped up in the hide yet warm from the animal. By this simple remedy, not only was the present pain allayed, but a preparation made for more scientific and fortunately successful treatment."

Hortense was at Germain-en-Laye, a pupil in the boarding school of Madam Campan; where she was admired for a character which combined with amiability, a dash of that independence of feeling and action, always exhibited by her lamented father. Messengers were sent to bring her to Plombieres to enliven the solitude of Josephine; tidings that made her young heart bound with rapture. Though successful in scholarship, her laugh rang out as she cast aside her books, or turned from the prison of girlhood, to the shaded lawn and the carriage waiting at the gate, for a ride into the beautiful country with its free air and

music—and toward the being upon whose bosom her affections set in an unbroken tide. Among the anecdotes related of this excursion is the following: While lazily travelling through one of those dark forests distinguished for wild traditions and tragical robberies, her companions, in musing mood, had fallen into a dreamy *semi-somnolence*, when a startling report suddenly aroused them; with alarm they gazed into the shadowy twilight to behold the armed brigands. But fragrant drops flooding the perspiration excited by fear, and a merry shout, dispelled the bewildering apprehension. Hortense had exploded a bottle of *champaign* in the faces of the sleepers, and its foam instead of burning powder discolored their pallid features. Then the old woods gave back the echoes of mirth, and the very wheels seemed to revolve more rapidly to accord with the ringing gladness. And when she was clasped in a mother's embrace, the same silver tones repeated her name, and a full fountain poured tears of joy upon the fair forehead whose marble was mantling with the glow of returning health.

There is no aspect of Josephine's history which fails to display the fine outline of a pure-minded and remarkable woman. Though her emotions were strong and intense, her clear judgment shone upon every emergency, and in the performance of every duty. In the education of her own and other children—in directing the affairs of Napoleon's domestic relations, there was that rapid survey of the various responsibilities imposed, and decision *in doing*, which the great Chief-

tain so sublimely manifested on the vast battle-field of nations. A single letter will shed additional light on this peculiar excellence, written relative to the discipline of a niece also under Madam Campan — while it contains valuable suggestions for the consideration of youth :—

"My Dear Madam Campan—With my niece whom I return to your charge, receive also my thanks and my reproof. The former are due for the great care and brilliant education which you have bestowed upon the child; the latter for the faults which your sagacity must have discovered, but which your indulgence has tolerated. The girl is gentle, but shy; well informed, but haughty; talented, but thoughtless; she does not please, and takes no pains to render herself agreeable. She conceives that the reputation of her uncle and the bravery of her father are everything. Teach her, and that by the severest means, how absolutely unavailing are those qualities which are not personal. We live in an age where each is the author of his own fortunes; and if those who serve the state in the first ranks ought to have some advantages and enjoy some privileges, they should on that account strive only to render themselves more beloved and more useful. It is solely by acting thus that they can have some chance of excusing their good fortune in the eyes of envy. Of these things, my dear Madam Campan, you must not allow my niece to remain ignorant, and such are the instructions which in my name you should repeat to her constantly. It is my pleasure that she treat as

equals every one of her companions, most of whom are better or as good as herself, their only inferiority consisting in not having relations so able or so fortunate.

The impressive fact that an unexpected and regretted occurrence is often the pivot on which life and destiny turn, is apparent in the annals of distinguished as well as humble individuals. An invisible hand is seen in these transactions which change the direction of events influencing personal existence forever, and affecting sometimes the interests of an empire, and of the world. The frigate Pomona, which was to convey Josephine to the Pyramids, and had before borne her from her native island to France, fell into the hands of the English; and had she taken passage at the time proposed, she would have been carried a captive to England—changing the condition of things entirely with her, and perhaps indirectly the struggle with a haughty realm, whose prowess at length crushed the arbiter of Kingly quarrels and the almoner of thrones Napoleon's triumphs followed by terrible reverses, which brought his army to the brink of ruin, gave rise to rumors of his defeat, and even assassination, that tortured the heart of Josephine with suspense. She is said to have overheard one day, Le Tour of the Directory, remark, "That is the wife of that scoundrel Bonaparte: if he is not dead for Europe, he is, at least, for France." Many of her former friends during this period of disaster, were less attentive; an indication of faithlessness which her disinterested spirit felt keenly as the point of a traitor's weapon among the nerves

of her delicate form. She purchased Malmaison, and quietly spent the subsequent months of Bonaparte's absence—"exiled in her own domain."

These estates antecedently belonged to the national lands, whose rural beauty and picturesque views attracted the admiration of Josephine soon after the death of Beauharnais, when anxious to secure a hermitage for herself and a refuge for her children. By the intervention of her unfailing friend, Barras, the reformed *terrorist*, who had obtained a restoration in part of the Viscount's property, she nearly completed the purchase, when a new phase of revolution, and his earnest persuasion, made her the wife of Napoleon. Her indebtedness to this influential Director, and the grateful acknowledgment which flowed spontaneously when kindness was experienced, are expressed in her own sensible and simple style, in a note written to him, while negotiating for a title to this attractive country residence.

"TO CITIZEN BARRAS,

"*Member of the Executive Directory.*

"SIR,—Nothing could be more agreeable than the statement in your letter; yet few things could have less surprised me. I know your influence, and more especially your zeal. I felt assured of your interest; and was not less confident of your success. Thus I find myself certain of possessing a refuge; and, thanks to the benevolence whose delicacy enhances the bene-

fit, that asylum accords with my wishes. There I can resign my heart to its tastes—tastes peaceful and pure —which in the days of prosperity I cultivated through caprice or from fashion, but which I now cherish from predilection. With them I have also inspired my children: in these they have already experienced the amusement of their early years, and there they will continue to seek the enjoyment of maturer age. Heirs of a proscribed sire, modesty and obscurity suit both their desires and their condition. The way of life upon which we are to enter at Malmaison befits in all respects our inclinations and situation; and, notwithstanding immense losses, if the father of my children survived, I should not have a single wish to form. But had he lived, should I have known you? should I have been unfortunate? or should I have experienced how much benevolence may soothe the unhappy? Each situation of life must be taken with all its chances; the most painful may thus, perhaps, still exhibit something favorable, and of that, good sense consists in making the most. It is easy, will be the remark, to talk thus, when passion no longer agitates. I have undergone the ordeal—a course of suffering, when for many months, I could not even conceive one day of gladness. I had then only a choice of misfortunes. I believe them passed; and what you are now doing for me renews my life. In devoting it to solitude, to study, and to the education of my children, I shall consecrate it to our tranquil happiness and to our unalterable gratitude."

But the years that were anticipated with subdued feeling, as devoted to seclusion, had gone full of astonishing change, bringing her forward upon the foreground of a drama, that riveted the observation of man wherever the radiating lines of communication carried the bulletin of European war. And now expecting the return of Napoleon, who had gained and lost new laurels beneath the frown of the pyramids and of consecrated Tabor, dipped in the blood of the brave Mamelukes, Egypt's best forces, and the decimated ranks of the "Army of the East"—Josephine resolved to prepare a *home* for the fugitive chieftain, whom she had learned to love for his own sake, however her woman's pride may have been flattered by the splendor of his renown. She therefore embellished Malmaison with reference to his taste, and lived in the enjoyment of a select society, embracing members of the Directory, over whom her influence was always in behalf of the proscribed and unfortunate, impatiently awaiting his arrival to the shores of France. But vigilant foes haunted the mansion of persecuted innocence, to fabricate reports unfavorable to her fidelity, with which to inflame the jealousy of her imperious husband. The Bonaparte family were leagued against her, and every circumstance that would admit of doubtful import touching her virtue, was carefully recorded for the deadly thrust at her reputation. The difficulty of transmitting letters gave her no opportunity to make a defence against the accusations that reached Napoleon. She was of course under cruel

suspicion, while the energies of her intellect and graces of person were employed to keep unblemished *his* name, and prepare the way for advancing measures he suggested before his departure, or during the expedition. The baseness of Junot affected her deeply, and she made a last appeal to the honor and sympathy of the alienated sovereign of her heart, which ought to have moved the bitterest enemy to tenderness and reconciliation.

JOSEPHINE TO GENERAL BONAPARTE.

"Can it be possible, my friend? is the letter indeed yours which I have just received? Scarcely can I give it credence, on comparing the present with those now before me, and to which your love gave so many charms! My eyes cannot doubt that those pages which rend my heart are too surely yours; but my soul refuses to admit that yours could have dictated those lines, which, to the ardent joy experienced on hearing from you, have caused to succeed the mortal grief of reading the expressions of displeasure, the more afflicting to me that it must have proved a source of fearful pain to you.

"I am wholly ignorant in what I can have offended, to create an enemy so determined to ruin my repose by interrupting yours; but surely it must be a grave reason which can thus induce some one unceasingly to renew against me calumnies of such a specious nature as to be admitted, even for a moment, by one

who hitherto has deemed me worthy of his entire affection and confidence. These two sentiments are necessary to my happiness; and if they were so speedily to be refused me, ah! why was I ever made sensible of the delight of possessing them? Far better would it have been for me never to have known you!

"When I first became acquainted with you, overwhelmed in sadness from the sorrows that had overtaken me, I believed it impossible that I should ever again feel a sentiment approaching to love. The scenes of blood I had witnessed, and whose victim I had been, pursued me everywhere. Such were the causes which prevented apprehension in often meeting you: little did I imagine that I could for a single instant fix your choice. As did all the world, I admired your genius and your talents: more truly than any other did I foresee your coming glory; but notwithstanding all this I was unmoved—loving you only for the services you had rendered to my country. You should have left me to cherish this admiration, and not have sought to render it impassioned, by employing those means of pleasing, which you above all men possess, if, so soon after having united your destiny to mine, you were to regret the felicity which you alone had taught me to enjoy.

"Do you believe that it is possible for me ever to forget your cares and your love? Think you I can ever become indifferent about one who sweetens existence by all that is delightful in passion? Can I ever efface from my memory your kindness to Hor-

tense—your counsel and example to Eugene? If this appear to you impossible, how can you suspect me of being interested for a single moment in what is alien to you?

"Oh! my friend, in place of lending an ear to impostors, who, from motives which I explain not, seek to ruin our happiness, why do you not rather reduce them to silence, by the recital of your benefits to a woman whose character has never incurred the suspicion of ingratitude? On hearing what you have done for my children, my traducers would be silent, since they must know that, as a mother, I first became attached to you. Since that event, so dear to my remembrance, your conduct, admired as it has been throughout the whole of Europe, has, in my heart, but awakened deeper admiration of the husband who made choice of me, poor as I was, and unhappy. Every step which you take adds to the splendor of the name I bear—and is such a moment seized to persuade you that I no longer love you? What absurdity—or rather what vileness on the part of your companions, jealous as they are of your marked superiority. Yes, my friend, I love you with a sincerity known well, even to those who assert the contrary. They must be conscious of wronging me, for several times I have written to them, in order thus to hear of you, to entreat them to watch over you, and by their affection to console you for the absence of your *friend:* finally, to keep me informed of everything connected with you. But how have these people acted, who pretend such devo-

tion, in whom you confide, and according to whose report you judge me with inconceivable injustice? They conceal from you whatever might lessen the pain of absence; they take advantage of your suspicious character, in order to create disquietudes that may induce you to quit a country which they detest; and the more they irritate you, the better they are pleased. Such is the light in which things appear to me, while you are deceived regarding their perfidious intentions. Believe me, my friend, so soon as you ceased to be their equal, you became their foe; your victories even are but so many motives for their hating you.

"I know these intrigues, although I disdain to avenge myself by naming men whom I despise, but whose valor and abilities may be useful to you in the grand enterprise so happily commenced. On your return I will disclose the secret, and show you who are those envious of your glory. But no—when we are united once again, I shall forget all the evil which they would have wrought me, to remember only the exertions which they may have made in your service.

"It is true, I see much company, for every one strives to be foremost in complimenting me on your success, and I confess I have not the resolution to shut my door against any one who comes to speak of you. My male writers are very numerous; they comprehend your daring achievements better than women; they talk with enthusiasm of your noble deeds, while, at the same time, they cannot complain of your having taken with you their spouse, their brother, or their

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father. Women fall upon these subjects, and when they do not praise you, they do not please me. Still it is among my own sex that I can find those whose heart and understanding I prefer to all, because their friendship for you is sincere. Of these I place first the names of the accomplished ladies D'Aiguillon, Tallien, and my aunt. These are my intimates—I never quit them—and they will tell you, ungrateful as thou art, if I have thought 'of *playing the coquette with all the world.*' These are your own expressions, and they would be odious to me, were I not certain that you have disavowed, and at this moment are sorry for having written them.

"I tremble when I think of the dangers which surround you, of more than half of which I should be ignorant, did not Eugene reiterate his requests to me to write you not to expose yourself to perils, and to take more care of a life, not only dear to your family and your friends, but upon which hangs the destiny of your brethren in arms, and thousands of brave followers who could have courage to endure so many fatigues while under your eye alone. Let me conjure you, my friend, not to exceed your strength, and to listen less to your own daring than to the counsels of those who love you. Berthier, Bourrienne, Eugene, Caffarelli, less ardent, may also sometimes see more clearly. They are devoted to you; listen, then, to them, *but to them only*—you understand me?—then both you and I will be happier.

"Here I receive honors which sometimes cause me

embarrassment. Besides, being little accustomed to such homage, I see they displease *our authorities*, who, always distrustful and apprehensive of losing their power, are ever on the watch. *Disregard these people*, you will say; but my friend, they will endeavor to hurt you: they will accuse you of seeking to lessen their power; and I should be grieved to contribute in aught to a jealousy which your triumphs sufficiently justify. When you shall return covered with laurels, good heavens! what will they do, if already they are on the rack! I cannot calculate where their resentment will stop; but then you will be by my side, and I shall feel secure.

"Let us think no more of them, nor of your suspicions, which I will not refute one by one, because they are all equally devoid of probability. But to repose from disagreeables, let me conclude with some details which will interest you, because they affect me.

"Hortense, that she may console me so far as depends upon her, employs all her little heart to conceal her fears on your account and her brother's, and puts in requisition all the resources of her mind, in order to dissipate that sadness—to you so dubious—which yet never leaves me. By her talent, and the charms of her conversation, she sometimes contrives to call up a smile, then, in her joy, she exclaims, '*Dear mamma, they shall know that in Cairo!*' Cairo! the name instantly reminds me of the distance which separates me from my husband, and my son—and my grief returns. I am thus obliged, by great effort to dissemble

with my daughter, who by a word — a look even — transports me to those scenes whence she would view my reflections.

"In the graces of her person, Hortense improves daily; she dresses with taste; and certainly without being nearly so beautiful as your sisters, she could hardly fail to please even when they are present. My good aunt passes her life in suffering, without complaint, consoling the afflicted, talking to me of you, and making verses. As for me, I beguile the time in writing to you, listening to your praises, or reading the journals where your name occurs in every page. I am ever thinking of you; now transporting myself to the time when I shall see you every hour, now plunged in sorrow at the thoughts of the space which must elapse before you return; and when I thus conclude, I again begin. Are these the signs of indifference? I wish for none others on your part; and if you feel thus for me, I shall not think myself altogether an object of pity, despite the small slanders which they would fain have me credit respecting a *certain fair one*, who, they tell me, interests you deeply. Why should I doubt you? You assure me I am beloved. I judge of you by my own heart—and I believe you.

"God knows when or where this letter may reach you: may it restore to you a repose which you ought never to have foregone, and more than ever give you an assurance, that, while I live, you will be dear to me as on the day of our last separation. Farewell, my only

friend! Confide in me—love me, and receive a thousand tender caresses."

It is not certain this kind expostulation was received by Bonaparte before he fled from the land of his misfortunes. It was stated some years since in the published journal of a Baroness, that Josephine contemplated a *divorce*, and actually consulted M. de Cantalen of the administration, on the subject. Interruption of correspondence—inexcusable coolness—and credited reports of gallantries with the wife of a subordinate officer in Cairo—are the reasons which may be assigned, if such an event was desired by her, whose delicacy and devotion it strikes one, were in themselves an assurance that she would rather perish clinging to the wreck of her happiness, than make so daring an effort to escape with nothing but life. However this, at the suggestion of those with whom she conferred, the subject was speedily dismissed, if it had been entertained by her, and she strove to beguile the hours in decorating her new abode, cultivating flowers, bestowing kindnesses on the peasantry, and seizing every means to promote the pleasure and improvement of her children. An extract or two from a letter to Eugene gives a beautiful picture of the last occupation, in her allusions to Hortense.

"It is impossible to give you an idea even of her amiableness in this respect, nor of half her affectionate contrivances to beguile us of our anxieties. Love her, my son, for she forms my consolation, and is devoted to you. She continues her studies with great success,

but music, I am inclined to believe, will prove the accomplishment in which she is destined to excel. Her agreeable voice, now much improved, and the style of her execution, will greatly surprise you. I have just purchased for her a piano, the excellence of which seems to have redoubled her passion for your favorite art—a preference probably not a littte contributing to your sister's predilection.

"If you were here, you would a hundred times a day advise me to take care of the men who offer attentions to Hortense, in a manner sufficiently marked. There are some very urgent in their addresses, who are no favorites of yours, and whom you apprehend she may prefer. Reassure yourself on that point; she is somewhat of a coquette, and enjoys her success by tormenting her victims; but her heart is free. I am the confidant of all her thoughts and sentiments; these are ever as they should be. She knows that henceforth my consent alone will not suffice in the question of marriage, and that my wishes even will be determined by *his* to whom we owe all. This will guard her against any choice which would not be approved of by Bonaparte, and he will never bestow your sister's hand save on a brother-in-arms, as seems also to be your desire."

But nothing could shield her devoted form from the blasts of adversity, which beat the more wildly after a flattering pause in their wrath. She was even accused of extravagance, and compelled to meet from the *distingue* who were unweariedly attentive while the star

of Napoleon was in the clear ascendant, cruel contempt soon as it passed under the wing of a cloud, as if it had fallen from heaven forever. Talleyrand stained his honor as a true gentleman in this particular, by a public expression of indifference at the mansion of Barras, just before Bonaparte trod again the soil of his adoption. The statesman little dreamed that the flying Corsican then on the solitary deep, would step so quickly on a shore which would rock to his very foot-fall as to the tramp of an earthquake.

Gohier, President of the Directory, on the 9th of November, 1799, gave a splendid levee, embracing the noble and the beautiful of the Capital. Josephine was a guest, though more a spectator than participant in the festivity of the brilliant occasion. The gifted being to whom her tides of feeling in their deepest channel, however dark or shining their surface—however black or beaming the skies above—were as obedient as the sea to the changeful moon, was a wanderer among the dead and dying of his unrivalled army, or perhaps gazing in vain upon the wide waters for a friendly bark to bear him away. The ample entertainment went forward—the viands disappeared, and the wine-cup became the inspiration of wit, and the pledge of affection. But while the converse of excited genius rang out in sparkling repartee, and beauty smiled, suddenly the eye of Gohier was arrested by a telegraphic line, which checked his gayety, and held the throng in suspense. With a serious air, he repeated the announcement—"*Bonaparte landed this morning at Frejus.*" The

strange silence of that startled assembly, was no less marked than when the first peal of a rising storm and its shadows cast before, hushes into stillness the amphitheatre of nature, which rang with the music and glee of spring-time.

There was a blending of vague apprehension, and wonder, and hope. The multitude, during his former campaigns, had begun to regard the rapid and almost miraculous exertions of that intellect, embodied in action that dwarfed all the great of antiquity into common men, with mysterious awe; and his unexpected appearance on the theatre he seemed to have deserted and lost, sent a wave of surprise and agitation over these rejoicing hearts, and with the morning light over millions more.

Josephine rose upon hearing the intelligence, and with suppressed emotion whispered an adieu to those about her, and retired. Her design was instantly formed of meeting him on his way to Paris; not only to hail his return, but efface from his mind a doubt of her fidelity, before it was graven more deeply by the enmity of those who envied her influence, and would rob her of her honors. Accompanied by Hortense, or as is affirmed by some writers, Louis Bonaparte, she hastened with the speed of a courier, toward Lyons. But the General had avoided the direct route she travelled, and passed her of course without the knowledge of either. Alarmed, she flew with all possible speed to the metropolis; but she was too late—the hour of midnight which brought her to their city residence,

was one of desolating sorrow. Napoleon had found his home a solitude, and the impression, this unaccountable desertion, relieved only by the gathering members of the Bonaparte family, made upon his spirit stained with jealousy, and worn by the sufferings of his sad adventure, was fearful, and never forgotten. It is not strange the sobbing wife was sent without recognition to her apartment, to weep away the night in agony. There may be some apology for him in the fact that society in decay had weakened his faith in the morality of the *élite*, and his thorough knowledge of men rendered him sceptical whenever self-interest was the stake, with regard to apparent innocence, or circumstantial evidence against deeds which his own experience assured him might tarnish the escutcheon of the renowned. His estimate therefore of human nature was not high, for he found it a pliable thing beneath his moulding hand, and the multitude were his creatures, playing their part in his elevation to disguised royalty ; which like a distant summit robed with cloud, was mistaken for something that they admired, and towards which they were impatiently struggling, to find protection and repose.

He sternly refused to see Josephine, who, with a bosom bleeding, waited the result of her children's eloquence and tears. Two long, dreary days wore away —the wrathful deep of a mighty mind was tranquil again — and the gentle words of Hortense, and her swimming eye, with the manly yet touching entreaty of Eugene, restored the wonted tenderness of his better moods. He stole into her room, and found the wife of

his youth in the attitude of inconsolable grief. Leaning upon the table, her face was buried in her hands—the warm tears were dropping from her delicate fingers upon the letters he had written in the fulness of affection, while convulsive sobs alone disturbed the stillness. He gazed a moment, and with quivering lip, murmured "*Josephine!*" She looked up with her soul in the expression, and reading in his pale countenance the evidence of a milder frame, said sweetly, "*mon ami!*"—the familiar language of love. He silently extended his hand, and she was once more weclomed to the embrace and confidence of Napoleon.

He now lived for the most part in retirement; dividing the hours between domestic society, and that profound contemplation with which he always matured his magnificent schemes. He valued, and cheerfully acknowledged the discriminating judgment and observation of Josephine, both during his absence, in Egypt, and while enjoying that prelude to the eventful changes which soon after paved his way to a throne.

He found France retrograding in every respect. The Congress of Rastadt had resulted in the assassination of French plenipotentiaries, and open war. Suwarrow with his battalions had overswept Italy, and taken from him his miniature republics. On nearly all of the national boundaries the foe hung menacingly, glorying over the spoils of victory, and to complete the discord and danger, the Directory, distracted by the conflict of royalty with extreme republicanism, was the centralization of anarchy and imbecility rather

than of power and dignity. There was necessarily almost universal discontent, and in place of appalling terrorism, poor France turned with disgust from the oppressive mockery of a Republic.

> "The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion! in mad game
> They burst their manacles, and bear the name
> Of Freedom, graven on a *heavier chain!*"

CHAPTER VI.

NAPOLEON'S DESIGN.—JOSEPHINE'S POLITICAL VIEWS.—EUGENE.—CONVIVIAL SCENES.—THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.—NAPOLEON FIRST CONSUL.—THE RESULT.—MURAT'S MARRIAGE.—HIS TREACHERY.—JOSEPHINE'S MEDITATION.—LIFE IN THE TUILLERIES.—JOSEPHINE.—BONAPARTE.—HE ORDERS THE IMPROVEMENT OF MALMAISON.—ESCAPES ASSASSINATION.—AGAIN CROSSES THE ALPS.—BATTLE OF MARENGO.—RELAXATION AT MALMAISON.—JOSEPHINE'S BENEVOLENCE.—CONSPIRACY AND THE INFERNAL MACHINE.—MARRIAGE OF HORTENSE.—CHARACTER OF LOUIS BONAPARTE.—PERSON AND CHARACTER OF HORTENSE.—INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.—IMPORTANT EVENTS.—PEACE OF AMIENS.—GAYETY OF THE PEOPLE.—HOME OF THE CONSUL.—RENEWAL OF HOSTILITIES WITH ENGLAND.—ACCIDENT.—NAPOLEON'S VIEW OF DEATH.

FRANCE, as we have seen, was ripe for change. Napoleon was not only conscious of this, but found in the enthusiasm of the nation which hailed his landing at Frejus, where the very laws of quarantine were set aside, and he was borne as the people's idol to the city, and which made his journey to the capital one scene of excitement and willing homage, that the popular feeling was moving towards him, and deliverance expected from his genius and resistless force of character.

The overthrow of a government justly despised for its intrigues and failures in the fulfilment of pledges to the masses, and the welfare of the country, so far as attainable in connection with his exaltation upon its

ruins, was now the purpose of this wonderful man, still in the maturity of youth. He first aspired to a seat in the Directory, where he could lay his hand upon that unwieldy engine of power, and give it the momentum of his own, in human affairs, omnipotent will, and the direction of his sublimely insatiate ambition. But his age interposed a hopeless barrier, besides the opposition of those in office who hated him for his renown, and trembled at the mention of his name. Instead therefore of supplanting Sigas at the head of the Directory, a reconciliation between these political foes was effected, and Napoleon resolved to use with his cautious policy what he could not openly control. Under the reserve of an unsocial manner, and the secrecy of private life, he concealed his complicated plan of attack on the constitution, and waited with restless ardor for the decisive stroke.

Josephine did not enter fully into his love of glory, which in its boundlessness was like a fascinating and ungovernable madness, nor even adopt the sentiments of any of the republican factions. She leaned rather towards royalty, whose last representative in the person of Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette, she admired. Contrasting his reign, the corruption of his Court, and the sufferings of his subjects, with the bloodshed, terror, and lawlessness that followed his dethronement, there was on the surface of things more to condemn than approve in the civil war which was waged in the name of liberty. She naturally turned with pleasure to the years of tranquillity, and to her weariness of tumult

and anarchy, preferred the shadow of a monarchy to the misrule of corrupt freemen. This predilection for the Bourbons was apparent in her effort to rescue the proscribed adherents of the fallen dynasty, and her intimacies with the noblesse who still lingered in France as memorials of an ancient line—the exponents of a vanishing yet venerable and splendid aristocracy. Among these familiar friends, was Madam de Montesson, widow of the Duke d'Orleans, whose sympathies were with the exiled members of the King's family altogether; and Josephine's generous nature was also touched by the greatness of their calamity. In the mean time, Eugene was making fast atonement for his self-denial in the East, by dashing without restraint into the pleasures of the metropolis, shining in the gay circles, and at military fêtes. He was a republican as far as was agreeable to Napoleon, to whom he looked for the opportunity of gathering additional laurels, and augmenting his means of sensual enjoyment. He was a man of mind and heart, but aspiring, and devoted to the intoxication of convivial excitement, whenever an interlude in the battle-march occurred. His appearance and manner of employing such leisure, are thus pleasantly described by a writer:

"Without being handsome, there was something extremely prepossessing in his frank and manly countenance. His stature, though small (not exceeding five feet four inches,) displayed a form active and well knit, though somewhat deficient in dignity, from a mincing gait—a youthful affectation which, however

disappeared with the firmness and responsibilities of manhood and high enterprise. At this time, his chief amusement—one, too, not altogether without an object—was to give splendid breakfasts to the young officers of his own standing. At these entertainments, some amusing plot, such as is common among young people, was constantly occurring. Of these adventures Eugene was in the habit of giving entertaining recitals to his mother, and often to his father-in-law, who laughed very heartily at such displays, one or two of which may, therefore, be mentioned, on the report of an eye-witness. Ventriloquism was, about this time, attracting notice in Paris, through the performances of Thiemet, afterward so famous a professor of the art. One morning, when a gay circle of young officers breakfasted with Eugene, first one, then another, heard himself distinctly called out of the room, by the voice of his serving-man, until the whole party had, in turn, made a fruitless expedition down stairs. Each return ed more amazed than another; and it was finally resolved to sally forth in a body. Thiemet, who, not personally known, save as a guest, to any of the party, had all this time continued quietly seated at the table, opening his lips only to eat or drink, functions which he seemed to perform with great address, now rose to assist in the search of the invisible serving-man. No sooner had the party reached the hall, than the calls, all apparently from different quarters, were repeated; each scampered off in various pursuit of the supposed culprits, crying out, 'Here! here's the rascal!' till, in

the inextricable confusion, Eugene's loud laugh discovered the whole plot. The greater part received it 'as a passably excellent joke;' but some there were disposed to bestow the chastisement of the innocent valets on the guilty professor. 'Nay, nay, gentlemen,' interposed Eugene, 'my friend Thiemet is not to blame; if you cannot forgive a frolic, the quarrel is mine.' Upon this a second adjournment was made to the breakfast-table, and Thiemet restored good-humor by equally extraordinary, but less offensive, displays of his powers."

But with Bonaparte, matters were hastening to an issue that would surprise the nation, and astonish the world. The deceptive quietude that reigned in the routine of his unostentatious movements, resembled the hush of the elements when mustering for battle—the pause of the fiery wave that rocks the earth before it shakes dome and tower from their base, marking a new epoch of physical history with the fragments it has laid in the dust. On the very morning of the 18th Brumaire, (Nov. 9th, 1799,) the house of Napoleon was the arena of festivity. The author above quoted has recorded the singular introduction to events so awakening and abiding in deciding the destinies of Europe.

"While the meeting of general officers took place in the Rue Chantereine—now Victoire—and Josephine expected the president, Gohier, to breakfast, her son held also one of his entertainments, for which preparations had been made nearly a week before. Those in-

vited consisted exclusively of young officers, and their meeting was as gay as usual, but far more numerous Among the guests, one, distinguished for his powers of mimicry, created infinite amusement to his companions, by successful caricatures of the members of the Directory. To exhibit, for instance, the person and demeanor of one, he dressed himself in a table-cloth, draped *a la Grecque,* stripped his black stock, rolled back his shirt collar, and advanced with many affected graces, leaning his left arm on the shoulder of a younger companion, and with his right hand stroking his chin 'Barras! Barras!' shouted his comrades, thus crowning his exhibition with loud applause. But the representation is changed: enter again the young soldier, but scarcely to be recognized, his cravat stuffed with a huge roll of paper, his visage chalked into squalid paleness, and elongated to a most rueful length. With all this meagreness in the requisites of an *amiable,* he makes it appear that he aspires to pass for accomplished, and seizing a chair, after making some awkward caracoles, as if on horseback, down comes the cavalier with a heavy fall. Shouts of 'Sieyes—the prick-eared abbe,' resounds from all corners of the rooms, and the officer rises to join in the ridicule which he has excited. Sieyes was at this time actually taking lessons at the riding-school in the Luxembourg! The breakfast was thus an excellent training for the grenadier charge in the hall of the deputies, and Eugene knew well what he was about. After appointing a rendezvous with his

youthful associates to join the cortege, he hastened to meet his father-in-law."

During these entertainments in the thronged abode of the conqueror, his Conspirators were busy in the halls of government. According to the plot of Napoleon and Sieyes, Regnier, deputy from La Meurthe, member of the Council of the Ancients, after harangues had been listened to upon the perils and sufferings of the country, rose and proposed that the sessions of that body be removed to St. Cloud, and that such decree be executed by Bonaparte, conferring, at the same time, on him the command of the troops; "under the shadow of whose protecting arm," added the speaker, "the Councils may proceed to discuss the changes which the public interest renders necessary." The motion passed, and a messenger was despatched to the residence of Napoleon. Amid acclamations he received the oath of fidelity from the officers about him, and escorted by them advanced to the bar of the Council of the Ancients. He was the object of universal enthusiasm at the Tuilleries, assuring the populace that "liberty, victory, and peace, would soon reinstate the Republic." He thus addressed Ballot, the Secretary of Barras: "What have you done with that France I left you so splendid? I left you peace, and I find you at war: I left you victory, and I find defeats: I left you the spoils of Italy, and I find everywhere oppression and misery. What have you done with a hundred thousand Frenchmen, whom I knew, all of them my companions in glory? They are dead. This

state of things cannot last; in three years it would lead us to destruction. According to some, we shall all be shortly enemies to the Republic; we who have preserved it by our efforts and our courage. We have no occasion for better patriots than the brave men who shed their blood in its defence." The Directory, alarmed, issued orders to the Guards, conflicting with those of Napoleon, which were treated with contempt. Thereupon, Gohier and Moulins resigned, who, with Sieyes and Ducos before them, brought that conclave to a final dissolution. But the danger was with the other two branches of representation. No sooner was the council of Five Hundred opened, than a fierce debate and tumult commenced, especially around the chair in which Lucien Bonaparte presided; the Constitution of the year III. was restored. The commander-in-chief saw that a volcano was opening beneath his feet, and hurried to the Council of Ancients, sitting in the gallery of Mars, to receive their co-operation before the uproar in the Orangery reached their chamber. He made a thrilling speech, full of patriotic fire and denunciations of those who cried "outlaw to the Dictator!" The Grenadiers waved their caps, and a re-entrance of the Orangery, followed to the door by his officers, was the next act in the grand drama. There his friends were divided, and the vote was called for upon the decree of outlawry of himself. Then arose cries of "Death to the tyrant!" "Down with the Dictator!" till the days of terrorism seemed to have returned, and the victim ready to be

offered. Napoleon was disconcerted—it was a new field of contest and threatened death, and required a careful survey before he could act with dignity and effect.

The Grenadiers rallied and bore him away. Lucien addressed the soldiers in impetuous style, followed by Napoleon, who ordered them to clear the Hall of the Five Hundred. They reached the entrance, and hesitated; when General Leclerc came up with his band, and shouted, "Grenadiers forward!" The drums beat, and the glittering bayonets swept the representatives from their seats; in a few hours, the Legislative Assemblies were no more, and Bonaparte was first consul of France. On the overthrow of representation had arisen a monarchy essentially, though its features were not recognized by the restless millions, whose imagination invested their master with the mysteriousness of an angelic nature, and the power of a god. Yet was the result a blessing, soon visible in the physical, civil, and moral improvement of the nation. Captives were released—civil war suppressed, and order upon a basis of stability unknown during the entire succession of eight predecessors at the helm of power, seven years had witnessed, again pervaded society. This aspect of things was grateful to Josephine, and still she sometimes trembled with apprehension as to the termination of this strange and dizzy ascent to supremacy, mingling with words of congratulation the accents of fear, to check the wild pastime of unconquerable ambition before "it over-leaped itself" About this time occurred

the marriage of Murat, the bearer of despatches from the Campaign of Italy, which first introduced him to the notice of Josephine. She admired his military accomplishments, and his gallant deportment, but despised his want of generosity when it cost personal sacrifice, and of all principle, which made his excessive vanity the more offensive. She interested herself in this affair, because pleasing to the parties, and having a tendency to efface entirely from the consul's mind even the recollection of absurd rumors concerning Murat's familiarities with her.

There is sublimity in the elevation of character which Josephine displayed toward those whose enmity spent its arrows on her gentle heart—a character, that like a silver stream broken on the verge of a precipice into a shower of crushed diamonds, was the most attractive in the light of its many virtues, when the wonted flow of existence was interrupted by a great calamity upon herself or those she cherished, For illustration, we introduce a letter to Bonaparte a few years later, when Murat's treachery was disclosed to the indignation of mankind, while it threw a portentous gloom over the prospects of him, from whose fraternal hand the traitor had received a crown.

"Sire,—I have this instant learned that your suspicions are confirmed, and that the King of Naples, disregarding the most sacred ties of consanguinity and gratitude, has joined the ranks of your enemies. I have unfortunately nothing to say in his defence; and can find in my heart no solace for the devouring anxiety

which yours must feel: what stronger proof that my own is without consolation! Still I cannot be silent; there are those around you, who, too ready to aggravate the crime of the guilty, will but augment your sorrow, should their obsequious counsels lead to violent extremes. You know that I never have resisted your will, though I have sometimes had the courage to oppose your views, and ventured observations to which you rendered justice by changing your plans, and adopting those suggested by a weak woman. Suffer me still to use this privilege. The King of Naples is without excuse. But, sire, do not involve his wife in your vengeance, by depriving her of an affection to which she has ever attached a great value, and which it would be unjust to take from her, if, as I believe, that unhappy princess is in all things opposed to her husband's crime. Far from overwhelming her under the weight of a resentment which it is not probable she merits, address yourself to her heart, that she may employ all imaginable means to prevent the king from injuring you and dishonoring himself.

"If things can no longer be remedied, and if you must be constrained henceforth to view as an enemy a brother who owes to you the crown which he is ready to disgrace—ah! do not repulse the queen, when she will soon have none other save you upon whom she can rely; for you have often repeated, and history proves by a thousand examples, *that traitors never are successful in their treason.* The king, whom the hostile powers now treat as an ally, will be sacrificed,

should peace with you be his price—if, contrary to all appearances, they should prove conquerors, Murat would be equally the victim; for they would no longer tolerate a King whom they had previously treated as a usurper, but would hurl him from that throne which he now seeks to preserve by means the most blamable and most impolitic, and even by baseness itself.

"Pity your sister, sire; she has too much understanding not to have appreciated the fearful futurity which hangs over her. If ever she should be unfortunate, receive her again to your affections; and console yourself for the ingratitude of her husband by the enjoyment of the heartfelt attachment with which your moderation will inspire her. Remember, too, that if from the first impulses even of a just indignation you yield yourself up to the stern pleasure of rendering evil for evil, the consequences will eventually affect your innocent nephews, and so, sooner or later, you must lament a severity which will have cost you many tears. Sire, I plead in your own interest; reflect well before finally determining. Consult not those men whose facile temper merely follows all the variations of your own, but those devoted servants who are around your brave and royal brother-in-arms—who never trafficked with their consciences, and who would have preferred even your displeasure to an advice that could compromise honor. Hear madam your mother. Finally, do not punish by your hate until it has been proved that you cannot pardon.

"Excuse, sire, what I have written. The hope of

one day beholding you repent a too prompt condemnation has led me, perhaps, to displease you. The consciousness of discharging a duty has inspired me with courage on this so painful occasion. You will pardon a zeal, not officious, but sincere, which has induced me thus far to presume to give advice; and you will say that Josephine has never ceased to be candid with him who of all men is the sincerest lover of that truth which yet he so rarely hears.

"To-morrow I expect Eugene: be pleased, sire, to tell him if you forgive me this letter, written with the desire ever dearest to my heart—of seeing you happy. Vengeance inflicted where a sister is concerned, will not conduce to happiness when the bosom, like yours, is disposed to the soft emotions of fraternal love. Believe me ever, and preserve for me the friendship so precious to JOSEPHINE."

While at the Luxembourg, Bonaparte was absorbed with plans for consolidating the new government, and raising money to meet its expenditures. Here Josephine saw him daily, and probably enjoyed more domestic felicity than at any other period of her life, with Napoleon. But finding this republican residence too small for his court and ambition, he obtained a removal of the Consular domicil to the Tuilleries, although the very centre of kingly associations, and of that hated pomp which the people had trodden in the dust with the blood of their monarch. Everything opposed to the levelling democracy was proposed and carried forward under disguise. The ancient halls of royalty

were named the Government Palace, and given into the hands of rulers, whose chief wore in place of a crown a conqueror's cockade, and for a sceptre a sword which he grasped with more devotion than ever did a despot the symbol of power.

The occasion of this transfer was one of great splendor — resembling an English coronation in the ceremony and jubilant festivity of the scene. The Consul's tried and brave companions-in-arms were many of them in the train which delighted to do him honor. The troops dashed proudly along the streets, the banners were flung out on the breath of departing winter—and the swell of martial music led on the excited cavalcade to the silent apartments made desolate by the Reign of Terror. Upon their walls was engraved in golden letters, the word *Republic*—completing the deception which calmed the fears of the masses unconsciously rendering homage to Jupiter, while as they supposed bowing to the goddess of liberty.

The evening of this memorable day brought the arena of Josephine's glory. The spacious drawing-rooms occupied by her were crowded by eight o'clock with the beauty and chivalry of France. Foreign ambassadors in decorations that were indices of the Courts that they represented, veteran officers, and the remnant of an ancient nobility, all assembled to congratulate the hero of Egypt and Italy, upon his accession to the guardianship of their beloved France. Beautiful women in rich apparel and with jewelled

brows, shed the light of their admiring eyes upon the flashing star, coronet and plume, that were the attractive insignia of greatness in that gay assembly. The horrors of civil war which for ten years had agitated and ravaged the realm were forgotten—the dead slumbered in the covered caves of their hurried burial—the guillotine had ceased to haunt the ear with the ominous echo of its frequent stroke, and the nation's heart beat once more freely beneath the protecting ægis of that single arm, which had hewn down the riotous mob, annihilated armies, then overthrowing a miserable government, in the name of a *citizen* had taken the reins of supreme dictation over a submissive and delighted people.

The illusion was successful that met their observation in all this outward parade. The fine talents of untitled heroes, and the splendor that outshone the gaudy machine of Bourbon oppression, pleased exceedingly the multitude, who *seemed* to be in the ascendant—while the royalists read with hope in this returning grandeur, the indications of a full restoration of monarchy.

Guests from every class of citizens, therefore, participated in this magnificent entertainment, with unusual joy. Josephine attended by Talleyrand, the minister of foreign affairs, entered the saloon greeted with the murmur of universal admiration. Her dress was simple, and her manner, then as always indeed, perfectly graceful. The white muslin of her apparel like a vestal robe, was both entirely becoming and an

emblem of her unstained innocence of action. The tresses of her hair fell negligently upon her neck, around which a simple ornament of pearls threw their lustre, and her features beaming with benignity made her a charming contrast with the unfortunate wife of Louis, her admired predecessor. She received the presentation of ambassadors with quiet dignity, and passed through the thronged apartments, smiling on the company with the sympathy and affection of an ingenuous spirit beneath the unaffected majesty of a queen. She was now thirty-six, but retained to a remarkable degree the freshness and buoyancy of her youth. Her tasteful and unostentatious attire, and the sparkling sweetness of her conversation, contributed much to the manifold attractions she possessed.

"Josephine was rather above than below the middle size, her's being exactly that perfection of stature which is neither too tall for the delicacy of feminine proportion, nor so diminutive as to detract from dignity. Her person, in its individual forms, exhibited faultless symmetry; and the whole frame, animated by lightness and elasticity of movement, seemed like something aërial in its perfectly graceful carriage. This harmonious ease of action contributed yet more to the dignified, though still youthful air so remarkable in Josephine's appearance. Her features were small and finely modelled, the curves tending rather to fulness, and the profile inclining to Grecian, but without any statue-like coldness of outline. The habitual character of her countenance was a placid sweetness,

within whose influence there were few who would not have felt interested in a being so gentle. Perhaps the first impression might have left a feeling that there wanted energy; but this could have been for an instant only, for the real charm of this mild countenance resided in its power of varied expression, changing with each vicissitude of thought and sentiment. 'Never,' says a very honest admirer, 'did any woman better justify the saying, 'The eyes are the mirror of the soul.' Josephine's were of a deep blue, clear and brilliant, even imposing in their expression, when turned fully upon any one; but in her usual manner they lay half concealed beneath their long and silky eyelashes. She had a habit of looking thus with a mild subdued glance upon those whom she loved, throwing into her regard such winning tenderness as might not easily be resisted, and, even in his darkest moods, Napoleon confessed its tranquillizing power. Realizing exactly the fine description of the old poet, Josephine's

"Long hair was glossy chestnut brown,"

whose sunny richness harmonized delightfully with a clear and transparent complexion, and neck of almost dazzling whiteness. Her eyebrows were a shade darker, arching regularly, and pencilled with extreme delicacy. The perfect modulation of her voice has already been mentioned; it constituted one of her most pleasing attractions, and rendered her conversation, though not sparkling with wit nor remarkable for strength, but flowing on in easy elegance and perfect

good-nature, the most captivating that can easily be conceived. On the whole, Josephine, perhaps, might not exactly have pretensions to be what is termed a fine woman, but her's was that style of beauty which awakens in the heart a far deeper sentiment than mere admiration."

Napoleon, on the occasion described, appeared in plain uniform, decorated only with the tri-colored sash, a simple and beautiful badge worn with no less policy than taste. A glow of satisfaction played upon his pale features—his noble forehead hung like a battlement over the restless orbs whose fire flashed with the rapidity of lightning, revealing the changing hue of thought, but not its secret, mighty workings—and upon his countenance, meditation as a mysterious presence was always visible. His figure was rather diminutive, and he stooped in walking carelessly with friends. His hands were symmetrical, of which it is said he was particularly vain. Among the eccentricities of his deportment, which were merely the peculiarities of genius engaged in profound contemplation, he had a convulsive shrug of his right shoulder, moving at the same instant his mouth in that direction.

Bonaparte turned away with weariness at times from the cares and pleasures of the Tuilleries, and sought with Josephine the tranquil scenes of Malmaison.

The tenth day of the decade, and after the restoration of the hebdomadal calendar, every Saturday and Sabbath were passed at their charming villa. Hor-

tense had from the first acquaintance a great antipathy toward Napoleon—a vague fear of him haunted her continually, which was only conquered during this familiar intercourse subsequent to the consulship, and rather from respect to her mother than because she admired the wonderful man. Such was his preference for this retirement, that he often returned to the palace with evident emotion—uttering an expression of recoil from the duties of his official station. Bonaparte was capable of absorbing attachment, and social enjoyment, but his ambition permitted no obstacle to lie in his way—a battalion of brave soldiers, or a single loving heart, offered no barrier to success; he would sooner drain a goblet of tears he made to flow, than swerve from a purpose involving his glory. This conflict of powers on the war-plain of the human soul, is discernible in every phase of his history. And it naturally awakened apprehension of secret enemies, and the assassin's stroke, which invaded even the peace of his private abode. He ordered the remodelling and embellishment of Malmaison, which introduced suspicious workmen upon the grounds, shaking his consciousness of security, and investing his cherished seclusion with gloomy presentiments; those prophetic shadows of the future that always had force upon the mind of Napoleon.

Josephine observed the appearance of those builders whose dress and expression indicated treachery, and ordered the utmost vigilance in regard to their movements. When the preparations were finished, and the

Consul again entered his apartments, he found a snuff-box on his writing-table, placed there evidently to attract attention. Its similarity to those he used, deceived him for a moment, and he thought perhaps his valet had put the box there, where it was frequently laid. But a suspicion flashed upon him, and the contents were examined, disclosing a subtle and active poison, designed to destroy the illustrious slave to habit. The porter of this mansion added a guard of Newfoundland dogs, and caution marked all the arrangements of the republican residence, giving it the air of a feudal castle whose lord was in jeopardy every hour from invisible foes. So it happens frequently that the scarred veteran of numberless battles, will tremble with alarm when danger comes in calmer moments—and quail before the stealthy, certain approach of death. Courage which appeared sublime while rose the stirring notes of

"Death's music, and the roar of combat,"

leaves the hero in tears in the hour of despondency and gloom, which contemplation upon life's mystery and the realm lying beyond awaken, or fears of a future retribution fling upon the spirit.

The spring of 1800 wore away—Napoleon saw everything complete in the convenience and beauty of Malmaison. The heavy debts Josephine accumulated in purchasing the estate and furniture while he was in Egypt, were urged by the creditors, and it became necessary to broach the subject to the Consul.

He was at first indignant, but immediately ordered payment, and soon exhibited his usual composure Josephine dissembled in regard to the amount, fearing his displeasure, reporting 600,000 francs instead of 1,200,000, the sum due, but which, by the interposition of Talleyrand, was reduced to that moiety. Bonaparte's leisure was filled up with family parties, the entertainment of particular friends, and evening walks with Bourrienne. Then came the correspondence with England—unsuccessful negotiations for peace, and preparations for re-crossing the Alps with his splendid army.

On the 4th of May he left Malmaison, and embracing Josephine upon his departure, bade her adieu with these words: "Courage, my good Josephine! I shall not forget thee, nor will my absence be long." Two days after he was reviewing the vanguard of the Army of Reserve at Lausanne, consisting of six tried regiments of his best troops under Lannes. Immediately orders were given for the whole force, led by Victor, Murat, Monnier, and other brave commanders, amounting to 36,000 men, to move forward to St. Pierre, a hamlet at the foot of St. Bernard. From this village to St. Remi, over that gigantic crest of the Alps, Great St. Bernard, the route is environed with difficulties apparently insurmountable, and which frown upon the daring adventurer with hopeless terror. A survey of the fearful ascent resulted in the decision of a bare *possibility* of success; upon which Napoleon said confidently, "Let us forward then!" The mighty caval-

cade went steadily up the rugged heights—over precipices well-nigh perpendicular, dragging the heavy artillery upon the trunks of trees after them, while martial music was poured in thrilling echoes on the ear of the mountain solitude, and the occasional interlude of a charge was beaten, to revive the courage of the struggling host. The eagle left his eyry to look on a scene that his flashing eye had never witnessed before, and sent down to the dark defiles the cry of alarm; while the wild goat paused in his flight to watch the tortuous advance of the vast Hydra which hung upon the snow-clad declivity, from its base to its cloud-covered brow. The Consul descended the glittering glaciers in a sledge—on the 2d of June entered Milan amid the shouts of the populace, who supposed he was sleeping beneath the waters of the Red Sea—and on the 14th of June he was waiting for the enemy on the plain of Marengo. It would be a digression to describe the memorable battle in which the legions of Austria were scattered; 6000 grenadiers who gloried in their invincible onsets, routed with terrific slaughter, and which decided the fate of Italy by restoring what France had lost during Napoleon's adventures abroad. Conditions of peace were concluded, and the Consul hastened towards Paris. At Lyons, and Dijon, a storm of enthusiasm followed him—young women in groups flung flowers in his path—and on the 2d of July, he re-entered Paris amid the deafening applause of the people.

Josephine had passed the interval at Malmaison

quietly multiplying its external attractions, arranging a sort of private menagerie of animals sent her by Bonaparte, or through his conquests, and as tokens of gratitude for her own philanthropy, from friends she had never seen, in distant countries. She indulged also in the fine and healthful pastime of riding on horseback, in company with Hortense.

Upon one of these excursions, Hortense's steed took fright, and wheeling suddenly around, ran at full speed. She attempted to alight that she might relieve her mother from alarm, but was entangled in the folds of her riding habit, and drawn some distance upon the ground. The fair and excellent equestrian was speedily rescued from danger, and suffered only slight bruises, which may have been lamented as blemishes upon her beauty, in spite of the mirth that rang out in her laughter upon regaining the saddle. But the most delightful entertainment to Josephine, was the perusal of the conqueror's letters from the Alpine defiles and the plains beyond. These bore not alone tidings of victory, but, what is more precious to a woman's heart, the assurance that nothing effaced her image from his memory, or quenched the incense-flame of love burning with increasing intensity upon her hidden altar of devotion to him.

For nearly four months following the armistice which was concluded on the 15th of June, Napoleon had little to engage his attention that prevented frequent visits to Malmaison. By this time the nation had recovered from its paroxysms of republicanism, so called,

and settled back to order and decency of manners, while refinement began to blend with the amenities of social and domestic life. No one was more capable or willing to improve the desirable medium between the extravagance of a dissolute aristocracy, and the coarse equality of the levelling democracy that rose on the overthrow of the former, than Josephine. She received courteously and unostentatiously the many visitors that frequented her mansion, embracing the most distinguished and cultivated persons of the realm. Bonaparte appeared happy in the bosom of his family, surrounded by a band of ardent friends, and worshipped by the multitude, ready to shout at the sound of his salutation, as did the admirers of Herod, "It is the voice of a god!"

He mingled familiarly in amusements invented to lend an agreeable variety to the pleasures of the villa, and delight the young people of his adoption. Sometimes a mimic theatre exhibited a comedy or tragedy —then a game of "prisoners" covered the lawn with a scene of excitement, pleasant to the actors as it was diverting to spectators. Josephine felt besides the interest common to all, a mother's pride and joy in the decorous sports of a son and blooming daughter, dearer to her than existence. She anticipated every want, and gave éclat to each brilliant achievement in the innocent pastimes that filled with sounds of mirth the groves of her peaceful domain, and made the moonlit landscape a fairy land. It was all she desired to have —the sceptre of the universe could add nothing to this

fruition of her earthly hopes. The following is a description of one of these games:—

"Bonaparte and Josephine, Eugene, Hortense, Caroline Bonaparte, Rapp, Lauriston, Duroc, Isabey, with Bourrienne, and a few other confidential retainers, divided into two camps, as they were termed; and, when nothing pressed, the sport often continued for hours. The best runners were Eugene and his sister; but Bonaparte in the selection of partisans always chose Josephine, never suffering her to be in any camp but his own. When by chance she happened to be taken prisoner, he always seemed uneasy till she was released, making all exertions for that purpose, though a bad runner himself, often coming down in mid career with a heavy fall on the grass. Up again, however, he started, but usually so convulsed with laughter that he could not possibly move, and the affair generally ended in his captivity. When placed in durance, or when Josephine had been taken, he kept constantly calling out to his party, 'A rescue! a rescue!' clapping his hands, shouting to encourage the runners, and in short, exhibiting all the ardor of a boy at play. When we find the conqueror at Marengo, the restorer of France, thus yielding to the kindly promptings of harmless mirth in the bosom of his family, we almost forget his real character."

But as Napoleon had the stern duties of state to occupy the hours chiefly, and enlist his unslumbering energies, so Josephine never forgot her higher obligations to the suffering who needed her interposition, or

the poor who asked for alms. Especially did she give the whole weight of her influence to the aid of those exiles from their country and families, who were driven by the waves of revolution to foreign shores. Whenever there was hope of restoration, her efforts were unwearied to attain the object—the only reward desired, was the rapture of the meeting, when the father crossed the threshold of the sanctuary from which he had been rudely torn. But sometimes she was denied even this—the ancestral halls of the returning captives in many instances were in the possession of strangers, and her benevolence was farther engaged in securing a home for the friendless.

Josephine's active sympathy for the afflicted, and her deep acquaintance with the human heart, are displayed affectingly in an incident connected with the Decrest family, who were restored to their country by her mediation. A nephew of the marquis, who was a young officer of some distinction, was killed at the national festival celebrated soon after the formation of the consulate by the accidental explosion of a rocket. He was an only son, and his father gave himself up to hopeless grief. Upon the following day, Madam Montesson, the friend of Josephine, and a relative of Decrest, invited the bereaved family to her house. But nothing could relieve the rayless gloom of a father's mourning; he was unmoved by the accents of condolence, or entreaties of loved ones, who feared that a fixed insanity or sudden death would be the result of his wild sorrow.

Josephine entered the apartment, and gazed a moment on the scene of anguish, and silently prepared to break the spell of despair that darkened every moment upon the spirit of the chief mourner. Taking his eldest daughter by the hand, she led the weeping child to his knee, then raised the youngest, a smiling infant, in her arms, while she knelt in the eloquence of a grieving angel before him. He started, looked half unconsciously on the group, then his eye brightened in the midst of rising tears, his lips quivered, and in another instant he wept in their embrace. The fountain of parental affection was unsealed again, and invoking a blessing on his deliverer, he rose to life from the very shadow of death.

Toward the close of the year 1800, conspiracies thickened around the First Consul. Among the most threatening, were that of Ceracchi, on the part of the revolutionary mob, and the 3d Nivose, by the royalists. The former was matured by one Harrel, Arena, Topino-Lebrun, and Demerville, and the time of action was appointed upon an evening when the Consul designed to visit the opera. Harrel betrayed his accomplices, but the disclosure was not known to them till their arrangements were completed, and Napoleon was seated with Duroc at the opera; when they were arrested in the lobby and hurried to prison. This treacherous conspirator was rewarded with the appointment of commandant of Vincennes, which post he held when Duke d'Eeghien fell by the assassin's thrust in that prison. This plot occurred the first of October.

About three months afterward that of the 3d Nivose, a more deeply laid and fearful conspiracy, was formed —whose actors invented and built that engine of death, memorable as the *infernal machine*. The 3d Nivose was the 21st December, on the evening of which the performance of Haydn's splendid Oratorio of the Creation was to take place. Bonaparte had mentioned his intention of attending the Concert with his family. He rode in company with Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston, while General Rapp in another carriage escorted Josephine and her children. Upon reaching the middle of the street St. Nicaise, a narrow way leading from the Tuilleries, a terrible explosion blew twenty persons into the air, wounded sixty more, and threw two or three dwellings from their foundation, burying the dead beneath their fragments.

The following is General Rapp's own account of the entire scene and the destructive agency employed by the *Jacobins*, as the Consul believed:—

"The affair of the infernal machine has never been properly understood by the public. The police had intimated to Napoleon, that an attempt would be made against his life, and cautioned him not to go out. Madam Bonaparte, Mademoiselle Beauharnais, Madam Murat, Lannes, Bessieres, the aid-de-camp on duty, and Lieutenant Lebrun, now Duke of Placenza, were all assembled in the saloon, while the First Consul was writing in his closet.

"Haydn's Oratorio was to be performed that evening: the ladies were anxious to hear the music, and

we also expressed a wish to that effect. The escort picquet was ordered out; and Lannes requested Napoleon would join the party. He consented; his carriage was ready, and he took along with him Bessieres and the aid-de-camp on duty. I was directed to attend the ladies. Josephine had received a magnificent shawl from Constantinople, and she that evening wore it for the first time. 'Allow me to observe, Madam,' said I, 'that your shawl is not thrown on with your usual elegance.' She good-humoredly begged that I would fold it after the fashion of the Egyptian ladies. While I was engaged in this operation, we heard Napoleon depart. 'Come, sister,' said Madam Murat, who was impatient to get to the theatre, 'Bonaparte is going.' We stepped into the carriage: the First Consul's equipage had already reached the middle of the Place Carrousel. We drove after it; but we had scarcely entered the Place, when the machine exploded. Napoleon escaped by a singular chance. Saint-Regent, or his French servant, had stationed himself in the middle of the Rue Nicaise. A grenadier of the escort, supposing he was really what he appeared to be, a water-carrier, gave him a few blows with the flat of his sabre, and drove him off. The cart was turned around, and the machine exploded between the carriages of Napoleon and Josephine. The ladies shrieked on hearing the report; the carriage windows were broken, and Mademoiselle Beauharnais received a slight hurt on her hand. I alighted, and crossed the Rue Nicaise, which was strewed with the bodies of

those who had been thrown down, and the fragments of the walls that had been shattered by the explosion Neither the Consul nor any individual of his suite sustained any serious injury. When I entered the theatre, Napoleon was seated in his box, calm and composed, and looking at the audience through his opera-glass. Fouche was beside him. 'Josephine,' said he, as soon as he observed me. She entered at that moment, and he did not finish his question. 'The rascals,' said he, very coolly, 'wanted to blow me up. Bring me a book of the Oratorio.'"

Again Josephine's destiny turned on apparently an unimportant event. The delay occasioned by her pleasantry about a beautiful shawl, doubtless saved her from the unseen ruin, in which so many perished. Another letter from her to Fouche, minister of police, after the execution of the leaders in the diabolical design, and sentence of one hundred and thirty more of the suspected to transportation for life, again exhibits her greatness of soul and gushing tenderness for the suffering, whether made by their own guilt or that of another.

"Citizen Minister,—While I yet tremble at the frightful event which has just occurred, I am disquieted and distressed, through fear of the punishment necessarily to be inflicted on the guilty, who belong, it is said, to families with whom I once lived in habits of intercourse. I shall be solicited by mothers, sisters, and disconsolate wives; and my heart will be broken,

through my inability to obtain all the mercy for which I could plead.

"I know that the clemency of the First Consul is great, his attachment to me extreme; but the crime is too dreadful, that terrible examples should not be necessary. The chief of the government has not been alone exposed; and it is that which will render him severe—inflexible. I conjure you, therefore, citizen minister, to do all that lies in your power to prevent inquiries being pushed too far. Do not detect all those persons who may have been accomplices in these odious transactions. Let not France, so long overwhelmed in consternation by public executions, groan anew beneath such inflictions. It is ever better to endeavor to soothe the public mind, than to exasperate men by fresh terrors. In short, when the ringleaders in this abominable attempt shall have been secured, let severity give place to pity for inferior agents, seduced, as they may have been, by dangerous falsehoods, or exaggerated opinions.

"When just invested with supreme power, the First Consul, as seems to me, ought rather to gain hearts than be exhibited as ruling slaves. Soften by your counsels whatever may be too violent in his just resentment. Punish—alas! that you must certainly do —but pardon still more. Be also the support of those unfortunate men, who, by frank avowal, or repentance shall expiate a portion of their crime.

"Having myself narrowly escaped perishing in the Revolution, you must regard as quite natural my inter

ference in behalf of those who can be saved without involving in new danger the life of my husband, precious to me and to France. On this account, do, I entreat you, make a wide distinction between the authors of the crime, and those who, through weakness or fear, have consented to take a part therein. As a woman, a wife, and a mother, I must feel the heart-rendings of those that will apply to me. Act, citizen minister, in such a manner, that the number of these may be lessened. This will spare me much grief Never will I turn away from the supplications of misfortune; but, in the present instance, you can do infinitely more than I, and will, on this account, excuse my importunity. Rely on my gratitude and esteem."

Soon after this bold attempt to destroy the Consul, Hortense was married to his brother Louis. It was one of the many instances of an unfortunate union, in the consummation of which interested friends were the responsible agents. Hortense loved Duroc, an ambitious marshal of thirty—the first choice of Louis is not known. The ceremony was solemnized January 2d, 1802, when she was eighteen, and Louis Bonaparte twenty-four. He was good-looking, and amiable in his youth; but disease fastened upon his frame, and in both of these respects wrought sad changes. He resembled, it was thought, the Queen of Naples, his sister-in the expression of his face, when her countenance was in repose. Caring less for power, and more for ease, than Napoleon, he scarcely thanked him for the throne of Holland, whose damp and ungenial atmos-

phere made havoc with a system accustomed to the bland air, and lovely sky of Italy. When setting out for that country, he said to the Consul, in regard to certain commands—"I will do what I like. Let me act freely, or let me remain here. I will not go to govern a country where I shall be known only by disaster."

Hortense was an interesting woman—gifted with a clear intellect which had received constant culture—graceful and accomplished, she was admired and beloved. "She was not exactly beautiful; for the conformation of her mouth and her teeth which rather projected, took away from the regularity of a countenance otherwise very pleasing in all its sweetness and benignity of expression. Her eyes, like her mother's, were blue, her complexion clear, and her hair of a charming blond. In stature she did not exceed the middle size; but her person was beautifully formed." It is not singular that Josephine urged this marriage, and omitted nothing that might secure the object. She disliked the coldness of Duroc, and the absence of all distinction excepting as conferred by Napoleon; and what was of vastly more importance, she knew the Consul loved Louis, and the alliance would create strength in the very bosom of secret foes. She was hated by the Bonaparte family generally, and in this event she anticipated a new source of hope and power against her detractors. But all these considerations are scarcely sufficient to give plausibility to so serious a violation of the very law and impulses of our nature.

Neither, when married, cherished affection for each other—their mutual kindness was rather the civility of respect, than the expression of attachment. Upon the bridal occasion, seven hundred invitations were issued, and the saloons of the Tuilleries were thronged with guests from the most brilliant ranks of society. Ambassadors were looking on, or smiling gallantly on the queenly forms with which they were encircled, and all were intoxicated with pleasure but the bride. Arrayed gorgeously, sparkling with diamonds and crowned with flowers, she strove vainly to hide the heavy sadness upon her heart. To every observant eye, that central star was under a fearful eclipse—the world of thought was dark and desolate. She shone on others with a mockery of light, that made the gloom within the deeper. Fair victim! like an Eastern sacrifice to the grim idol, she stood before the altar an offering to the god of ambition. A purer motive is sought for than either which has been supposed, in the desire of Josephine to repel the slander that had obtained to some extent concerning Bonaparte's dishonorable love for Hortense. This malignant calumny might have affected that noble mother, and entered into her estimate of results. But doubtless Josephine, who certainly admired Louis more than Duroc in almost every point of character, believed that the mutual dislike which arose chiefly from previous attachments would disappear in the intimacies of domestic life. In the following letter she refers to the detraction, and the want of devotion to each other visible in the wedded pair.

JOSEPHINE TO HORTENSE.

"You have ill understood me, my child; there is nothing equivocal in my word, as there cannot exist an uncandid sentiment in my heart. How could you conceive that I participate in some ridiculous, or perhaps, malicious opinions? No! you do not think that I believe you to be my rival. We, indeed, both reign in the same bosom, though by very different yet equally sacred rights; and they who in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know not *his* soul. He is a mind too elevated above the vulgar ever to be accessible to the passions. That of glory, if you will, engrosses him too entirely for our repose; but, at least glory inspires nothing vile. Such, as touching him, is my profession of faith. I make the confession to you in all sincerity, in order to allay your inquietudes. When I recommended to you to love, or at least, not to repulse Louis, I spoke to you in my character of an experienced wife, an attentive mother, and tender friend, and in this threefold relation do I now embrace you."

A mother's expostulations were unavailing—the cup of sorrow taken at the hymeneal altar was pressed to her lips partly by her own hand, and death only removed the poisoned chalice. There is touching melancholy in such a fate; a bright, loving maiden, whose girlhood was an ordeal of trial seldom endured

by any human sufferer, just as life began to put on its radiant smile, and beckon her toward the luminous future; her sky was overcast, and she trod a pathway strewn with withered hopes and wet with her tears.

Allusion has been made to Josephine's expectation of a speedy oblivion of whatever threatened the domestic happiness of her daughter; this appears more fully in a note to her daughter after the birth of a son.

"What I learned eight days ago gave me the greatest pain; what I observe to-day confirms and augments my sorrow. Why show to Louis this repugnance? Instead of rendering him more ungracious still by caprice, by inequality of character, why do you not rather make efforts to surmount your indifference? But, you will say, he is not amiable! All that is relative. If not in your eyes, he may appear so to others; and all women do not view him through the medium of dislike. As for myself, who am here altogether disinterested, I imagine I behold him as he is—more *loving*, doubtless, than *lovable;* but this is a great and rare quality: generous, beneficent, feeling, and above all, an excellent father—if you so willed, he would prove a good husband! His melancholy, his love of study and retirement, injure him in your estimation. For these, I ask you, is he to blame? Is he obliged to conform his nature to circumstances? Who could have predicted to him his fortune? But, according to you, he has not even the courage to bear that fortune? This I believe to be an error; but he certainly wants the strength. With his ascetic in-

clinations, his invincible desire of retirement and study he finds himself misplaced in the elevated rank to which he has attained. You desire that he should imitate his brother; give him first of all, the same temperament. You have not failed to remark, that almost our entire existence depends upon our health, and that upon our digestion. Let poor Louis digest better, and you would find him more amiable. But such as he is, that can be no reason for abandoning him, or making him feel the unbecoming sentiment with which he inspires you. Do you, whom I have seen so kind, continue to be so at the moment when it is precisely more than ever necessary. Take pity on a man who has to lament that he possesses what would constitute another's happiness, and before condemning him think of others, who, like him, have groaned beneath the burden of their greatness, and bathed with their tears that diadem which they believed had never been destined for their brow."

Duroc married a Spanish heiress, unattractive both in person and temper. He was evidently controlled in his choice by the fortune it secured, and lived as wretchedly as he deserved—"a gilded slave"—a selfish, disappointed, and miserable man, when away from the "glory and the guilt of war."

So does greatness fail to confer happiness. In the instances here given, how utterly incompetent was earth to bestow the boon for which the soul is ever struggling—*contentment*—how often a troubled brain

throbs beneath a coronet, and a heart breaks silently beneath a jewelled robe!

Napoleon now improved the interval of peace, in tranquillizing and establishing firmly the Cis-alpine Republic. Whether in securing the selection of himself for President of the Italian commonwealth he was governed altogether by his aspirations for power, or under the impression that he alone could consolidate and guard what he had formed, is a theme of opposite opinions. Doubtless there was a blending of motives in the design. Bonaparte had no confidence in the masses, and unbounded self-reliance; besides, his ambition was never chastened by a sense of religious obligation, but inflamed by universal applause attending success which seemed miraculous. How could it be otherwise than that he should be possessed with the idea, he is said to have expressed to Josephine in the palace of the Tuilleries? "Behold a palace without nobles; in time I intend to render it worthy of his palace, who is yet to become the master and arbiter of the world." The meeting of deputies was held at Lyons, in January, 1802; and on the 26th of that month, he received the title of "President of the Cis-alpine Republic."

Here he met the wreck of his valiant army of the East. The surviving officers of those regiments, thinned more by fatal disease than the enemy's bullets, gathered once more around their leader. Greetings were exchanged, and tears fell from cheeks furrowed with age and toil, while the pavement beneath, seemed

to tremble to the shock of their deadly onset upon the gallant Mamelukes; and the mighty pyramids like gigantic sentinels, rose upon their vision, as when Napoleon exclaimed, just before the resistless charge, "Soldiers, from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you!"

Bonaparte returned to Paris, his soaring genius indulging a transient repose upon the height in his pathway of greatness, he had just gained by a single stride, and gazed with prophetic eye along the upward track to an eminence whose solitary grandeur would bewilder the hero of common mould.

This additional honor was followed by a renewal of those magnificent entertainments which succeeded his Consular coronation. Josephine was in the full enjoyment of domestic peace—interrupted only by the parade of court, and solicitude for the safety of Napoleon and the happiness of her children. Malmaison became her residence for weeks together, where her pleasures were multiplied, and made more intense by the absence of ceremony and the crowd of parasites that haunt the halls of royalty. There were often amusing applications for aid by those who had been in some way associated with the "little Corsican," in former days. Among these was his writing master while at Brienne. Josephine was in the cabinet when the poor professor, in thread-bare apparel, entered. After an awkward pause, with an effort that called forth all his courage, he announced himself to the Consul. With a frown and an excited air, Bonaparte

exclaimed, "And a proper penman you made of me! Ask my wife there." Josephine with a laugh made a pleasant allusion to the delightful letters she had received, and the matter passed off in a glee; while the order for a pension during life was dropped into the hand of the wondering visitor.

As spring came on with its freshening landscape, its gentle south wind, and its laughing sky, the Consul, accompanied with Josephine, made a tour through Normandy and the adjacent provinces. Her last visit to that part of France was made with the chivalrous Beauharnais, and the years since that excursion, had gone full of events that gave to life a sublime and tragical interest. With deep and conflicting emotions, her thoughts attended memory to the silent strand of the past—upon whose sands were the wrecks of fortune, blasted hopes, and the fading footsteps of the loved and departed. But her bounding spirit could not long be desolate or sad. There were bright hours in this romantic travel, and bursts of enthusiasm from the people wherever they were recognized, that lent a charm to the tour, continued for more than two weeks through a country picturesque and peaceful; contrasting delightfully with the exciting scenes of the few months before.

Not long after their return, an incident which occurred, illustrates finely that coolness for which Duroc was distinguished, a trait Bonaparte admired and praised. The First Consul had removed his residence to St. Cloud, and furnished the palace in splendid style.

One night, fire communicating through a flue into the saloon, from an overheated stove, set the grand old structure in flames. An officer awakened Duroc, who saw the conflagration, and ordering perfect silence, arranged a band of soldiers into the line of a fire company, running to the nearest water. Leaping into the reservoir, his men followed, and the buckets passed with no other sound than the rustle of hands rapidly along the chain of men, till the ascending column of flame wavered and fell; within three hours all was quiet and safe again. The inmates of the edifice were not disturbed, and Josephine entered her gorgeous drawing-room in the morning to gaze with astonishment on the blackened and flooded ruins.

Events of decisive importance in the history of France and the career of Napoleon, now rapidly followed each other. The concordate re-established the church; the addition of ten years to the consulship, and the creation of the Legion of Honor, upon the very ruins of institutions aristocratic in their character, were successive steps in the progress of the nation towards monarchy, and of Bonaparte to its crown and sceptre. The opening of the sanctuaries for religious worship was wholly a stroke of policy in the First Consul. It was a measure repulsive to his army, but he knew his influence too well in that quarter to shrink from enlisting an auxiliary, which had proved to be a wall of fire around the despotic sovereigns of Europe. He attended mass at Notre Dame, with the devout air of a monk, conciliating his colleague Cambaceres by

appointing his brother to the See of Rouen, and dispensing similar emoluments where moral considerations had no influence, and infidelity poured contempt upon the "superstitious mania." Josephine, though the religious element was not marked in her character, entered into this measure with zeal, conscious of its value as a means of benevolence, and of bringing back the exiled to their homes, while the impoverished priesthood, scattered and scorned, would also regain their privileges, and permanency succeed the fluctuations in Church and State.

But none of the changes wrought by the fearless and indomitable spirit of Napoleon, conferred upon him more strength in his pre-eminence, than the ratification of peace with England, by the treaty of Amiens, signed April 25th, virtually conceding to him the government of Republican France. It introduced the English ambassadors to his Court, and other distinguished persons of the British realm. The impression Josephine made on these social occasions, was mentioned by her noble guests in after years with enthusiastic pleasure. Mr. Fox, especially, was much delighted, as he was in turn admired for his simplicity of manner, and his resplendent talents. In the evening parties at Malmaison, he was always a guest, conversing freely with Napoleon, or walking through the Botanical gardens with Josephine, where his taste was particularly gratified, and its suggestions sought by the smiling May Queen of the gay parterre, leaning upon his arm. So far did the Consul rely upon the ambas-

sador's friendship, that he evidently anticipated in subsequent hostilities, the sympathy of the party of which Mr. Fox was the leader—a mistake he quickly discovered when threatened invasion appealed to the loyalty of the nation—aroused the Lion in his sea-girt lair.

France was again tranquil; and while the fields began to yield their increase, the wine-dresser to prune his vineyard, and the hum of active millions went up from peaceful cities, Paris was the vortex of dissipation for the assembled aristocracy, representing half a continent of kingdoms. Masked balls, private parties, gaming and theatres, formed the variety in this dizzy whirl of exciting pleasures. The popular mind, cured of its democratic madness, was delirious with characteristic frivolity, which wealthy foreigners caught like a congenial epidemic, and cherished with a more lawless indulgence than example offered. The gaming houses were embellished richly, and thronged continually. Fortunes exchanged hands in a moment of time; the *millionaire* became a beggar, and the penniless won his pile of guineas at a single throw. Beautiful women leaned over the tables heaped with money, and while dark eyes flashed with unnatural excitement, the color came and went upon those fair faces, where love alone should have written his name

> "Upon the marble brow,
> And lingered in their curls of jet,"

till morning threw its gray light upon walls beaded with the dew of the languid and heated air.

The *Salon des Etrangers* was a favorite resort of these prodigals of all that is valuable in life, or peculiar to man as an heir of immortality. Napoleon seldom attended any of these convivial scenes, and never engaged in play. In fact, he was rather a model of temperance in the ordinary gratification of appetite, and his habits were regular and correct. Josephine had a relish for light amusements when not carried to excess, and was often present at least as spectator, in the nightly entertainments of the shining throng whose resources and energies seemed inexhaustible. Madam Tallien likewise attended, and Josephine embraced such occasions for interviews with a friend she could not forget, though compelled by the Consul to treat her cavalierly in his presence. The reasons for his cool treatment of this lady are not fully understood. The ostensible one, was her doubtful morality in her matrimonial affairs; which gains force from his earnest endeavor to reform the licentious manners of the fashionable world, even in regard to dress. He may have felt a little irritation in recollecting her influence upon his destiny, while he would arrogate to himself the sole honor of his unrivalled greatness; but this could have been only slight if indulged at all, so long as the homage of mankind was the grateful incense his majestic mind had won. It is related by Memes, that Beaumarchais overheard the following conversation at a party, between Josephine and Madam Tallien, which throws light on the subject.

"'I declare, my dear Theresina,' said the former,

'that I have done all friendship could dictate, but in vain. No later than this morning, I made a new effort. Bonaparte would hear of nothing. I cannot comprehend what can have prejudiced him so strongly against you. You are the only woman whose name he has effaced from the list of my particular friends; and from fear he should manifest his displeasure directly against us, have I now come hither alone with my son. At this moment they believe me sound asleep in my bed in the chateau, (Tuilleries,) but I determined on coming to see, to warn, and to console you; above all, to justify myself.' 'Josephine,' replied the other lady, 'I have never doubted either the goodness of your heart or the sincerity of your affection. Heaven is my witness, that the loss of your friendship would be to me much more painful than any dread of Bonaparte. In these difficult times I have maintained a conduct that might, perhaps, render my visits an honor; but I will never importune you without his consent. He was not Consul when Tallien followed him into Egypt—when I received you both into my house—when I shared with you'—here a burst of tears interrupted the speaker's words. 'Calm yourself,' replied Josephine; 'be calm, my dear Theresina! let the storm pass. I am paving the way for a reconciliation; but we must not irritate him more. You know that he does not love Ouvrard, and it is said he often sees you.' 'What, then! because he governs France, does he hope to tyrannize over our hearths? must we sacrifice to him our private friendships?' At these

words some one knocked at the door; it was Beauharnais. 'Madam,' said he, 'you have been now more than an hour absent; the council of ministers is perhaps over; what will the First Consul say should he not find you on his return?' The two ladies slowly descended the stairs, still conversing in earnest whisper, followed by Eugene."

The suffering of a sensitive spirit is seldom disclosed to the multitude, unless its magnitude renders concealment impossible. Josephine's anguish was more frequent and intense than is supposed by her admirers While the outward display of rank, if it changed its aspect, but assumed like the chameleon, a gayer coloring for the one that vanished, the interior life of this faithful wife was filled with the darkest shades of sadness, and her heart wrung with the throes of agony. A cloud of apprehension, indeed, hung perpetually upon the horizon of her brightest prospects; it was like a fragment of the tempest's ebon-folds left to foreshadow another desolating storm, sweeping down upon the fabric of her happiness.

In May, 1802, Bonaparte was appointed First Consul for life, upon which the purpose of forming a new dynasty became the central object of his thoughts. This was fully matured in August, by an edict authorizing him to appoint a successor by testamentary deed. The last vestige of republicanism was gone—and it was whispered that Josephine would be banished also from the palace by *divorce*, to prepare the way for an heir to the consulate. Lucien almost broke her heart

by suggesting that if she did not have a son, the Consul must secure by another this first link in the chain of hereditary succession from the Corsican family. Bourrienne relates a domestic incident which occurred soon afterward, disclosing her intense anxiety on this subject.

"I remember that, one day, after the publication of the parallel of Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte, Josephine having entered our cabinet without being announced, which she sometimes did, when from the good-humor exhibited at breakfast, she reckoned upon its continuance, approached Bonaparte softly, seated herself on his knee, passed her hand gently through his hair, and over his face, and, thinking the moment favorable, said to him, in a burst of tenderness, 'I entreat of you, Bonaparte, do not make yourself a king! It is that Lucien who urges you to it; do not listen to him.' Bonaparte replied, without anger, and even smiling as he pronounced the last words, 'You are mad, my poor Josephine. It is your old dowagers of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, your Rochefoucaulds, who tell you all these fables! * * * Come now, you interrupt me—leave me alone.' What Bonaparte said that day good-naturedly to his wife, I have often heard him declare seriously. I have been present at five or six altercations on the subject. That there existed, too, an enmity connected with this question between the family of Beauharnais and the family of Bonaparte, cannot be denied."

Josephine's fears were farther excited by a new or-

der of things in the palace. Among the stately formalities introduced, was the occupation by the Consul of a separate bed-chamber, in a part of the mansion most remote from the apartments of his wife. Until this arrangement they had lived together, with no other withdrawal from each other's society than that incident to the humblest station. Josephine passed sleepless nights, and bathed her pillow with tears. She would rather die than be thrust from the arms of him, upon whom she lavished her "wealth of love"—her pride of character, her affections, would all be crushed by the blow. To a few intimate friends she confided the story of her secret forebodings and grief, while she assumed in Napoleon's presence, that cheerfulness which irradiated her sweet face with smiles, and made her voice musical as the æolian harp.

The infant son of Hortense diverted the attention of Bonaparte, and he now cherished the design of adopting him as the heir-apparent to his grandeur and glory. This circumstance, with continued evidences of affection, revived the hopes of Josephine, and she again dismissed her fears.

A few months of tranquillity were passed at St. Cloud, during which Josephine was active in her efforts for the dethroned Bourbons. She enlisted the sympathy of others whenever available, and watched the varying moods of the Consul with reference to the advancement of her cherished design of their re-investment with royalty. Her earliest associations were in that direction, and she had learned, as we have seen, in

adversity no less than in prosperity, to feel identified with them, and to desire their restoration. Besides, she contemplated Napoleon's elevation to a throne with a shrinking of heart both natural and painful. Though the summit was dazzling while the heavens were clear, she had been taught by history, and read in the events of preceding years the startling truth, that the blasts sweep the most fearfully there, and the cloud of rebellion at any time may enfold it, sending forth the lightning to rend and desolate the aerie of grandeur. But negotiations, carried on with the weight of her influence always urging every plausible reason for favor toward the fallen family, were at length closed amid the rising tumult of war. The English had shamefully violated their treaty within a few months after its ratification at Amiens, and in the spring of 1803, hostilities were renewed. Napoleon evidently did not wish at this juncture to enter the battle-field of nations—he was unprepared for it, in addition to motives drawn from the transition state of France in her internal improvements, and his unsettled policy for the future. His message to the Senate was a dignified expression of his unwillingness to muster his legions for slaughter. But with the necessity came the wonder-working energy of his genius. Naked soldiers were clothed—conscriptions filled the ranks with men—horses and money were suddenly abundant, as if created by the touch of the Arabian magician, or the volition of his own will. He made a tour through the departments, Josephine accompanying him and receiving every-

where, with the Consul, the tumultuous applause of the people. Civic display, deafening acclamations, splendid presents, and wreaths of gorgeous flowers, made their progress a scene of joyful homage the proudest king might vainly desire. At Boulogne, she saw the gathered regiments of a Kingdom, still styled the Republic. They stretched along the coast in four distinct camps presenting from the heights a wall of threatening batteries, beneath whose shadow the British fleet dotted the ocean and haughtily watched the foe.

The port was guarded by a flotilla stretching across its entrance, numbering two hundred gun-boats which together carried fifteen hundred cannon; and added to this protection, was a massive iron chain running from fort to fort along the mouth of the harbors, upon whose waters besides the vessels mentioned, floated seventeen hundred smaller craft for landing the army. Two hundred thousand soldiers waited for the command to put this naval force in motion, and hasten to open its more than two thousand pieces of ordnance upon the enemies of France. Never before had Josephine beheld so much of the terrible might wielded by Napoleon. The salutes which greeted him and were answered by the hostile thunder of English guns, she felt to be only a faint echo of what that vast machinery of death could do, when its united roar following the iron hail, shook the field of conflict, or went booming over a tide red with the blood of falling ranks of brave men as ever trod the deck in battle.

It has been doubted whether after all Bonaparte in-

tended an invasion of England—deemed it possible to seek and subdue the enemy upon British soil. Bourrienne, to prove that it was a manœuvre, similar to the one which he made when about embarking for Egypt, narrates the following interview with the Consul:—

"Bonaparte came into the grand saloon where I awaited him, and addressing me in the most good-humored way, inquired, after having made a few trifling observations, 'What do they say of my preparations for the descent upon England?' 'General,' I replied, 'there is a great difference of opinion on the subject. Every one speaks as he would wish it. Suchet, for instance, who comes to see me very often, does not doubt but that it will take place, and hopes to give you on that occasion a fresh proof of his gratitude and fidelity.' 'But Suchet tells me that you do not believe it.' 'That is true, I certainly do not.' 'Why?' 'Because you told me at Antwerp, five years ago, that you would not risk France on the cast of a die—that it was too hazardous—and nothing has changed since that time to render it more probable.' 'You are right; those who believe in a descent are blockheads. They do not see the affair in its true light. I can doubtless land with one hundred thousand men. A great battle will be fought, which I shall gain; but I must calculate upon thirty thousand men killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. If I march on London, a second battle will be fought; I shall suppose myself again victorious; but what shall I do in London with an army reduced three fourths, and with-

out a hope of reinforcements? It would be madness. Until our navy acquires superiority, it would be a perilous project. The great assemblage of troops in the north has another object. My government must be the first, or it must fall.' Bonaparte then evidently wished to deceive with respect to his intentions, and he did so. He wished it to be believed that he intended a descent upon England, merely to fix the attention of Europe in that direction. It was at Dunkirk that he caused all the various plans for improving the ports to be discussed, and on this occasion he spoke a great deal on his ulterior views respecting England, which had the effect of deceiving the ablest around him."

But it is clear that the writer himself was deceived —the astonishing scheme *was* laid, and had not its execution been defeated, he would have rocked to its base the throne of George, or left the flower of his kingdom around that ancient seat of power. The nation favored enthusiastically the expedition, and withheld nothing that would secure it. Josephine, it is said, was deeply moved by a little incident illustrating this popular ardor, which took place in a small village near Boulogne. A deputation waited on Napoleon, and one of the number thus addressed him :—

"General, we are here, twenty fathers of families, who present to you twenty gallant youths, to be now and always under your orders. Accept of them, general; they are able to do good service when you reach England. As for ourselves, we have another duty to

discharge; our hands shall labor the soil, that bread may not be wanting to the brave men destined to crush England."

The encampments of Boulogne were the scene of varied amusements, and many rash adventures. Gaming, with its dissipation and quarrels, was indulged without restraint—and duels were fought. It was here that the combat between two hundred soldiers of the infantry and line, and the same number of grenadiers of the guard, occurred. Bonaparte's praise of the former, repeated by the people in snatches of injudicious rhyme composed by those he flattered, as they loitered at evening around the camp, was the original cause of the quarrel. This sword fight commenced just after day-dawn, and for an hour the slaughter went on like a gladiatorial strife, when a regiment of cavalry under General Hilaire, reached the ground and arrested the desperate game. Bonaparte reproved and humbled the offenders by a brief address, and by publication of the very trifles that incensed those against whom their detraction was aimed. Several pleasant stories are told respecting the gayeties of this prelude to warfare which wrote on the "*dead list*" the names of many gallant forms that danced in the mirth of "wine and wassail," till the "noon of night." The First Consul himself contributed to the merriment by sometimes attending the soirees in disguise—and after enjoying the familiarities of the pastime, would retire and surprise the fair entertainer with a note of thanks over the signature, Bonaparte.

The return of Napoleon and Josephine to the capital, was distinguished by the same extravagant exhibitions of affection that marked his route before. All that the inhabitants could do to make it a brilliant pageant—the triumphal march of a mysterious being, at the same time, hero, monarch, and citizen, was lavished freely upon him. Escaping threatened assassination by the way, he soon reposed again in the palace of St. Cloud.

One day he rode with Josephine and Cambaceres in the park after three span of noble bays, presented to him at Antwerp. The notion seized him of driving them himself for experiment; and taking the reins, he mounted the coachman's seat. The horses were instantly aware that a hand unused to *their* government, guided the bit, and lifting their heads, they snuffed the air of freedom, and dashed away at their own lightning speed. In spite of Cambaceres' cry of "Stop! Stop!" and Cæsar's shout as the carriage approached the gateway of the avenue, "To the left! to the left!" the coach struck the heavy pillars like a ship the rock, overturning it and bringing the bays to a sudden halt. Josephine and the Second Consul escaped from the wreck but slightly injured, and Bonaparte, thrown several rods, was taken to his apartment insensible. After recovery and mutual repartee, he alluded with a serious air to the nearness of death in this accident; then folding his arms in thoughtful mood, said to Josephine, with a hurried tone, "But what is death? It is merely a sleep *without dreams!*" And yet he was sad in the

momentary contemplation of a slumber that would dispel forever, a *dream* more splendid than any mortal beside had ever known—a spell that made the wide earth his theatre of glory, and poured down the long future the music of his name. He evidently attached no value to life as probation for an endless state—nor did he think deeply upon a destiny beyond that horizon whose circle touched the cradle and the grave. The want of early religious culture, and consequently the dullness or perversion of his moral sensibilities, together with a quenchless thirst for distinction, rendered him wholly forgetful that it requires two worlds to complete the career of man, and make out his title to immortality!

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPHINE AND THE BOURBON CONSPIRATORS.—DUKE D'ENGHIEN.—HIS DEATH.—JOSEPHINE'S GRIEF AND HER SYMPATHY FOR THE CONSPIRATORS.—BONAPARTE'S MOVEMENTS.—HIS AMBITION.—VIEWS OF THE SENATE.—BONAPARTE BECOMES EMPEROR OF FRANCE.—OATH ADMINISTERED TO THE LEGION OF HONOR.—EMOTIONS OF JOSEPHINE.—ROYAL COURT.—EXCURSION TO BOULOGNE.—THE PRINCESS OF BADEN.—INCIDENTS.—JOSEPHINE'S FOREBODINGS.—RELIGIOUS MARRIAGE OF JOSEPHINE.—THE CORONATION.

We have seen Josephine emerge from comparative obscurity, and rise step by step toward the summit of earthly grandeur; each successive stage of advancement seeming designed as well as fitted to develop and display those exquisitely feminine charms, which nature had so prodigally lavished upon her. Placed by the astonishing fortunes of her husband in ever-shifting and untried social positions, where the utmost purity and refinement of nature, with the most delicate tact and grace of manner, were necessary to give to her station, and that of her husband, dignity and respectability, and even to secure the continued possession of acquired advantages, her intuitive sense of propriety seems never to have been at fault; while her sunny good nature and the tenderness of her sympathies, gained the hearts of all about her. These tender sympathies were now to be called into exercise toward

an unfortunate class hitherto unknown: namely, the *victims* of her husband's tyranny. Bonaparte, the soldier of fortune, by his genius and energy restoring something like order to the distracted councils of his adopted country, rising by the superiority of his talent and character, from height to height of power, until the *name* only of sovereignty was wanting to his ambition—has commanded our admiration; for hitherto he had in form at least respected the rights and liberties of the people, and was yet unstained with crime. But now that success had left him little to aspire to, he began, like common and vulgar tyrants, to seek to secure his dominion by sweeping from his path whatever might endanger it, even should it cost the sacrifice of innocent blood.

Several friends of the Bourbon family, among whom were Georges, the Polignacs, Pichegru, Moreau, and others of less celebrity, were about this time suspected of a conspiracy to restore that dynasty, and place a Bourbon on the throne.

They held frequent meetings in Paris, to consult as to the bias of public sentiment, the expediency of revolution, &c., and at length seem to have been convinced of the impracticableness of their schemes, and to have been about quietly to depart from Paris, when they were suddenly arrested by the police, (who up to this time seem to have watched and connived at their proceedings,) and were thrown into prison to await their trial. In the mean time there resided in the Duchy of Baden, on the frontier of France, a young

prince of the Bourbon family, the Duke d'Enghien, a grandson of the Prince De Conde, a soldier, who, after fighting many years in the continental wars, was living on a pension allowed him by the British government. On pretence that he was privy to the designs of the conspirators in Paris, and intended to profit by them when matured, he was seized by night and hurried to the citadel of Strasburg, where he remained until orders could be received from Paris, then carried to Vincennes, and after the mockery of trial, was shot by a file of soldiers, and buried in the ditch surrounding the fortress. The whole procedure was so illegal, so sanguinary, so uncalled for, that it astonished Europe; and as it is an instructive lesson, as to the effects of a lawless ambition, we quote a passage.

"This sanguinary scene took place at the Castle of Vincennes. It was General Ordener, commandant of the horse grenadiers of the guard, who received orders from the minister at war to proceed to the Rhine, to give instructions to the chiefs of the gendarmerie of New Brissac, which was placed at his disposal. This general sent a detachment of gendarmerie to Ettenhiem, where the Duke d'Enghien was arrested on the 15th of March, 1804. He was immediately conducted to the citadel of Strasburg, where he remained until the 18th, to give time for orders being received from Paris. These orders were given rapidly, and promptly executed, for the carriage which conveyed the unfortunate prince arrived at the barrier at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 20th. It remained there for five

hours, and then departed by the exterior boulevarde on the road to Vincennes, where it arrived at night. Every scene of this horrible affair took place during the night—the sun did not even shine upon its tragic close. The soldiers had orders to proceed to Vincennes during the night; it was at night that the fatal gates were closed upon the prince—at night the council assembled to try him, or rather to condemn him without trial. When the clock struck six on the morning of the 21st of March, the order was given to fire, and the prince ceased to live. Here let me be permitted to make a reflection. When the dreadful intelligence of the death of the Duke d'Enghien reached Paris, it excited a feeling of consternation which recalled the recollection of the days of terror. Ah! if Bonaparte could have seen the gloom which pervaded the capital, and compared it with the joy which was exhibited on the day when he returned victorious from the field of Marengo, he would have considered that he had tarnished his glory with a stain which nothing could ever efface."

In the examination in the council chamber, many interrogatories were put to him respecting his family, his employments, his acquaintance with Pichegru and others of the conspirators, and nothing in his answers tended in the least to implicate him in any plan of ambition or scheme of treachery. On the contrary everything showed him to be ingenuous, noble, and unsuspecting. He earnestly entreated an interview with the First Consul, and much blame has attached to

Savary, the commander of the fortress, for not delaying his execution. This event filled all minds with horror.

Chateaubriand, who was then high in favor with Napoleon, and had just been appointed minister plenipotentiary to the Vallais, instantly resigned his appointment on hearing of the Duke's death. This was a strong rebuke to Bonaparte, for as Bourrienne remarks, "it said plainly, 'You have committed a crime, and I will not serve a government which is stained with the blood of a Bourbon!'" In England, Bonaparte was constantly styled in some of the leading journals, "the assassin of the Duke d'Enghien." But no heart felt the blow more acutely than that of Josephine. She had from some cause feared this step on the part of her husband, and had earnestly endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. On the fatal morning of the 21st of March, when Napoleon's favorite attendant came into his room, he found him alone, pale and haggard, and complaining of having passed a dreadful night. He rose, but before he had finished his toilet, Josephine rushed into the room from her own distant apartments, with her countenance bathed in tears, and every personal care neglected, crying, "The Duke d'Enghien is dead! oh my friend, what hast thou done?" and threw herself on his bosom. Napoleon is said to have shown extraordinary emotion, and to have exclaimed, "The wretches! they have been too hasty!" He then supported Josephine along the corridor to her own chamber, seeking to impart to her that consolation

which he vainly sought for himself. *Her* grief was at least unattended by remorse. We will add a narrative related by Madam Decrest, of Josephine's own account of her inability to prevent the sad catastrophe.

"The Emperor was cruelly counselled. Of himself he never would have conceived the idea of such a design. Once resolved, no power on earth could prevent its execution, so firm was his determination in all things, and so great the dread he entertained of being taxed with irresolution. But I am persuaded that often has he lamented over a too prompt obedience on the part of others. There are facts which I dare not disclose, lest I should give up to infamy the real authors of the death of the Duke d'Enghien. History *will speak* and the truth be known. Finally, General Moreau proved the innocent cause of that fatal resolution. Napoleon and he were conversing about the Bourbons, when the former asked if there was a soldier in the family? 'Yes,' replied the general, 'they are all brave! The duke d'Enghien is besides an excellent officer, and much loved by the soldiery. He is a worthy scion of the house of Conde.' 'Is he ambitious?' 'As to that I cannot answer; but from his manner of fighting he appears to aspire to a glory which cannot long be satisfied with foreign service.' 'This eulogium,' added the empress, 'disquieted Napoleon, and several times he reverted to the subject. In order to calm these apprehensions, a crime was proposed to him. Never can I cease to think with abhor-

rence of those who urged him to it. *They have proved his worst enemies.'* "

One affecting incident in this bloody tragedy, proves the appreciation by all who knew her, of the tenderness and sympathy of Josephine's nature. The young Duke at the time of his arrest, was tenderly and affectionately attached to a young lady, to enjoy whose society he had taken up his residence in the town where she lived. When he found that he had but a few moments to live, he placed his picture and a lock of his hair in the hands of a messenger to be conveyed to Josephine; that through her it might reach the object of his affections.

The conspirators, as they were termed, had their trial during the May and June following the Duke d'Enghien's death, with the exception of Pichegru, who was found dead in his prison. The trial seems to have proved that assassination had never been contemplated; and that the design was mainly to ascertain the true state of public feeling, which had been represented by some factious intriguers as favorable to the Bourbons. The prisoners were all young, and their situation created universal sympathy. Still, Bonaparte, as if having like Macbeth, resolved on the death of all whose lives might be dangerous to his future throne, sanctioned the decree of the special tribunal which condemned to death twenty of these unfortunate men; a decree which filled Paris, and indeed all France, with mourning. Much effort was made by the prisoners and their friends to obtain from Bonaparte a

repeal of the sentence, which was successful in respect to six of them. The others were executed As will readily be supposed, no one was more zealous and ardent in endeavors to procure their pardon than Josephine. She had protested to a friend that the death of the Duke d'Enghien "embittered every moment of her life;" and now she was to have the anguish of seeing twenty families, many of them among the noblest in the land, thrown into the deepest affliction by the execution of this barbarous sentence. It was to her, too, that all appeals were made by the heart-broken petitioners; and in the presence of friends, she touchingly lamented her inability to answer all of them.

While Napoleon was thus awing the disaffected by his summary proceedings against suspected traitors, he was not neglecting a more effectual means of strengthening his government, in making it popular with the people. France, at his accession to power, was almost in the condition of a country that has been overrun and pillaged by a foreign army: Bonaparte bent all the energies of his wonderful intellect to her restoration to prosperity. Public improvements, from the most minute to the most gigantic, were projected and executed under his own supervision in every part of his kingdom; while the celerity of his own movements, and the system of espionage by which he watched the movements of those who were employed in his service, seemed to give him something like omnipresence. Conscious of, and perhaps even over-estimating his extraordinary powers, flushed with the success that had

hitherto attended him in every enterprise he had undertaken, he already began to conceive himself "the Man of Destiny," whose office on earth was to overthrow the existing governments of Europe, perhaps of the world, and to form on their ruins one mighty empire of which himself should be the centre and the ruler. As he could not but admit, however, that though he might seem to be a "god," "yet he must die like men, and fall like one of the princes," it was with him also a most important object to secure a successor to whom he might bequeath this vast inheritance of power and responsibility. To pave the way for the accomplishment of these designs, he had long aspired to make himself Emperor of France, with the right of the hereditary succession in his own family. Yet with consummate tact that distinguished him, he chose to keep himself in the background, and not to receive this new dignity, till it should seem to be forced upon him by the urgent entreaties of the senate and the people. Constantly influencing the opinions of the senate by secret agencies, he found in that body the most complete subserviency to his wishes, while in the name of Liberty, Equality, and the Republic, he was about to assume a power more absolute than had been enjoyed by any sovereign since Charlemagne. The senate, while fervent in their congratulations to Bonaparte on his escape from conspiracy, or as they termed it, from the daggers of England, entreated him to "consolidate his work," meaning that he should make himself Emperor, and establish hereditary succession. The agents

of government throughout France, had long been soliciting the First Consul to grant for the people what the people did not want; in short, everything was ripe for the change of the republic into an empire. On the 18th of May therefore, Napoleon was named Emperor, and the Bonapartean dynasty established. At the same time, suddenly, as if by the aid of magic, the ancient order of things, the distinctions of rank, titles, decorations, &c., were restored.

On Sunday, the 15th of July, the Emperor appeared for the first time before the Parisians surrounded by all the pomp of royalty. On that day the Emperor and Empress, attended by a magnificent cavalcade, repaired to the church of the "Invalides," where they were received by the clergy, who went through certain religious ceremonies, when, after some flattering addresses, Bonaparte rose, and said in a firm voice, "Commanders, officers, legionaries, citizens, soldiers! swear upon your honor to devote yourselves to the service of the empire, to the preservation of the integrity of the French territory, to the defence of the Emperor, of the laws of the republic, and of the property which they have made sacred—in short, swear to concur with all your might in maintaining liberty and equality, which are the bases of all our institutions. Do you swear?"

"Each member of the Legion of Honor exclaimed '*I swear;*' adding, '*Vive l'empereur!*' with an enthusiasm it is impossible to describe, and in which all present joined."

Josephine had now verified in her experience the prediction of the sibyl in her native island; she was Queen, nay, Empress of France! But was she happy? Read an interesting letter addressed by her to her husband during his temporary absence from home, and see with what mournful foreboding she contemplated an event which had raised her to the summit of earthly glory:

"My Friend,—For the tenth time, perhaps, have I perused your letter, and must confess that the amazement into which it threw me subsides only to give place to sorrow and apprehension. You persist, then, in the resolution to re-establish the throne of France, and yet not to restore those who were deposed by the Revolution, but to seat yourself thereon? What power, you ask—what grandeur—and above all what advantage in this design! And for my part, I venture to reply, What obstacles present themselves to its success! how great the sacrifices which must be made before its accomplishment can be secured! how far beyond calculation the consequences should it be realized! But let us admit that your purpose does succeed, will your views terminate with the founding of a new empire? Will not your power, opposed, as to a certainty it must be, by the neighboring states, draw you into a war with them? This will probably end in their ruin Will not their neighbors, beholding these effects, combine in turn for your destruction? While abroad such is the state of things, at home how numerous the envious and discontented!—how many plots to

disconcert, and conspiracies to punish! Kings will despise you as an upstart, the people will hate you as a usurper, your equals as a tyrant; none will comprehend the utility of your elevation; all will assign it to ambition or to pride. Doubtless, there will not be wanting slaves who will cringe to your power, until, backed by another which they esteem a more formidable influence, they will seek to elevate themselves on your ruin. Fortunate, also, beyond hope, if steel—if poison!—a wife, a friend, dare not give pause to alarmed imagination on images so dreadful. This brings me to myself, a subject about which my concern would be small indeed if I only were interested. But, with the throne, will there not likewise arise the desire of new alliances? Will you not consider it necessary, by new family ties, to provide for the more effectual security of that throne? Oh! whatever such connections might be, could they prove like those formed at first in propriety, and which affections the most tender have since consecrated! I stop at this perspective, which fear—must I say love?—traces in an appalling futurity. You have alarmed me by your ambitious flight; restore my confidence by your return to moderation."

A friend calling upon her about this time, and finding her in a garden, saluted her by the title of "Your majesty." "Ah!" she replied, with a tone and manner that went to his heart, "I entreat that you will suffer me, at least here, to forget that I am an Empress." All chroniclers agree, that while in public she was

receiving congratulations and adulation from all classes with a grace and benignity that charmed all around her, her heart was ill at ease; constantly fearing that Napoleon would sacrifice to ambition and selfish policy her whole domestic peace and happiness. Besides, the etiquette of a court which was attempted to be rigidly maintained around her, was irksome in the extreme to one whose natural ease and grace never needed the curb of formal rules. She is said to have written: "The nearer my husband approached the highest step to which fortune sometimes elevates men, the dimmer became my last gleam of happiness. 'Tis true I enjoyed a magnificent existence. My court was composed of persons of great name, of ladies of the first rank, who all solicited the honor of being presented to me. But I could no longer dispose of my time. I was constrained to submit at all times to the rigorous usages of etiquette, and the Emperor directed that it should be as severe as it anciently had been at the chateau of Versailles. He was receiving from every part of France congratulations upon his advent to the throne; while I myself sighed in contemplating the immense power he had acquired. The more I saw him loaded with the gifts of fortune, the more I feared his fall."

The determination of Bonaparte to form a court unlike that of his predecessors in the outward morality at least of its members, was honorable to him, and approved by Josephine, excepting his extreme views on the subject. He beheld in the dissoluteness of the

nobility and courtiers of former reigns the slow progress of a social disease, which more than any other cause brought on the convulsions in state, that shook down the political edifice, amid the groans and slaughter of millions. But his impetuous spirit erred in excessive caution which excluded those the Empress and even himself in better moods, would have favored with appointments among the royal retinue. This will be seen in Josephine's letter to Madam Girardine, formerly Duchess d'Aiguillen, who was a fellow captive with her, and it will be recollected aided kindly Madam Beauharnais.

"My dear Friend,—I am most afflicted—and far indeed from beholding my wishes fulfilled, as ancient friends may suppose, who will doubtless believe, that if I do not see them it is because I have forgotten the past. Alas! no; on the contrary, I remember it but too well, and my thoughts dwell upon it more than I would; for the more I think upon what they did for me, the greater is my sorrow at being unable to do now what my heart dictates. The Empress of France is but the first slave in the empire, and cannot acquit the debts of Madam de Beauharnais! This constitutes the torture of my life and will explain why you do not occupy a place near me; why I do not see Madam Tallien; in fine, why several ladies, formerly our confidential friends, would be strangers to me were not my memory faithful The emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life

of regularity and of religion shall be given in the palace where he commands. Desirous of strengthening more and more the church re-established by himself, and unable to change the laws appointed by her observances, his intention is at least to keep at a distance from his court all those who may have profited by the possibility of divorce. This he has promised to the pope; and hitherto has kept his word. Hence the cause of his refusing the favor I asked of having you with me. The refusal has occasioned me unspeakable regret; but he is too absolute to leave even the hope of seeing him retract. I am thus constrained to renounce the pleasure which I had promised myself of being constantly with you, studying to make you forget the sovereign in the friend. Pity my lot in being too public a personage to follow my own inclination, and cherish for me a friendship, the remembrance of which gives me now as much pleasure as its reality afforded consolation in prison. Often do I regret that small, dark, and dismal chamber which we shared together, for there at least I could pour out my whole heart—and was sincerely beloved in return."

In speaking of the etiquette of the court of Napoleon, it is proper to say, that if the Emperor and Empress conformed to it with a grace which gave it dignity, this was by no means the case with the "new" men and women on whom had been conferred posts of honor in the establishment. Much awkwardness was doubtless displayed, and many blunders committed by these "*parvenus*," as they were termed by those aristocrats

and other members of the ancient regime, to whom the manners of a court were familiar. Napoleon, who if he might be said to *fear* anything, feared ridicule; and who seemed to regard it as essential to his prosperity to conciliate the favor of the ancient noblesse, called as many of that class as possible around him; and insisted on their punctilious observance of all the rules which had guided the conduct of the nobility of "the old school." An instance is related, probably with some exaggeration, when in the first progress made by their imperial majesties, a drawing-room was to be held in one of the cities on the Rhenish frontier:—

"The important affair of presentation occupied of course the thoughts of every one who had any claim to that honor. One of the ladies aspirants to this distinction, knowing a friend who had been presented, wrote for instructions, and received the following: 'You make three courtesies; one on entering the saloon, one in the middle, and a third a few paces farther on, *en pirouette*.'* This last proved a complete mystery, and had nearly *turned* all the respectable heads in Cologne, the scene of expected operations. A consultation was called, the letter communicated, and deep deliberation ensued. Many of the ladies were old—*en pirouette!*—very difficult; some of German blood, were tall—*en pirouette!*—very awkward; some were young—*en pirouette!*—might tumble—very bad that; some were short—*en pirouette!*—looked squat, and they drew themselves up; in fine, all found the

* *En pirouette*—whirling on the point of the toes.

reverence *en pirouette* to be a very questionable experiment. At length, a member of the divan proposed the alternative, that since resigning the honor was not even to be thought of, they should prepare by exercise and practice, for duly appearing in the court *circular*. No sooner said than done; the decision gave universal satisfaction. The conclave broke up and for the next fifteen days, in all the drawing-rooms of the venerable city of Cologne, from morning till night, the ladies were twirling away like so many spinning-tops or dancing dervishes. Nothing was talked of during the same space but these evolutions; how many circumgirations one could make and yet keep her feet; how many falls another had got, or how gracefully a third performed. Happily, on the evening when the court did actually arrive, and consequently on that preceding the ceremonial, which had given rise to all this activity, the original propounder of the *motion* bethought her of calling upon one of the Empress' ladies for still more precise instructions. The redoubted *pirouette* was now found to have been misunderstood, implying simply a gentle inclination, in rising, towards the personages of the court; and Josephine had the satisfaction of being amused by the recital in private, and thus escaped the mortification of beholding her visitors of the morrow transferred into so many rotary machines."

For Josephine, "the etiquette of which at first she chiefly complained, was that which compelled her to remain seated while she received those who had re-

cently been her equals, or even her superiors in rank." But if obliged to assume this semblance of superiority she quickly removed all the coldness and formality it might have occasioned, by her friendly warmth of manner toward her old acquaintance. Even her humble domestics found her always interested in whatever related to their health or comfort, or their establishment in life. She would sometimes even submit to be annoyed by intrusion and importunity, rather than wound the feelings of those who applied to her.

With all her native gracefulness of manner—she plainly felt more embarrassment in the observance of imperial forms than Napoleon. She once remarked upon this subject, "Most truly do I regard the Emperor as a man who has no equal. In camps, at the council-board, they find him extraordinary, but in the interior of his palace he ever appeared to me still more remarkable."

Bonaparte, in selecting his marshals, planning a decisive battle, and in the ordering of his court, exhibited the same profound knowledge of human nature, and sublime confidence in his own unaided powers, whatever the emergency that demanded their action. He looked for *qualities* not titles, in those he called about him to carry forward measures that came from the crucible of his intense thought, bearing alone his "image and superscription;" and despised pomp except when indispensable in the centralization and support of his regal authority. Josephine understood this phase of his character perfectly, and thus spoke of it

in the charity and admiration of a noble wife. "Lannes, who enjoyed full license of speech, made mockery of what he termed 'the hypocrisies of political worship;' but, estimating such things at their real value, the Emperor regards them under relations more elevated, and conceives that, in the eyes of the people they conduce to restore to power the majesty and ascendency which so many years of anarchy had destroyed. He grants, in truth, that their principal influence springs from the personal qualities of those invested with the supreme rule; but he maintains, that, without equalling or superseding these qualities, ceremonial institutions may supply their place with advantage. In supporting such a system, Napoleon shows himself at least very disinterested, for who can stand less in need of appliances to impose upon men than one who seems born to govern? In proof of his argument, he adduces the example of a crowd of princes who have reigned, so to speak, rather seated or lying than standing upright, but whose couch, guarded by the barriers of etiquette, has been respected like a sanctuary."

The Empress, while thus moving amid the splendor of her exaltation, continued to embrace gladly every opportunity of alleviating the sorrow of those who had suffered in the revolutionary struggles of the nation. A note addressed to Madam de Montesson, (mother-in-law of Louis Philippe, Napoleon's successor in majesty and dethronement,) upon receiving an elegant gift from her, accompanied with beautiful specimens of

embroidery wrought by Madam la Tour and her daughter, as an expression of gratitude for the Empress' interposition in behalf of their relatives, the Polignacs, is another turn to the kaleidescope of her manifold virtues.

"Being prevented from offering in person my good wishes on this day, I console myself in the assurance that you give me credit for their sincerity. I send you two vases, which will recall me to your remembrance, though the flowers upon them are far from being so beautiful as those painted by your hand upon my charming table of white marble. I value it as everything deserves to be valued that comes from you, and request you again to accept my thanks. Marshal Berthier tells me he dines with you to-day. He loves you; and on that account have I commissioned him to repeat, in my name, how much I regret not being able to follow my own inclination, which would quite naturally lead me to Romainville, to join your family and numerous friends, at the head of whom I have the presumption to place myself, though I can but so rarely enjoy my share of the pleasure which they derive from a conversation agreeable to all, instructive and useful to most.

"The poor woman whom you recommended to me, is satisfied with a small appointment for her son. It will afford time for something better. Be assured, I will not forget them. Present my thanks to the ladies of your circle, for the beautiful works I received from them. It is decided, that every one who approaches

you shall possess some perfection. Why, then, am I so far distant? Adieu, *dear mamma*. Love me, and let me ever have your advice: for it is very difficult to fill the place which I occupy to the satisfaction of all—and that is what I wish."

Josephine has been accused of extravagance. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that her expenses seemed extremely lavish to her husband, who would at any time "rather expend a million francs, than see a thousand wasted." But though we must own that her facile nature made her too ready to purchase of those who were constantly pressing upon her the most costly articles, with the most cogent reasons for her buying them; still, a record of her expenses, had she kept one, would probably show, that much of her property was bestowed in charity. Her heart melted at a tale of suffering, nor could the frequent impositions practised upon her, make her hand less ready to bestow its bounty. She herself said, in answering a charge of extravagance conveyed to her from her husband by a friend: "When I have money, Bourrienne, you know how I employ it. I give it principally to the unfortunate who solicit my assistance, and to the poor emigrants. But I will try to be more economical in future. Tell the Emperor so, if you see him again. But is it not my duty to bestow as much charity as I can?"

Soon after Bonaparte was declared Emperor, and before his coronation, he determined to visit Boulogne, and distribute among the army there assembled the

decorations of the Legion of Honor. It was arranged that the Empress should leave her home on the same day, and meet him in Belgium. Josephine, as was usual when she journeyed without her husband, was attended by several ladies and gentlemen of the court; and every circumstance of the journey, the routes, the stopping places, the addresses to the authorities, &c., were unalterably determined upon beforehand by Napoleon, and set down in a manuscript volume of instructions. To these Josephine rigidly adhered, constantly silencing any suggestion of change, with the expression, "He has said it, and it *must be* right." Never was the amiability and sweetness of her disposition more conspicuous than on these journeys. Every opportunity of showing attention to the tastes and feelings of her attendants, was embraced with readiness, and with an unostentatious simplicity, that won their hearts. Sometimes her good nature was excessive, and exposed her to vexation from the pretension of some whom concession always renders exacting When travelling, Josephine would often breakfast in some delightful spot, under the shade of a tree, overlooking a fine country. On these occasions, if any worthy persons struggling with poverty, or any objects of charity came under her notice, they were sure to be munificently provided for.

Her grace and tact were conspicuous in receiving and replying to congratulatory addresses from the authorities in the cities or towns through which she passed. Her self-possession never forsook her, and her

words were treasured by her hearers, like those of the fairy in the fable, whose speech was jewels and pearls.

Napoleon in the mean time enjoyed a military display which was to him one of the proudest occasions in his career of glory. In the vicinity of Camps Boulogne and Montreuil, eighty thousand men under Marshal Soult, were assembled upon an extended plain, to attend the distribution of the Legion of Honor. In the centre of this circular champaign, was a hill, from whose base the ground rose with a gentle slope, forming a grand natural amphitheatre for the imposing ceremony. On this elevation stood Napoleon, encircled by his splendid staff, while around the dazzling pageant, the magnificent host spread away in diverging lines, like "so many rays" from the central orb. The Emperor surveyed the scene a few moments with a glowing eye and smile of triumph, then rose, and from that emerald throne beneath an azure dome, with a loud voice uttered again the oath administered at the Hospital of Invalides but a short time before. It was followed by a burst of enthusiasm that filled the very heavens with acclamations, until the idol of that worship, might have fancied that even the solemn ocean slumbering in the distance was waiting his command. Indeed, so it seemed soon after to those ardent devotees of genius, when a storm which had suddenly arisen and threatened the destruction of the flotilla lying out of harbor, just as he reached the coast, ceased to rage, and beneath a brightening sky, the vessels sailed safely into port. Napoleon returned to the camp,

and the entire plain became the theatre of pastimes and rejoicings. When evening darkened the landscape rockets went up in a constant blaze, and columns of light made an illumination which was visible from the British side of the strait. While the Emperor was delighted with these exciting demonstrations of loyalty, Josephine was more quietly receiving the homage of the people. She had reached Aix la Chapelle, and dispensing with all unnecessary etiquette, lived in her miniature court, and frequented the baths. One evening she observed that her ladies were destitute of entertainment and inclined to ennui. Her generous spirit immediately resolved on some new adventure. She proposed a visit to a model of Paris, of which she had just heard, remarkable both for its resemblance to the original, and its beauty. The chevalier M. d'Harville was about summoning the cortege with the imperial carriages, when Josephine insisted on walking to the hall of exhibition. He protested against a liberty which bordered on indecorum, but in vain. Scarcely were the group in progress, before the news spread, and the illuminated streets were thronged with the populace, so that with difficulty she pressed through the dense crowd, and finally arrived at her saloon, followed by the applause of the multitude. This naturalness of character, which was proof against adulation and honors, was no less admirable than rare.

At Aix la Chapelle she was joined by her husband He did not conceal the fact that he had been made acpuainted with all the circumstances of the Empress

and her attendants, nor his suspicions which ever thronged him like an army of grim spectres. Josephine's very kindnesses were turned into weapons of calumny by secret enemies. An aged officer unaccustomed to court, was presented, and immediately seated himself upon the same sofa with the Empress. She was unwilling to mortify or wound the heart of the old soldier, and he was permitted to withdraw at leisure. It was reported to Bonaparte that she had submitted to such a familiarity on the part of General Lorges, the commandant at Aix la Chapelle, who was a young and handsome man; this of course prepared him for a domestic storm, so far as his unaided will could create one. As usual in such affairs, Josephine quietly gave the facts, and left them to take silent effect upon him, and calm his passions. Conscious innocence sustained her, although a frown from Napoleon, fell like the bolt and the gloom of the thunder-cloud upon her sensitive nature. But these difficulties passed, followed by a succession of brilliant displays of popular feeling. The princes of the Rhenish Confederation crowded around the new Sovereign of France, to render their homage, and for hours together a cavalcade of loyal citizens would emulate each other in expressions of transport over the enthronement of their *republican* king. An incident is related of their entrance into Mayence, *en route* to Paris, that brings the imperial travellers in strong contrast, and discloses the cruelty of Bonaparte to Josephine, when his pride was wounded, or his anger kindled.

"At Coblentz Napoleon and Josephine again separated, the former to reach Mayenne by a new road which he had caused to be constructed along the banks of the Rhine, the latter to ascend the river by water. The voyage should have terminated by eleven o'clock of the second day, but the two yachts which carried the Empress and her suite encountered a severe storm near Bingen, where they put up for the night, and on starting next day some confusion arose in the relays stationed to drag the flotilla against the stream. This, with Josephine's indisposition, caused a delay of four hours, and she arrived at Mayence only at three o'clock. This was precisely the hour which the Emperor had appointed for his own entree, and the inhabitants were thus reduced to choose between whom they would attend. The Empress obtained 'the most sweet voices;' and while the ramparts and quays overlooking the Rhine, crowded with an eager population, resounded with acclamations of 'Long live the Empress!' her lord was left to traverse empty streets, where the houses, shut up and deserted, sent forth not a single voice to say 'God bless him!' In this guise his carriage arrived in the court of the palace, at the same instant Josephine appeared at the opposite entrance, surrounded by the authorities, and accompanied seemingly by all of man, woman and child, contained in Mayence. This was beyond endurance—at least beyond Napoleon's; so giving one short, pettish nod, he turned on his heel and shut himself up in his apartment. The court was informed

that the Emperor and Empress would dine alone Seven, the usual hour—eight—nine o'clock passed and no invitation to the wonder-struck courtiers to rejoin the circle in the drawing-room. At length the summons arrived; but, on entering, they found nobody. A few minutes after they beheld Napoleon leave Josephine's apartments and retire to his own, favoring them with his usual curt salutation of ill-humor as he crossed the saloon. The first lady of honor then entered to Josephine. She was in tears, and extremely unwell. She had endured for hours a scene of violence and outrage, Bonaparte accusing her of having intentionally retarded her arrival in order to interfere with his entrance, reproaching her with a systematic design of captivating the suffrages of the public."

At the latter place she met the young Princess of Baden, a lady recommended by Talleyrand to Bonaparte, as a suitable partner of his throne when he should for reasons of state policy, divorce his faithful Josephine. Her surprise and gratification were extreme, to find this person, who had been represented as a model of beauty and grace, the perfect contrast of herself in both these respects; nor was her satisfaction diminished that Napoleon himself seemed struck with this contrast. Her apprehensions from this quarter were therefore quieted, alas, how soon to be revived in another, and to be but too fearfully realized!

A story is related of the two Princesses of Baden, which shows that however deficient they may have

been in elegance, they were not wanting in a certain cleverness. Having waited on the Empress to accompany her to the opera, she perceived they had come without shawls; and as the evening was cold, she good-naturedly put one of her own around each of them. This courtesy they acknowledged the next morning in a complimentary billet; assuring her majesty they would *keep* the shawls as a memorial of her. Of course there was nothing for it but to accede with as good grace as possible; rather a difficult task, as the shawls were white cashmere!*

During the stay at Mayence, Josephine was again comparatively happy. There were bright mornings when neither military nor civic duties demanded the attention of Napoleon; and the family group went out upon the green banks of the Rhine, or a peaceful island sleeping on its bosom, and after breakfasting beneath the shade of the foliage, walked along the margin of the flashing waters—whose murmur with the music of birds, was more grateful to the Empress than the salute of artillery, or the acclamations of the excited and fickle multitude. The peasantry often looked with silent wonder upon a scene so novel and splendid. To their eye the rural banquet of that royal household, was a spectacle of bewildering magnificence, more like a glorious vision, than the common life of mortals. Sometimes these humble spectators were objects of charity, and arrested the attention of Bonaparte or

* A cashmere shawl was at that time worth, in France, nearly as much as a small estate.

Josephine. Observing a poor woman on one occasion beholding them with a sad interest, he sent for her, and inquired "If she had ever dreamed she was rich?" With hesitation she answered, "I have thought the person who possessed five hundred florins, (about fifty pounds,) would be the richest in the world." "Her dream is a little too dear," Napoleon remarked, "but it matters not—we must realize it." The sum was collected and paid to the dreamer, who gazed with amazement and rapture at a pile of gold which was all her ambition had in fancy ever grasped. Not long afterward, the Empress was taking a morning walk around the island, when she encountered a woman in the garb of extreme poverty, sitting upon the ground, and nursing a babe. Josephine took the infant in her arms, and kindly caressing it, dropped a tear upon its cheek; an expression of sympathy, but doubtless also of painful regret that she was still unblest in her grandeur, with the very gift without which, she knew a fearful uncertainty hung over her prospective happiness. The innocent child looked up and smiled upon the loving face shaded with conflicting emotions, and tossed its little arms toward the musing and grieving Empress. Dropping a purse of a hundred francs into the mother's hand, she turned away, followed by the blessing of a humble and grateful subject. The evenings were passed in conversation or light amusement. As before stated, upon the authority of Josephine, Bonaparte, when pleased and interested, conversed with great fluency and power. He not unfrequently intro-

duced sculpture, music or painting, and discussed with freedom the great masters in art. He was acquainted with metaphysics, and engaged in animated argument with Cambaceres, who had studied Kant and admired his system, upon ethical questions, or disputed points in mental science. But love was the most common topic; and we are assured that he could expatiate upon that theme with eloquence and dramatic effect not unworthy of his model in this department, the celebrated Talma. His appreciation of female character, however, as has been seen, was small—his early experience and subsequent observation, added to his poor opinion of the masses, and his unbounded self-esteem, gave to woman a rank entirely below her true position when elevated by culture, and ennobled by religious principle. Reclining carelessly on a sofa, like all contemplative minds, he was particularly fond of talking or sitting quietly at the hour of twilight, and as darkness deepened about him, his intellect gathered strength, and some of his finest thoughts were uttered. Much has been said concerning his brief repose, and miraculous endurance of wakefulness and exhausting activity. Upon this subject, a member of the travelling party has sensibly written: "One thing I had formerly remarked, but more particularly during the present journey, namely, the mistake under which the world labored respecting Napoleon. The vulgar belief is, that he almost never sleeps, and works constantly; but I see that if he rise early to inspect his regiments he takes good care to make up for it at night. Yester-

day, for instance, he got on horseback exactly at five for a review, but in the evening he retired at nine, and Josephine told us he had gone to bed. As to his immoderate use of coffee, again, in order to keep off sleep —he takes one cup after breakfast, and another after dinner. But it is ever thus with the public: when an individual, placed in fortunate circumstances, is enabled to accomplish great things, mankind instantly convert these into marvels, and place them to the account of genius."

This journey, though attended with some slight mortifications, was always spoken of by Josephine, as one of the most delightful of her life. It seemed to banish from her mind for a time the sadness occasioned by her hopeless exertions in behalf of many of the victims of an alleged conspiracy; while Napoleon's kindness encouraged the transitory hope that her dark forebodings might never be realized.

Napoleon was now at the summit of power in France, but it was his desire to go through the imposing ceremony of a public coronation. No bishop in the empire was, however, competent to the task; the Pope of Rome, Christ's vicar upon earth, must be called from the Vatican to Paris, to assist in the splendid pageant. The audacious summons was complied with; the venerable Pius VII. was received by the Emperor and his court at Fontainebleau, conducted with every mark of respect to the Tuilleries, and entertained there for many months, with the honors due to his exalted station. The Empress especially seems

from his arrival, to have felt for him the sincerest regard and veneration; and a letter which she addressed to him previous to her coronation, gives a pleasing proof of her humility and desire to be guided aright in the new rank to which Providence had raised her.

THE EMPRESS TO HIS HOLINESS PIUS VII.

"Whatever experience of human change the knowledge of our religion may have taught, your holiness will view, doubtless not without astonishment, an obscure woman ready to receive from your hands the first among the crowns of Europe. In an event so far beyond the ordinary course, she recognizes and blesses the work of the Almighty, without daring to inquire into his purposes. But, holy father, I should be still ungrateful, even while I magnified the power of God, if I poured not out my soul into the paternal bosom of him who has been chosen to represent his providence —if I confided not to you my secret thoughts. The first and chief of these is the conviction of my own weakness and incapacity. Of myself I can do nothing, or, to speak more correctly, the little I can do is derived solely from the extraordinary man with whom my lot is cast. This falling back upon myself, by which I am sometimes cast down, serves, upon more mature reflection, to encourage me. I say in my own heart, is not the arm which causes the earth to tremble, amply sufficient to sustain me? But how many

are the difficulties which surround the station to which that arm has raised me! I do not speak of the corruption which, in the midst of greatness, has tainted the purest minds; I can rely upon my own, so far as in this respect not to fear elevation. But from a height whence all other dignities must appear mean, how shall I distinguish real poverty? Ah! truly do I feel that, in becoming Empress of the French, I ought also to become to them as a mother: at the same time, what would it avail to bear them in my heart, if I proved my affection for them only by my intentions? Deeds are what people have a right to demand from those who govern them; and your holiness, who so well replies to the respectful love of your subjects by continual acts of justice and benevolence, more than any other sovereign, is qualified to instruct me by example in the efficacy of this doctrine. Oh, then, holy father! may you, with the sacred unctions poured upon my head, not only awaken me to the truth of those precepts which my heart acknowledges, but also confirm the resolution of applying them to practice!"

It cannot be denied that the Pope was under obligations to Bonaparte, for his exertions in behalf of the re-establishment of the Romish religion, which, during the reign of terror, had been well-nigh superseded in France, by the most impious infidelity and atheism. The Emperor now further testified his respect for religion, by causing his marriage, which had only been a legal ceremony performed by a magistrate, to be con-

secrated by a nuptial benediction from Cardinal Fesch, in the private chapel of the Tuilleries.

The coronation surpassed in magnificence all that had ever preceded it. The dress of the Empress was in itself elegant, and arranged with that taste in which she excelled all the ladies of her time—the effect must have been unequalled. A drapery of white satin, embroidered on the skirt with gold, and on the breast with diamonds; a mantle of the richest crimson velvet lined with ermine, and satin embroidered with gold; a girdle of gold so pure as to be quite elastic, and set with large diamonds, formed her dress; and on her head she wore a splendid diadem of pearls and diamonds, the workmanship of which had employed the first artists of the capital. How her thoughts must have reverted to her first marriage, when, as she used to relate with great simplicity, she carried the few trinkets given her by Beauharnais, for some days in her pocket to exhibit to admiring acquaintances.

Bonaparte's dress was quite as gorgeous, and must have reminded him that he had indeed assumed the *weight* of empire, for the mantle alone is said to have weighed eighty pounds. Indeed, he was by no means elated with this display of finery, but submitted to it as part of the system of personal aggrandizement, to which he adhered at whatever sacrifice of comfort. We can readily imagine that the hardy soldier must have been much less at his ease, in his white silk stockings, and white buskins laced and embroidered with gold, that when shortly afterward he appeared on

the plain of Marengo, on the anniversary of his great victory there, in the identical cap and cloak pierced with bullet holes which he had worn in that battle, and there, surrounded by thirty thousand of his troops, distributed the decorations of the Legion of Honor.

The imperial carriage, panelled with mirror, and drawn by eight horses like the ancient regal coaches of the empire, attended by horsemen to the number of ten thousand, and double lines of infantry a mile and a half in length, and gazed at by four hundred thousand spectators, proceeded to the church of Notre Dame, which had been magnificently embellished for the occasion. The incessant thunder of artillery rolled over that tumultuous sea of humanity, whose shouts rose in one loud acclamation. While the grand procession was slowly moving forward, the clouds which had hung darkly over the city suddenly parted, and the clear sunlight fell upon the gay uniform, golden trappings, and burnished arms, till the reflection was a blended brightness that gave the finishing halo of glory to this regal march. Arriving at the archiepiscopal palace, the cortege paused, while beneath a high arch way from which floated the banners of the Legion of Honor, the royal group entered the cathedral, where a throne was prepared for the most influential and remarkable sovereign of Europe. It was placed opposite the principal entrance on a platform, whose elevation was reached by twenty-two semi-circular steps richly carpeted and gleaming with golden bees. Here were standing the high officers of the realm in solemn state.

The drapery of the throne was crimson velvet, under a canopy of which appeared Napoleon and Josephine, attended by his brothers, and the members of the imperial family. Four hours were consumed in the religious services by a choir of three hundred, and martial airs from a band whose number was still greater, filling the wide arches of that temple with a tide of harmony such as never before was poured over a silent throng within its consecrated walls. At length the Emperor arose, and taking the diadem of wrought gold, calmly placed it upon his brow. Resolved to impress the people from the commencement of his reign, that he ruled in his own right, Pius was not permitted to touch the bauble that made him King—his own hand alone was laid upon it. Then raising the crown designed for Josephine to his head, he passed it to her own. Josephine, always natural, and therefore always interesting, as with folded arms she kneeled gracefully before him, then rising, fixed upon him a look of tenderness and gratitude, while tears fell from her eyes. The Bible was laid upon the throne; Napoleon placed his hand upon it, and in a voice which was distinctly heard throughout the immense edifice, pronounced the customary oaths of office. A simultaneous shout broke from all the vast assembly, which was echoed by the crowds without; while the thunders of artillery proclaimed to more distant places that Bonaparte was Emperor of France.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANCE AND JOSEPHINE AT THIS PERIOD OF HISTORY.—REJOICINGS OF THE PEOPLE.—IMPORTANT EVENTS.—TOUR TO MILAN.—NAPOLEON VISITS BRIENNE.—WITH JOSEPHINE CROSSES THE ALPS.—PLAIN OF MARENGO.—THE CORONATION AT MILAN.—SOJOURN THERE.—NEWS OF PROBABLE HOSTILITIES.—JOSEPHINE AT GENOA.—THE RAPID TRAVEL TO PARIS.—PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—JOSEPHINE REGENT OF FRANCE.—LETTER TO CAMBACERES.—NAPOLEON'S VICTORIES.—ARRIVAL OF A COURIER.—MARRIAGE OF EUGENE.—JOSEPHINE'S LETTER UPON THE EXPECTED MARRIAGE OF HER NIECE STEPHANIE DE BEAUHARNAIS.—THE ROYAL FAMILY.—DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.—BONAPARTE'S HABITS AND ILLNESS.—HUNTING EXCURSIONS.—HATRED OF BONAPARTE'S RELATIVES TOWARDS JOSEPHINE.—HER KINDNESS IN RETURN.—NAPOLEON'S MOVEMENTS.

THERE is that stirring interest in the position of France immediately after the restoration of monarchy, and also of Josephine, which belongs to the consummation of a long series of events—a point of observation from which we can look back and mark intelligently the deep and decisive causes lying below the agitations that revolutionized governments, and changed the aspect of the world. We gaze not only upon the past as from an illumined height, but almost prophetically read the future in the same broad light. In the very capital where four years before the blind Polyphemus, of a horrid democracy, had declared with ghastly triumph and bacchanal shouts, "Royalty is abolished forever!" the joyous salutation rang over assembled thousands

and a throne of imposing grandeur, "Long live the Emperor!" Within the temple-courts where altar and cross were demolished, and "There is no God," was unblushingly uttered amid the vilest blasphemies, the venerable Pope reverently stood, and pronounced the benediction of Heaven; while the Bible was solemnly recognized as the hope and guardian of the nation, upon the ear of one who so recently was a captive rembling in sight of the crimson guillotine, fell the swelling acclamation, "God bless the Empress!"

Through the manifold phases of revolutionary commotion, France had become tranquil again under a sceptre; and Josephine, after the strangest contrasts in condition—the smile of fortune and the midnight gloom of unutterable sorrow, was more than queen of a proud and prosperous kingdom. Although oppression and famine exasperated the people of France, until revolution was as inevitable, as the eruption of a volcano when its sea of fire is lashed into billows, they were wholly incapable of self-government: inconstant in native character, unenlightened in regard to the basis of a true republic, and wanting well nigh universally the religious element of strength, they could do no more than trample in the dust the symbols of power, raze from its foundation the civil fabric, and fling the reins of authority upon the necks of a lawless mob. Therefore after the wild pastime was over, and exhaustion succeeding the terrific convulsions, created the necessity of a protector, they were ready to cry with the enthusiasm of men who had at last reached

the goal of their hopes and bloody struggles, "God save the King!"

For weeks after the coronation, which took place December 2d, 1804, Paris was the centre of jubilant festivity. The authorities of the city at a fête given by them in the apartments selected for Josephine in the Hotel de Ville, presented her with a full toilet service of massive gold, and other expressions of loyalty and personal regard. The same evening, as if the popular joy vaulted to the very heavens, a magnificent balloon, in which was a constellation of lamps, and around which was an iron net-work forming a gigantic crown, was cut from its fastenings, and rose directly above the capital, then slowly sailing southward, this imperial globe of light became a vanishing star, disappearing from the straining vision of the multitudes, whose voices made "the welkin ring." The shining machine traversed half of the continent, and crossing the Alps more rapidly than the conqueror had ever done, whose glory it heralded, fell after a circuit of nine hundred miles in fifteen days, into Lake Bracciano, to the astonishment and alarm of the peasantry and fishermen, who witnessed its descent from the peaceful sky to the bosom of the waters.

The day after the coronation, two great events in the annals of Europe, and consequently of the new dynasty, had transpired;—the treaty concluded between England and Sweden, and the declaration of war by Spain with the former power. England in her irritation toward France, without the shadow of a

valid reason, claimed the right of searching four Spanish frigates on their way from Mexico to Cadiz; the demand was repulsed, and a battle was the result followed by proclamation of war. In the message to the Legislative Assembly communicated in person at its opening towards the close of the year, Bonaparte alluded to this affair, in language that created a sensation throughout Europe: "It would have afforded me pleasure, on this solemn occasion, to have seen peace reign throughout the world; but the political principles of our enemies—their recent conduct towards Spain, sufficiently show the difficulty of fulfilling that wish I have no desire to aggrandize the territory of France. but to maintain her integrity. I have no ambition to exercise a greater influence over the rest of Europe, but I will not lose any of that which I have acquired No state will be incorporated with the empire, but I will not sacrifice my rights nor the ties which connect us with the states which I have created." Napoleon therefore again contemplated soon entering the field with his hitherto invincible army. Josephine foresaw the probability of another general warfare, and as ever, shrank with horror she dare not express, from the prospect. Unutterable sufferings and the hazard of all the hero had won, was the painful picture before her thought.

Bonaparte now resolved to strengthen his reign by re-moulding his Cis-alpine republic into an appendage of the Empire, as the Kingdom of Italy. In April, accompanied by Josephine, he set out for Milan to se-

cure the crown of Lombardy. At Fontainebleau, the Emperor left Josephine for Brienne, which he had not visited since he left the military school, to revive early associations amid scenes made familiar by the pastimes of boyhood. It had the magical effect on his feelings every one has known who, after a long absence from the home of childhood, has gone back with the memory of eventful years contrasting with its quiet pleasures and delightful dreams. Memes thus pleasantly records some of the reported incidents of that excursion.

"After passing the night in the chateau de Brienne, he got up early in the morning to visit La Rothiere, formerly a holyday haunt, and the cottage of dame Marguerite, a woman who lived in the forest, and at whose abode the collegians, in their rambles, were wont to be supplied with eggs, cakes, and milk. On such occasions each paid his share, and the good dame had not, it seems, forgotten, that regular payment might be depended on when young Napoleon was of the party. The Emperor had inquired about the old woman over night, and heard, with equal surprise and pleasure, that she still lived. Galloping almost alone through the valleys of the forest, he alighted at a little distance, and entered the cottage. 'Good morning, dame Marguerite; so you have no curiosity to see the Emperor?' 'Yes, indeed, good master, I am very anxious to see him, and here is a basketful of fresh eggs I am to carry to the chateau, and then I will try to get a sight of the Emperor; I shall easily know

him, for I have seen him often before now, when he came to taste my milk; he was not Emperor then, but o' my troth, he knew how to manage his comrades, my milk, eggs, cakes, and broken plates, were sure to be paid for when he was present; he began by paying his own score, and saw that every one else paid.' 'So, dame Marguerite,' replied the Emperor with a smile, 'you have not then forgotten Bonaparte?' 'Nay, nay, my good master, people don't soon forget a young man of his stamp; we all remember that he was cautious, serious, and sometimes even melancholy, but always good to the poor. I am no great witch, but could have told that he would have made his way.' 'He has done pretty well, has he not?' asked Napoleon, laughing. 'O' my troth, master, that he has,' said the old woman, to whom Napoleon, during this short dialogue, had approached quite close, but keeping his back to the door, and consequently to the principal light. Turning now suddenly round, the light streamed full upon his countenance—the good dame started, blessed herself, and seemed striving to collect her reminiscences of the past. To help her memory, Napoleon rubbing his hands, and assuming the tones and manners of his youth, called out, 'So. ho! dame Marguerite, some milk and fresh eggs; we are all dying of hunger.' The old woman, not quite assured, began to examine the emperor very attentively. 'Ah, dame Marguerite,' said the latter, 'time has changed us both; and you perceive it would not have been so easy as you just now thought to recognize the Em-

peror; but you find we are old acquaintances.' The poor creature dropped upon her knees—Napoleon raised her with an expression of the utmost kindness, saying, 'Of a truth, my good mother, I am as hungry as a student—have you nothing to give me?' Eggs and milk were got ready, Napoleon helping himself, for joy had almost put the old woman beside herself. Having thus made a hearty repast, the Emperor rose to depart, and giving his ancient hostess a purse of gold, said, 'You know, dame Marguerite, I like everybody to pay their score. Adieu, I will not forget you.'"

Rejoining the Empress, they resumed their tour to Lyons, and shared the sumptuous hospitality of Cardinal Fesch. It was decided to cross the Alps by Mont Cenis, and for the adventure two elegant sedans were forwarded from Turin. There was no grand highway, as soon afterward, bridging the chasms, and the traveller, like the wild goat, had often to climb the perilous steep in a path untrodden before. Josephine avoided the beautiful conveyance ordered expressly for her, and preferred, whenever possible, to advance by her elastic step, to walk beside Napoleon, breathe the bracing air, and behold with kindling eye the sea of glittering summits, the gorges and their foaming torrents, and the ice-fields stretching away in cold and majestic desolation. That passage was a novel and sublime spectacle. The sovereign of an empire, with his charming queen, toiling up the heights over which he had led conquering armies—his thoughts busy with those mighty scenes—*hers* wandering over the waste

of wonders, and above them through eternity, of which the solemn peaks seemed silent yet eloquent witnesses

From Turin the tourists' next place of rendezvous was Alessandria, near the plain of Marengo; and he could not resist the inducement to stand once more upon that field which had rocked to one of the world's decisive battles, and sent his name like a spell-word around the globe. He ordered from Paris the old uniform and hat which he had worn on the day of conflict amid the smoke of the terrible struggle, and then, while in fancy he saw again the meeting battalions, as when he wrung from the outnumbering foe victories that astonished the heroes of every realm, he reviewed with imperial dignity the national troops in Italy. Reaching Milan, the ancient crown was brought from seclusion, and the dust in which it had been entombed removed from the neglected symbol of royalty. In the grand Cathedral of the city, the second in magnificence to St. Peter's, another coronation was had, Napoleon receiving the crown from the archbishop's hand, and placing it, as before, upon his own head.

He repeated, during the ceremony, in Italian, these words—"God has given it—woe to the gainsayer;" raising the iron circlet also to the brow of Josephine. The assemblage of nobility and beauty dispersed; Napoleon calmly received their display of loyalty, and the gay Milanese again, with wonted hilarity, thronged the market-place and busy streets of the capital. Next came the public formalities of appointing Eugene Viceroy of the new kingdom. The occasion was brilliant

and imposing—especially gratifying to his noble mother, who was a deeply interested spectator of the scene. So the succeeding weeks, like those after the festivities at Paris, were crowded with demonstrations of gladness, that made the whole period one gala-day of rejoicing and social dissipation.

There is a charming little island in the Olona, to which the royal pair often resorted to escape the excitement of these unceasing pleasures; and while the confused murmur of the distant city died away in the tranquillity of nature, would sit down to a morning repast, and then stroll over the green esplanade, whose border was laved by the mirror tide. In one of these promenades they encountered a poor woman who had just left her miserable cabin, and gazed with surprise upon the strangers Bonaparte paused, and kindly addressed her:—

"How do you live, my good woman? are you married? how many children have you?' 'Sir, I am very poor, and have three children, whom we have difficulty in bringing up, for my husband, who is a day-laborer, has not always work.' 'Well, how much would make you perfectly happy?' asked Napoleon. 'Ah! sir, a great deal of money.' 'Well, but once more, how much would you wish?' 'Oh, sir, at least twenty louis, (about 16*l.*) but what prospect is there of our having twenty louis?' The Emperor ordered 3000 francs (125*l.*) in gold to be given her. The rouleaus being opened, and the contents poured into her lap, at the sight of such a quantity of gold, the poor woman

nearly fainted away. 'Ah! sir,' said she, 'ah! madam, it is a great deal too much—and yet you do not look as if you could sport with the feelings of a miserable woman.' Josephine reassured her, saying, in the gentlest accents, 'You can now rent a piece of ground, purchase a flock of goats, and I hope, he will be able to bring up your children comfortably.'"

At Milan the first intimations of threatening dissatisfaction, on the part of Austria and Russia, reached the Emperor. Although he continued his tour through the peninsula, so rich in picturesque scenery and historic recollections—in everything that awakens thought and kindles the imagination—his mind was occupied with coming events, whose foreshadowing he beheld in the blackening horizon of the north. Arriving at Genoa, the tidings of a coalition were confirmed, based in part at least, it was apparent, upon the coronation in Milan. To Josephine the brief stay in the "City of palaces," was more attractive than any transient residence during their travel had been The citizens were polite and attentive—the air delightful as the sea-breeze of her native island—and the charming bay, made more beautiful by floating gardens of orange-trees and flowers, constructed expressly for her amusement. It was a pause in their hurried progress, which refreshed her languid frame, and soothed like a lovely vision her weary heart. The departure was impetuous, for the eagle eye of Napoleon was on the tokens of a hastening tempest, and he caught in fancy the thunders of its terrible shock. The imperial carriage glided like a

spirit along the highway, and the lash fell with increasing rapidity upon the foaming steeds. When for a moment there was a halt to change the horses, water was dashed on the smoking axle, and again the wheels revolved, till they seemed self-moving, while their low hum only broke the silence, except the occasional shout of Napoleon, "On! On! we do not move!"

Reaching Paris, he remained a few days, and then passed on with the same lightning speed to Boulogne, to rally his forces for the Rhenish boundary, and the campaign of Austerlitz. He issued orders to the commanders of the Army of Invasion, to be ready, upon the first hostile movement by Austria, to advance against her. His vast arrangements went forward with usual precision and haste—the army went wild with enthusiasm in view of the campaign; and the marvellous activity of their leader made him their wonder and their idol. *Twenty thousand* carriages conveyed the battalions, as if by a magical flight, from Boulogne to the beautiful Rhine, upon whose green banks a hecatomb of youthful soldiers, who had impatiently waited for the conflict, were trodden in gore beneath the iron hoof. Napoleon returned to Paris to complete his preparation for taking command of the French Army. On the 24th of September, 1805, he left the capital with Josephine, who, attending him to Strasburg, was there compelled to part from him. and hasten to the palace, to enter upon her duties as regent of the empire in Bonaparte's absence. Cambaceres, archchancellor, was selected to be her adviser and aid,

to whom she addressed a letter, which discloses her intense solicitude, her clear judgment, and sterling sense, that, in connection with her extreme tenderness and unaffected modesty, form a character we admire with new devotion at every view, like the artist's affection for a faultless form some master has chiselled.

JOSEPHINE TO CAMBACERES.

"Sir,—To-morrow, as you know, in absence of the Emperor, I am to give audience to the Senate and the different authorities. In a conjuncture of such moment, two things are needful—to inform you of my intentions, and to receive your advice. In this my necessity, to whom can I more properly apply than to the distinguished personage who possesses the Emperor's entire confidence, and whom France regards, with reason, as his worthy representative!

"The various addresses have been communicated to me, and I send you an outline of the terms in which, I conceive, I ought to reply.

"I remind the Senate, that as fathers of their country, and conservators of her institutions, to them belongs the sole duty of maintaining a balance between the different powers of the state, not permitting themselves to encroach upon any one. To the legislative body, I say that their functions are to judge and to pass laws, particularly those relating to taxation, without meddling in the march of government, which such interference would impede. I call to the remembrance

of the council of state, that for them has been reserved the important duty of preparing, by previous discussion, good internal laws, and a durable legislation. To the ministers I state, that they form neither a corporation nor even a legislative commission—neither the administration nor the government; but that, under the title of superior agents of the government, and first commissioners of its chief, they execute and cause to be executed, orders which are the immediate consequences of legislative determinations. To the clergy I explain, that they form a portion of the state, while the state never is, and never can be transferred to them; that their sole and exclusive province is the conscience, upon which they are to act so as to form citizens to the country, soldiers for the territory, subjects for the sovereign, and virtuous fathers of families. To the magistracy I say, that applying without interpreting the laws, in unity of views, and identity of jurisprudence, they are to seize with sagacity the spirit of the law, reconciling the happiness of the governed with the respect due to governors. To the savans I acknowledge, that the gentle empire of the arts, of science, and literature tempers whatever might be too austere in arms, which yet, in a season of transition and trial, are indispensable. The manufacturers and merchants are reminded, that they should have but two thoughts, which at bottom are one and the same, the prosperity of our own productions, and the ruin of those of England. Finally, to the agriculturalists it is stated, that the treasures of France are buried in the soil, and that by the plough-

share and the spade they are thence to be extracted. To the heroes of either service I have nothing to say—this palace is filled with their exploits; and from under a canopy of standards, conquered by their valor, and consecrated by their blood, do I speak.

"Let me know speedily, and with perfect frankness whether I am worthy thus to address the august assembly of my hearers."

Scarcely had Josephine thus shown herself equal to her responsible station, before Napoleon was in the midst of battle. On the 7th of October, he had crossed the Danube in face of the enemy, and turned the living tide of men from his triumphal path—on the 8th, Murat fought the fierce battle of Wertingen, taking two thousand Austrian prisoners; on the 9th, the defeated army retreated from Guntzburg, pursued by the victorious French to the gates of Augsburg which they entered, and proceeding to Munich, it was also in their possession on the 12th. On the 14th, occurred the battle of Memingem, when six thousand Austrians surrendered to Marshal Soult, and Ney wrung, with unrivalled valor, Elchingen from the hand of the enemy; and on the 17th, the grand consummation in the capitulation of Ulm, crowed the ten days' work with glory, the world had never known hitherto in the annals of conquest.

This was followed by the splendid victory of Austerlitz, on the anniversary of the coronation, which decided the struggle, opening to the French the gates of the Austrian capital. As we gave the summary of

Napoleon's first campaign, inscribed on the flag he sent to the Directory, we add the eloquent and artful address he made to the army after they had vanquished the enemy, containing an outline of what he had accomplished.

"Soldiers of the Grand Army,—In fifteen days we have finished our campaign. What we proposed to do has been done. We have chased the Austrian troops from Bavaria, and restored our ally to the sovereigron of his dominions.

"That army, which with so much presumption and imprudence marched upon our frontiers, is annihilated.

"But what does this signify to England? She has gained her object. We are no longer at Boulogne, and her subsidies will not be the less great.

"Of a hundred thousand men who composed that army, sixty thousand are prisoners; but they will supply our conscripts in the labor of husbandry.

"Two hundred pieces of cannon, ninety flags, and all their generals, are in our power. Not more than fifteen thousand men have escaped.

"Soldiers! I announce to you a great battle; but thanks to the ill-devised combinations of the enemy, I was able to secure the desired result without any danger; and, what is unexampled in the history of nations, these results have been gained at the loss of scarcely fifteen hundred men, killed and wounded.

"Soldiers! this success is due to your entire confidence in your Emperor, to your patience in supporting

fatigue and privations of every kind, and to your remarkable intrepidity.

"But we will not stop here. You are impatient to commence a second campaign.

"The Russian army, which the gold of England has brought from the extremity of the world, we have to serve in the same manner.

"In the conflict in which we are now to be engaged, the honor of the French infantry is especially concerned. We shall then see decided, for the second time, that question which has already been decided in Switzerland and Holland; namely, whether the French infantry is the first or second in Europe?

"There are no generals amongst them, in contending against whom I can acquire any glory. All I wish is to obtain the victory with the least possible bloodshed. My soldiers are my children."

In the mean time all was suspense at St. Cloud. December was vanishing, and no news reached the Empress from the army, till looks only betrayed the increasing alarm none ventured longer to breathe in words of fear. One evening Josephine was sitting in the saloon with the circle who usually gathered there, putting on a witching mockery of her wonted smile, while in every heart sad forebodings made each endeavor to awaken mirth, a fruitless struggle. Stillness stole upon that brilliant circle, and a gloomy anticipation of disastrous tidings absorbed all other feeling. Suddenly there arose wild shouts of gladness, and a gallant Mameluke dashed into the court, his panting

steed falling in death beneath the brave rider. The sound of bells and the loud crack of the whip had reached the ear of Josephine. She flew to the window to hail the courier from the Danube—"Victory! Austerlitz!" passed from lip to lip beneath the casement, while tears were her response of joy that could find no other language.

She immediately descended to the vestibule, attended by her ladies, and received from the hand of the Mameluke, who came from the field of victory, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, in twelve hours, a note written by Napoleon at the moment his valiant army won the terrific day, and the triumphant shout was heard along the advancing lines. In the light of flambeaux borne by the attendants, she read the brief message with that tide of emotion which rushes over the spirit when transport succeeds despair; then taking from her finger a diamond ring of great value, gave it to the chivalrous courier. The news spread—the people were frantic with enthusiasm, and ready in their loyalty to deify the conqueror, as in their atheistical frenzy they once did reason. To Josephine the results were grateful as a loving mother. Eugene was in consequence of these triumphs to marry the Princess of Bavaria—the first royal alliance in the family of the Emperor. Josephine was informed that the nuptials would occur in Munich in January, (1806,) and her presence was required. She made haste to join those dearer to her than laurels of glory, and behold the bride of the Viceroy of Italy. It was purely

a political marriage, and as such young Beauharnais recoiled from the paternal decree. But he found in the Princess Augusta all he could desire or love, and their mutual devotion became deep and enduring; a source of pleasure to Josephine, through a life of singular and changeful interest. The maternal character of this remarkable woman is most attractive, and always above reproach. Without the discipline of moral cultivation in its highest form—surrounded by society hollow in principle and deceptive in action—flattered and honored, she was still an affectionate, judicious, and faithful mother. Her children were indeed "her crown," and she was happy in their prosperity, when every other joy was crushed.

Napoleon returned from Germany, and in his train followed a swarm of German princes to the court of France. Fêtes and parties were the order of the day; the slain were forgotten, except in homes left desolate, and the name of Napoleon was the theme of eulogy in the market and mansion—by the noble who anticipated honor, and the peasant who toiled only for his bread. Among the royal guests was the Prince of Baden, the intended husband of Stephanie de Beauharnais, who had been made princess but recently, and was a niece of Josephine. A communication addressed to an old friend, in reference to the affair, illustrates the pure and elevated sentiments that were cherished in all the relations of life:—

JOSEPHINE TO THE COMTESSE GIRARDIN.

"My dear Friend,—I send you a set of jewels, which will serve to prove that I do not cease to think of you. The moment Foncier (jeweller to the Empress) brought them, the charming appearance they would have on your beautiful neck occurred to me, and I eagerly made the purchase. Accept, then, this pledge of an attachment which you cannot doubt, on recalling your own affection for me when I was utterly destitute, but of which, from that very circumstance, it will be pleasing to receive a new remembrance.

"I am truly satisfied with the rank which I occupy, only when it procures me the pleasure of obtaining some favor for my friends of old. Your situation, fortunately, deprives me of the happiness of being able to serve you, since all your wishes are fulfilled. I cannot console myself for my want of power to be serviceable, save by often seeking occasions of being at least agreeable. These my heart will instruct me how to divine.

"My charming Stephanie, now adopted by the Emperor, is very soon to espouse a German prince. His name must be still a mystery: so soon as I have permission to communicate it, you shall be the first to learn the secret. You know my tenderness for my niece, and can therefore conceive the happiness which I experience in venturing to anticipate hers. Her character, little disposed to ambition, makes her regard this match with a degree of pain, because it re-

moves her from me and her family; yet a while, and she will forget everything in the truest of all the joys of this world, that of seeing the happiness of others depending upon her. You will remember, my dear, we found means of tasting such enjoyment even in prison, by sharing with the wretched captives what we received from our friends! There wants, indeed, only the will to oblige; the means are always in our power; and Stephanie especially is worthy of often meeting with the opportunity.

"Meantime we are very busy with all those futilities necessary to an intended. I am delighted with everything the emperor does for my favorite. She is, I know, less overjoyed than I, from the causes already mentioned, and finds only one consolation, in being able, on quitting France, to take with her some early friends, a privilege which is to be granted. If, then, your protegée desires an agreeable situation, I believe I can procure one near Stephanie's person, which will be preferable to one in my service.

"I must leave you, dear friend, for Forcier. There are duties to which we must sacrifice even friendship. You will therefore pardon my breaking off abruptly for a purpose of this importance. For your sake I have vanquished my sloth, not wishing to employ the pen of my good Deschamps (private secretary.) Between friends such as we two, a third party is to me always a restraint. Are you not of the same opinion? Adieu, my friend. Empress or in prison, be assured no one loves you as does JOSEPHINE.'

While these festive scenes were passing, and the Parisians holding jubilee, Napoleon was not idle—unlike Hannibal, he never paused for voluptuous ease upon a height of glory, nor for an instant relaxed his vigilance and untiring activity. Having created Kingdoms and appointed Kings, over the wide region of conquest, he determined to environ his throne with a new line of Princes, and bestow principalities upon the members of his own household. Murat became Grand Duke of Cleves and Berg—Cambaceres Duke of Parma—his sister Pauline, who had married Prince Borghese, was created Duchess of Guastalla; Louis and Hortense held the throne of Holland. Josephine rejoiced with trembling at this rapid approximation towards the fruition of her most radiant hopes—the fulfilment of dreams more gorgeous than ever haunted the brain of the Abyssinian Prince in his garden of manifold delights. In her society, gathering about him and concentrating all the elements of permanent power, and carrying on negotiations for peace with surrounding powers, Napoleon occupied the spring and summer of 1806. Prussia was resolved on war, and the ultimatum of her Cabinet, amounting to a haughty challenge, was applying the torch to the magazine of restless Europe. Bonaparte was enraged, and in September was again on the banks of the Rhine. The following month France and Prussia were in the field, and on the 14th were fought the great battles of Austerdadt and Jena. These were followed by a series of victories scarcely less marvellous and splendid than those of a

preceding year, till over annihilated armies of the world's noblest soldiers, Napoleon marched like the very angel of death to the foe. It was during this campaign that he performed the generous deed of pardoning Prince Hatzfield, whose intercepted letters from Berlin proved him to be a spy; an act that touched deeply the heart of Josephine, and endeared the man she loved with an idolatry death alone could destroy. The court-martial had assembled to try the Prince, and evidently the formalities of examination, sentence, and execution would succeed each other without hesitation. Through the influence of Duroc at this juncture, Madam Hatzfield was introduced into the apartment of the Emperor. The interview is given in Napoleon's own language, quoted from a letter to the Empress, in which she alludes to something he had written unfavorable to her sex.

"I have received your letter, in which it seems you reproach me for speaking ill of woman. True it is that, above all things, I dislike female intriguers. I have been used to kind, gentle and conciliatory women. Them I love, and if they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have acted indulgently towards one sensible and deserving woman. I allude to Madam Hatzfield. When I showed her her husband's letter, she burst into tears, and in a tone of the most exquisite grief and candor, exclaimed, 'It is indeed his writing!' This was too much, it went to my heart, and I said, 'Well, Madam, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no

proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband is now safe; two hours later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are feminine simple and amiable, for they alone resemble you November 6th, 1806, 9 o'clock, P. M."

A glimpse of the interior of St. Cloud while these years of alternate conflict and peace were vanishing and Josephine living amid the enthusiastic homage of the nation, unstained and undazzled by greatness, will possess an interest different in kind, from the general surface-view, but pleasing, because it affords a closer observation of character, which is the only test of one's real condition. The Emperor, as mentioned before, had separate apartments in the palace, occasionally passing the night with Josephine, when much of the time was spent in conversation. The order given his attendant was, to enter the apartment at seven o'clock in the morning; of which service, the faithful Constant has made his own simple report:—

"The Emperor commonly asked for tea or an infusion of orange flowers, and rose immediately after. The Empress would say with a smile, 'Will you rise so soon?—Remain a little longer.' 'Well, if I do, you will not sleep, will you?' was his majesty's usual reply; then he would roll her up in the coverlet, laughing, and tickling her on the cheeks and neck. In the course of a few minutes the Empress rose also, and putting on a loose *robe du matin,* either read the journal while the Emperor dressed, or retired by a private

access to her own apartments, but never without addressing some kind and condescending words to myself."

Josephine's hour of rising was nine o'clock, and after devoting an hour to the toilet, entered the reception-room of petitioners, for her interposition, or the royal favor. With all the annoyances attending this ceremony, it was to her second to none in interest; for her sympathies must have an object, or she was unhappy. If she erred in judgment, when bestowing influence or money upon those who presented their claims, it was the mistake of a feeling, generous spirit—surrounded by intriguing courtiers, and often wholly dependent upon the applicant's honesty for a truthful narrative, she may have scattered too lavishingly her wealth, and aided a villain now and then, but she had the secret consciousness of oftener doing good to the unfortunate, and won admiration by a fault of which only a magnanimous mind could have been guilty. Among the various notes addressed to men of rank in behalf of others, a laconic and expressive one in reference to a worthy youth, sent to Fouche, is quoted :—

"My Lord Duke,—I will that the young Dutetre be placed in some way or other, while I am Empress; you would very speedily forget him should I cease to reign. I salute you."

Josephine was eminently a philanthropist—never forgetting the common nature and wants of our race; the insignificance of distinctions wholly factitious,

which she had learned might rise or disappear at the touch of fortune; nor was she unmindful of the levelling stroke of death that hurries all to a tribunal of final adjudication.

After these morning duties were discharged, came the hour of breakfast, which was eleven o'clock. Napoleon ate with haste, as though time at the table was so much wasted—and eating a necessary evil. He seldom gave more than seven or eight minutes to a meal, sipping for the *finale* a cup of coffee. He frequently ate alone, especially when urgent business demanded protracted attention. In his absence, Josephine had a social repast like those enjoyed during the Consulate. With the ladies of the Court, she would sit down with her beaming face and musical voice, and make the occasion a cheerful interlude to the stately routine of business, and more exciting pleasures. After a little recreation, or a walk, she retired to her own apartments, and till late in the afternoon, was engaged with her circle, conversing familiarly, or reading, except when devoted to her favorite work, embroidery, in which she excelled; leaving in the palaces she occupied upon their costly furniture her handiwork for the admiration and reproof of those women of rank, who curl the lip with affected dignity and contempt at the vulgar necessity of labor. Josephine was everywhere a model—the same symmetrical character in prison or in the temple of coronation—strolling carelessly upon the lawn of Malmaison, or through the saloons of St. Cloud—listening to the acclamations of

the million, or to the story of affliction in a peasant's hovel.

Her industry and her gentleness are developed attractively in a common note of direction to her *Femme-de-chambre.*

"My Dear Miss Aubert—I beg you will call in at Bennais's in returning, and inquire whether the frames which I ordered of him are ready; my ladies remain with folded arms, and I myself have nothing at all to do. At the same time take in your way the *Père de Famille*, and purchase on my account a complete assortment of worsteds, with some dozens of English needles. Here is a lot of commissions for you all at once; not to forget them, think of me. I am quite sure you will acquit yourself well, and return quickly."

Josephine's intellectual cultivation and literary taste were, as already intimated, of a high order. Though her imagination was strong and soaring, which, with an exceedingly sensitive temperament, made her liable to the sentimentality and dreaming that form the romantic character; she perused works of the most practical kind, and became familiar with the imperishable records of genius in every department of reading. Her private court was indeed a literary association—the members alternately appointed to read aloud, pausing occasionally for comment or discussion upon interesting or difficult passages of the author. But a few of the poisonous ephemera, novels, were allowed in the royal library, and only those of moral tone and purest style. Napoleon himself was sternly opposed

the worthless and exciting fiction, which has of late increased so rapidly in all countries. If he chanced in his walk through the palace to find a book of this sort in the hands of an attendant or lying on a table, he consigned it without mercy to the flames, and gave the offender a lecture upon his prodigality of time, and vicious indulgence. When he was in good spirits, he would often interrupt the entertainment of the fair group in their morning sociable, by joining the party, and with pleasant raillery and flashes of wit, enhance their pleasures; especially that of Josephine, who was always delighted when by the side of Napoleon. And when he desired her presence in the cabinet on any private affair, a gentle tap at her door was the signal, which introduced her joyfully to his room. Sometimes an interview was protracted in the evening, till the "noon of night," and on her return she would find a silent company of "sleeping beauties."

She rode out in the afternoon usually unaccompanied by the Emperor, stopping whenever an appeal to benevolence met her eye, and never permitting the meanest animal to suffer if her interposition could prevent it. Her taste in matters of dress was refined, and generally pleasing to Bonaparte. It was his custom, when making her evening toilet to be present both to while away a leisure hour and act as umpire in regard to the apparel most becoming. In his characteristic impulsiveness and impatience, he would scatter the contents of boxes, throw into confusion the entire wardrobe, and handle jewelry as if they were peb-

bles, until the women were monuments of amazement. and Josephine archly smiling on the wreck of robes, ribbons and diamonds. He never failed to exhibit his displeasure when she appeared in a dress he happened not to fancy; and on one occasion it is said, when she entered his cabinet in a robe of blue and silver tissue, he threw an inkstand upon the beautiful costume, and the Empress retired to cast aside the ruined attire, for another trial to suit her lord's capricious taste. In trifles like this Josephine's tranquillity was scarcely ruffled, but when her fidelity was doubted, or her love unreturned, she drooped like a smitten flower, and her bosom was torn with a tempest of sorrow. The description of the formalities at dinner, and Bonaparte's habits and illness is added from the pen of another.

"At six o'clock dinner was served; but, unless on very particular occasions, Napoleon forgot, and delayed it indefinitely. Hence, in the annals of the imperial table, dinners at nine, and even at ten o'clock, are not unfrequent. Their majesties always dined together —alone, or with a few invited guests, members of the imperial family or of the ministry. Invitations were delivered by the grand master of the ceremonies, who informed the grand marshal of the necessary arrangements, and in what manner the guests should sit; the grand marshal, again, received his orders directly from the Sovereign. When their majesties dined *en grand couvert*, their tables were placed under a canopy on a platform, elevated one step, and with two arm-chairs, one on the right for the Emperor, the other on the left

for Josephine, the former wearing a hat with plumes, and his consort a diadem. Their majesties were informed by the grand marshal when the preparations were completed, and entered the room in the following order:—Pages, assistant master of the ceremonies, prefects of the palace, first prefect and a master of the ceremonies, the grand marshal and grand master of the ceremonies; the Empress, attended by her first equerry and first chamberlain; the Emperor, colonel-general of the guard, grand chamberlain and grand equerry; the grand almoner, who blessed the meat, and retired, leaving their majesties to a solitary board, unless when guests of kingly rank were present, or humbler ones sat down there by invitation. The pages performed the most subordinate, and the stewards the menial part of the service at the imperial table; but the immediate wants of their majesties were ministered to by the grand marshal (Duroc, Duke de Friuli,) first chamberlain (Comte de Beaumont,) the first equerry (Comte de Harville,) and the chamberlains (all noblemen) in turn. The other tables were served by the stewards and attendants in livery. But when the repast was in private, it took place in a small interior dining-room, without any etiquette, generally some of the members of the court, and especially the grand marshal, sitting down with their majesties. On these occasions, much more frequent than the dinners of ceremony, favorite attendants, named by Napoleon, waited at table.

"Napoleon always ate hastily, rarely remaining above ten minutes at table: so that those who knew

him well took care to be prepared beforehand. The Viceroy claims the merit of this invention. 'Nay, Eugene, you have not had time to dine,' said Napoleon, seeing him rise from table with himself. 'Pardon me,' replied the prince, 'I dined in advance.' 'A prudent foresight,' said the Emperor, laughing. On Napoleon rising in this hurried manner, Josephine made a sign to those who dined with them to remain, but followed herself into a small saloon. Here a page brought the ingredients in utensils of silver gilt, upon a gold tray; and the Empress poured out and sugared a small cup of coffee, tasted, by sipping a few drops, then presented it to the Emperor. These precautions she took because at first, in his moments of absence, he sometimes drank it cold, or without or with too much sugar, and sometimes two cups in succession; any of which irregularities made him ill, and hence, probably, the stories of his immoderate use of this beverage. This custom of eating so precipitately both induced slovenly habits and frequently caused sickness. Napoleon not only dispensed with the use of his knife and fork as respected his own plate, but also helped himself with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the sauce. In the attacks of indigestion, which were often very severe, and attended with vomiting, nothing could exceed the anxious tenderness of Josephine; for Napoleon supported the sickness with scarcely a degree of composure.

"On the first symptoms of the malady, he flung himself at full length on the carpet of his bed-room, and

Josephine was instantly by his side. She rested his head on her knees, stroking his temples, and applying frictions of eau de Cologne to his breast, consoling and encouraging him in the best way she could. A few cups of tea seldom failed to remove the acute pain; but he remained for a length of time feeble and exhausted, when Josephine, in her most touching accents, would say, 'Now you are better, will you lie down a little? I will remain with Constant by your bedside.' These attacks and the manner of treatment have probably given rise to the idea that Napoleon was subject to epileptic fits. One of the longest and most severe indispositions of this kind occurred during the excursion to Mayence, and in the night. Josephine, in perfect darkness, for the chamber light had been extinguished, and not wishing to awake any one, assured that nobody but herself would be tolerated in the apartment, threw some part of her dress about her, and groped her way to the chamber of the aid-de-camp on duty, from whom, astonished as he felt at such a visit, she obtained a light, and continued alone to watch over and apply remedies to her husband. Next day both appeared languid and fatigued. How selfish and ungrateful a being must Napoleon have been, when on the very same excursion, he, with his own hand, almost dragged Josephine from bed to attend a ball, while suffering under one of those nervous headaches which frequently caused her absolute torture. The first lady of honor, Madam de Rochefoucauld, witnessed this barbarity, which she mentioned with tears. Josephine

appeared at the ball and reception with her usual kindness and grace, remained the requisite time, but almost fainted on returning to her apartments, yet without uttering a single murmur of complaint."

The sadness of this last picture is relieved by another drawn from life at St. Cloud. When intervals of repose from the cares of the empire occurred, Napoleon accompanied by Josephine made short excursions into the country; visiting Rambouillet and Fontainebleau, favorite places of resort to him, and memorable for many events of interest in his remarkable history These rides into the beautiful region adjacent to the palace, were crowded with enjoyment to the heart of the Empress, who from the days of girlish glee on the green slopes of Martinique, had loved the sublimity, the music, and freedom of nature. The chase was at such times an amusement inseparable from nobility and Bonaparte engaged in the exercise rather on that account than because it was a source of pleasure. But perhaps, Josephine never appeared more queenly than upon this adventure. With her attendants, she rode in an open caleche, her elegant riding habit falling in folds at her feet, a round hat crowning her head, and the white feathers dancing in the morning air; while a glow of excitement gave to her superb countenance, a fine and luminous expression Bonaparte admired exceedingly. The picnic which followed, was had beneath the shade of forest trees, the oratorio of birds, and sallies of mirth completing the accompaniments of the nomadic repast. After a hot pursuit, a panting

stag, with antlers thrown back, and pleading look, sought refuge beneath the carriage of the Empress. She interceded for the trembling fugitive, and his life was spared, with the ornament of a silver collar attached to his neck, as the signet-ring of her protection for the future. The wild *protege* bounded over the slopes and lay down in the glades, unharmed till his illustrious preserver was no longer able to save him from the hunter's aim, but needed herself sympathy in the slow murder of her heart and frame.

Josephine's correspondence, which filled up moments of leisure, was elevating in sentiment, and marked by that vivacity peculiar to her active mind. At the period which has been embraced in the sketch of domestic scenes, she used her influence to make reconciliation among the members of her husband's family, who, in taking possession of thrones and emoluments, often came in collision; returning, in all her intercourse, kindness for the enmity she received as constantly from them. Madam Murat was an ambitious and rather imperious woman, inclined to usurp authority by virtue of her relationship to Napoleon. A letter from the Empress on the subject, delineates the character of both the distinguished ladies.

"You are not, my sister, an ordinary woman; and therefore I write to you after a fashion very different from that which I would employ with a common-place character. I tell you frankly, and without reserve, that I am dissatisfied with you. How you actually torture the poor Murat! you make him shed tears!

With so many means of pleasing, why do you ever prefer to command? Your husband obeys through fear, when he ought to yield to persuasion alone. By thus usurping a part which does not belong to us, you convert a brave man into a timid slave, and yourself into an exacting tyrant. This brings shame to him, and cannot be an honor to you. Our glory—the glory of woman—lies in submission; and if it be permitted us to reign, our empire rests on gentleness and goodness. Your husband, already so great in the opinion of the world, through his valor and exploits, feels as if he beheld all his laurels brought to the dust on appearing in your presence. You take a pride in humbling them before your pretensions; and the title of being the sister of a hero is, with you, reason for believing yourself a heroine. Believe me, my sister, that character, with the qualities which it supposes, becomes us not. Let us joy modestly in the glory of our spouses, and place ours in softening their manners, and leading the world to pardon their deeds. Let us merit this praise, that the nation, while it applauds the bravery of our husbands, may also commend the gentleness bestowed by Providence on their wives to temper that bravery."

She also wrote to the Emperor's mother, to secure, if possible, her aid in healing the discords rife in the ascendant dynasty, and restore the harmony which vanished with the spreading glory of him, to whose affection alone his relatives owed their rank. Had it not been for natural ties, Bonaparte, in his contempt

of their quarrels, would have swept them from his path, and gone to the common mass for successors to their honors. The communication mentioned was as follows:—

"MADAM AND MOST HONORED MOTHER,—Employ the ascendency which your experience, dignity, virtues, and the love of the Emperor give, in order to restore to his family that internal peace now banished from it. I fear to intrude in these domestic dissensions, from the apprehension lest calumny should accuse me of inflaming them by such interference. It belongs to you, madam, to bring back calm; and for this purpose, it is only necessary to say that you are informed of these discords. Your prudence will have commenced the work by pointing out the evil, and will speedily discover the remedy. I name no person, but your sagacity will divine all concerned. You are not a stranger to human passion; and vice, which has never approached you, will discover itself in those who are dear to you, through the very interest which you take in their welfare. You will not be long in remarking the progress of ambition, perhaps that of cupidity, in more than one mind, ingenuous till now, but which the favors of fortune begin to corrupt. You will view with apprehension the constantly increasing ravages of luxury, and, with still more pain, the want of feeling that follows in its train. I do not, however, insist upon this accusation, because, perhaps, it has less foundation than the rest, and because it is not impossible I may have taken for hardness of heart what was only intox-

ication of spirit. Be this, however, as it may, the effect is the same, manifested as this haughtiness is by vanity, insolence, and harsh refusals, producing deplorable impressions upon those who witness these outrages. Men are not slow to sharpen the memory of those who seem disposed to forget their origin; and the sole means of inducing others to pardon our good fortune, is to enjoy it with moderation, sharing its gifts with those who have been less favored."

Turning from the incidents in the daily life of the imperial household, we find the years were full of stirring events to the political world. A continent was all astir—with marching armies—the making and breaking of treaties—intrigues and plots of assassination. A new order of nobility was founded, and the ancient university rebuilt upon a foundation in harmony with the despotic views of a sovereign whose opinions were strangely modified by the successive strides he made in the path of his solitary grandeur.

This universal unrest, was a condition of things congenial to Bonaparte, to whom the pleasure of retirement and love itself, "was a song piped at the intervals of the dance"—and, "as his favorite poet Ossian, loved best to tune his lyre to the noise of the roaring tempest, Napoleon, in like manner, required political storms and opposing elements to display his wonderful abilities." His astonishing successes awed the nations, and expanded the horizon of his ambition, until he could gaze upon no object that cast a shadow of uncertainty on the boundless prospect without irri-

tation, and hold communion with none but himself A new leaf is soon turned in the destiny of empires, of Napoleon, and of the guardian angel who had hung with delight over his path of glory, and with tears over his couch of suffering—shrinking only from the frown of displeasure or accents of reproach.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW PHASE IN JOSEPHINE'S DESTINY.—NAPOLEON'S LOVE.—HIS DESIRE FOR A SUCCESSOR.—RUMOR THAT THE PRINCE ROYAL OF HOLLAND IS TO BE THE HEIR-APPARENT.—CHARACTER OF THE YOUNG PRINCE.—HIS AFFECTION FOR BONAPARTE.—ALTERNATE HOPE AND FEAR.—THE PRINCE DIES.—JOSEPHINE'S GRIEF.—NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM TILSIT —TREATMENT OF THE EMPRESS.—JOURNEY TO ITALY.—SCENES AT THE CAPITAL.—NAPOLEON.—JOSEPHINE'S DIARY.—SPANISH AFFAIRS.—INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY.—THE EMPEROR MEETS ALEXANDER.—RESULTS. —JOSEPHINE.—RETURN TO PARIS.—BONAPARTE'S DESIGNS.—PREPARATIONS FOR A DIVORCE.—DECREE OF THE COUNCIL.—CONSUMMATION.

Astronomers tell us of a star which once shone out in the heavens with almost unrivalled brilliancy. It took its place in the firmament suddenly and unheralded, where it blazed with a glory which was not only the admiration and wonder of the common observer, but which struck with astonishment men who had grown old in tracing the glories of the universe. Whence came so suddenly forth "this bright peculiar star?" what its meaning and mission, were questions upon which philosophers, at once, began to busy themselves. In the midst of their efforts, the object upon which they had mused and marvelled began to fade away. As men were looking upon it and wondering at its brightness, its lustre began to pale before their eyes. Night after night as they gazed up into the

heavens, they saw its glory vanishing as it gradually withdrew from the place where it had been enthroned as queen among the stars, till a sadness and an awe fell upon the beholder, when he caught the last beam which it sent down to earth, as it passed away from the sight of man forever.

We have frequently thought of this wonderful star as we have been tracing the singular history of her, who, like that orb, blazed forth so suddenly and shone so brightly upon the visions of men, and who, also, like it, was destined to have her glory fade, and be consigned to obscurity as surprising as had been her elevation to splendor and renown.

Hitherto we have seen Josephine constantly rising in her position in life. Every step was an ascending one, and every station which she occupied seemed to receive from her a dignity equal to that which it conferred. As she sat upon the throne of France, or moved with queenly grace through the halls of the Tuilleries, or manifested her intelligence and gentleness to those who were privileged with her society, none could fail to see that she was fully worthy to share the rank and heart of that strange man who called her his own. That Napoleon was proud of Josephine, and that he loved her, we may not doubt. Himself of plebeian origin, he had no reason to value her the less because she was not of patrician rank. Napoleon *made* distinctions, and allowed neither his feelings nor his purposes to be controlled by any which society had raised. The dignity which the

Archduchess Maria Louisa brought with her, failed to elicit from Napoleon's heart the admiration or the love which he had formerly lavished upon Josephine. He looked upon Josephine as a woman, and valued her as such, independently of any station which she might have previously held in society. As his Empress, receiving the homage of his court to her rare elegance of person and manners, he doubtless admired her, but it was the heart of Josephine which he loved. Hers was a warmth of affection, rarely combined with so much culture and strength of intellect, and contrary to the opinion of some, we are constrained to believe that it was this which enabled her to exercise over the Emperor so controlling a power. It was a rare thing for Napoleon to be loved. His people and courtiers admired, and some almost reverenced him: his enemies feared full as much as they hated him; his soldiers would court the shock of battle—would brave dangers and death—would endure privation and hardship, and suffering and toil, in the passion of their devotion to him; but Napoleon well knew, that amid all the hosts who fawned before him, or would meet death in his service, few indeed there were who poured out upon him the rich wealth of a loving, trusting heart. The affection of Josephine was thus especially gratifying to his stern nature. Knowing that she loved him fondly, truly, devotedly, and perceiving in her, as he did, all those qualities of person and intellect which could command his admiration, it was impossible for him to fail in having a corresponding affection for her

in return. We have the best evidence that Napoleon not only admired, but loved his beautiful wife, and the tale is a singular and sad one, which we are compelled to relate, how his heart grew cold toward Josephine, as he gathered in and centered once more upon himself, the affection which only one being besides himself had ever shared. It adds a fresh coloring to the ambition and self-love of that wonderful man, who could stride with equal ease over a heart which he had broken, and a throne which he had crushed.

The coolness with which the Emperor now began to regard Josephine, was of slow growth. It was impossible that he should at once break away from all the chains which her affection had thrown over his heart. But self-love was, with Napoleon, a passion far stronger than his love for Josephine. His own genius had raised him to greatness; his own power and wondrous energy had made all Europe stand in awe before him, and borne him to an elevation where he could toy with crowns and sceptres as the baubles of a child. His gigantic spirit had risen to eminence by its own might, and unaided, had it swept away old dynasties which crowded in his path, and made gray monarchies to totter till they fell at his feet. Josephine occupied a portion of his heart; the remainder was filled only with himself. Standing, as he did, upon the pinnacle of his greatness, and surveying the whole extent of his power, there were frequent moments of bitter mortification when he felt that none of his schemes were immortal, that all this vast edifice, reared by his

hand, was to crumble away at his death. Had he off spring to whom he could transmit it, and thus perpetuate his name and sovereignty, his aspirations would have been unchecked. It was a wound which his pride keenly felt, that when he should pass away from the earth, he could leave no child to sway his sceptre, and send onward to distant generations the echo of his fame. It was long before he would allow this to influence his feelings towards Josephine. He loved her, and it was a struggle to tear away the affections which he had really and fondly bestowed; but where was the earthly object which could stand in the way of his hopes?

The Empress saw the gathering storm. Dark forebodings tortured her heart. She marked the cold look the averted eye, and with her natural quickness of perception, at once divined the cause. But it was not possible for her to look quietly on and see the blighting change, without making at least one effort to regain his waning love. To be queen of his heart was richer to her a thousand-fold, than to wear the diadem of France upon her brow. She could see the throne crumble beneath her, and could bear to have the admiring murmurs of the courtly throng who pressed around her, exchanged for taunts and scorn; but she could not feel without a pang that she was looked upon carelessly by him, around whom clustered all the warmest, fondest feelings of her heart.

For a time, Josephine believed that she still retained her hold upon his affections. She had reason to think

that Napoleon would be content to make the Prince Royal of Holland his successor. The report was widely circulated that this was the Emperor's intention, and there is now every reason to believe that such was his plan. The child belonged to the imperial family, He was the eldest son of Hortense, and his father was the favorite brother of Napoleon. He bore his uncle's name, and even in his childish sports gave evidence that he possessed, in no small degree, his uncle's character. The Emperor would relax his sternness, and unbend himself from the cares of state and perplexities of war, to take the young Napoleon upon his knee, and listen to his prattle of the revolutions he would guide when he became a man. Though but a child, his firmness of character seemed unyielding, even to the severest tests to which Napoleon at times took pleasure in subjecting it. A smile would spread over the Emperor's calm features as he saw his nephew come forth unsubdued from every trial to which he had submitted him. One day a domestic had allowed him to partake freely of a fruit which had been forbidden him, on account of the indisposition which uniformly attended the indulgence. In the illness which ensued, Hortense endeavored to learn the name of the servant who had disobeyed her commands in giving him the luxury. The young Prince raised himself in the bed, while an untamed fire sat in his bright eye, as he said—"I promised that I would not tell, and I will die before I break my promise." This firmness, joined to a passion which he seemed to

have for military exploits, especially endeared him to the heart of his uncle. He would buckle around him the Emperor's sword-belt, and donning his plumed *chapeau*, would act the general in the saloons of the Tuilleries or at Fontainebleau, with infinite glee. His affection for Napoleon was stronger than for any other object. Neither Josephine nor his parents, could have any rivalry in the unbounded love with which he regarded his uncle. The playthings which Napoleon gave him, were valued higher than the richer presents which he had received from any other source. Bonaparte was first in all his affections. His morning salutations must be given first to him alone; his first inquiries were respecting him; his first efforts were to please him. A smile from that countenance, which had looked death from so many battle-fields, was rapture to his boyish heart.

These traits, and the fact that he was in the direct imperial line, determined Napoleon to make him his heir. It was the court talk at Paris and the Hague. Nobles of the realm paid their *devoirs* to the young Prince as their future lord. Marshals of the Empire were wont to gaze curiously at him, and wonder whether he would ever plan a battle which should place a nation in his grasp. Intriguing politicians began to scheme how they might best secure his favor, and crafty courtiers already strove to gain a permanent place in his regards. All this was well known to Napoleon, and it cannot be supposed that he had given no reason for it. He noticed, and seemed pleased with the attentions

which his young nephew received. The report, which came to his ears again and again, that he had intimated his intention of adopting the Prince, was never contradicted. That such was his plan is not at all improbable. The King of Holland was then in the highest favor with his brother; the Queen was the only daughter of Josephine, and as such, endeared to the Emperor by a thousand ties. The young Prince was not only a favorite, but Napoleon would have preferred such a succession, rather than to obtain another by breaking the heart of Josephine. The Empress saw all this with gratitude and hope. She was a woman of great shrewdness, and her efforts had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about a state of things so favorable. She understood perfectly the precise place which she occupied in her husband's affections. She knew that he loved her, but she also knew that her hold upon his heart was one that would be broken whenever it should lie in the way of his ambition. Her keen penetration instantly detected the cause, the first time his alienation towards her was manifested. She had feared that an ungrateful desire for a successor would eventually modify his feeling towards her, and the remedy for this may have been devised by herself. Certainly she used every effort to strengthen the affection between the Emperor and his nephew, confident that if she succeeded in this, her influence over Napoleon would still be undiminished.

Her expectations were not in vain. The cloud rolled from the Emperor's brow as he saw with cer-

tainty how he might still retain Josephine, and the imperial line of descent remain unbroken. His apparent aversion vanished. His former love returned and sunny days once more beamed radiantly upon Josephine. The full fountain of her affection flowed forth freely, and Napoleon forgot at times that he was an Emperor, and remembered only that he was a man. The genial feelings now cherished towards his wife, open a brighter view of his character than we could otherwise obtain. Though blended with the sterner emotions which always ruled him, they show that his iron nature was not altogether unyielding. They are like a gleam of sunshine resting upon the bosom of the thunder-cloud, lighting up the dark birthplace of the tempest, and making it smile with its own celestial beauty.

These were bright hours in the life of Josephine, but darker days were soon to fling their shadows on her path. A blow, so unlooked for that she had hardly dreamed that it were possible, fell at length upon her, breaking the spell that bound her spirit, and blotting every ray from the firmament of hope. In the spring of 1807, the young prince died. An illness so sudden that it had proved fatal before the court physicians who had been summoned at once from Paris could reach him, closed his life of promise. Josephine was then at St. Cloud, and the courier who first brought her tidings of the sickness of the prince, was followed in a few hours by another bearing the news of his death. The bolt was a terrible one—under no other affliction had

her sorrow appeared so great. Day after day she shut herself up in her apartments, weeping bitterly and "refusing to be comforted." Her own affection for her grandson doubtless contributed to her grief, but its chief source was the fact that the strongest tie which bound her to the Emperor was now riven. She well knew his desires; she understood fully his nature, and familiar with the unbounded sweep of his purposes, she might rationally tremble for the result. Broken with grief, her heart quailed with fear as she attempted to lift the veil which separated her from a future all gloom and sadness to her thought.

Napoleon was conducting the Prussian campaign when the news reached him of his nephew's death. It gave him unfeigned sorrow, for his love and ambition were wounded, and his plans for the succession of his crown were of course frustrated at once. "To whom shall I leave all this," was the constantly recurring expression of his emotion as he viewed his daily increasing power; and the design was now formed with perfect calmness and deliberation to abandon Josephine and seek for himself a new Empress from one of the reigning houses of Europe. This was what the heart of Josephine feared. She would have given worlds to have been with him, but many leagues intervened between St. Cloud and Tilsit. Rumors of Napoleon's movements which were constantly coming to the Empress's ears only served to harass her, and increase her anxiety. It was said that he had renewed an acquaintance with a beautiful Polish lady to whom he was

formerly attached,* and exaggerated accounts of an interview which he was said to have held with the Queen of Prussia, were carried to Josephine. But above all, the news which produced the liveliest emotions and awakened the keenest solicitude in her breast, was the vague report, more terrible on account of its vagueness, that Napoleon had made direct overtures to the Emperor Alexander, for an alliance by marriage with the imperial family of Russia. Josephine could not believe, and yet she dared not discredit the story. Separated for the time from her immediate influence, she felt that he might interpose a hopeless barrier should he once decide that she stood in the way of his stupendous designs.

On the 27th of July of this year, Napoleon rejoined the Empress at St. Cloud. He was flushed with the glories of a most brilliant campaign, and his arms had been everywhere successful. He had conquered at Preussich-Eylau and at Friedland, and was master of Dantzic and Koningsberg. He had humbled the pride of the King of Prussia by wresting from him some of his fairest possessions. He had at length brought the Emperor of Russia into an alliance upon the most favorable terms, and had succeeded in making a treaty of peace at Tilsit, in which he received every concession while he made none. By it the Rhenish confederacy was sustained; his two brothers Joseph and Louis were acknowledged Kings of Naples and Holland, and Westphalia was avowed to be at his disposal. His

* This lady afterwards visited Napoleon at Elba.

claim was undisputed to the whole of the Prussian provinces between the Elbe and the Rhine. The Hanoverian states, the territories belonging to the Duchy of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, together with the Ionian Islands, were all his own. In addition to all this, by the treaty of peace, the previous encroachments of the French in various portions of Europe were sanctioned and confirmed. Flushed with these victories and acquisitions, Napoleon was prepared to meet Josephine with an enthusiastic show of cordiality. No want of affection was manifested either on his part or her own. She received the most constant attentions from him, and for a time seemed never to imagine that the joy which he apparently felt in her presence, might be partly the results of the triumphs, which he had lately achieved.

For a few months Napoleon gave himself up to the enjoyment of her society at St. Cloud, and Fontainebleau; months of almost perfect happiness to his devoted wife. She saw only the bright side of the picture, and in the joy of the present moment forgot all that she had previously supposed or heard. But there were others, who at this time saw Napoleon in a different light. When removed from Josephine's presence, he lost that ease and quiet which he had in her society, and displayed an impatience with his present condition, and restlessness that did not pass unobserved. He would sit for hours conversing with the Empress, but when she had left him, he could not remain calm for a moment. At such times, he would

frequently take to the chase and pursue it with a perfect frenzy of passion. Was he in this way endeavoring to escape from a dark design which was troubling his thoughts, and resting with a heavy weight upon his spirit? Such were the surmises of his attendants, and it was even whispered that he had mentioned to another his purpose to obtain a divorce from his wife; but these reports were not carried to the ears of Josephine. If this was his purpose, there was evidently an effort, in which he perfectly succeeded, to keep the knowledge of it from her, whom of all others it most concerned. Her usual penetration appears for a time to have left her, and she lived on, joyous and unconcerned, careless of the future; as a flower opens its petals and smiles in the glad sunshine, unconscious that the storm is near which shall lay it low, and scatter its leaves to the winds of heaven.

Such was the state of things for three months.* In November, Napoleon suddenly signified to Josephine his intention of proceeding to Italy, and bade her to be ready to accompany him in a few hours. His ostensible reason was to secure the Grand Duchy of Tuscany for his sister Eliza, and to confirm by his presence the treaty of Presburg, which had annexed Venice and the other Italian provinces to the kingdom of Italy. But his main object was doubtless different from either of these. The conclusion is irresistible that his determination to divorce Josephine, was fixed

* It was during this time that the Emperor framed the celebrated Code Napoleon.

soon after the death of the prince royal of Holland, and that his present journey to Italy, was mainly for the purpose of sounding Eugene upon this point.

The viceroy with his attendants came out to meet him as he approached Milan; "Dismount, dismount," cried Napoleon to Eugene—"come seat yourself with me, and let us enter your capital together." The viceroy did as desired, and the imperial carriage bearing Napoleon, Josephine, and Eugene, entered the gates of the city. The Emperor signified to Eugene his approbation of all that he had done, and loaded him with favors. He saw that it was highly important that, in the steps which he had determined to take in reference to Josephine, Eugene should be complaisant, and it was doubtless in reference to this, that the famous Milan decree was promulgated, by which in default of his own lawful male heirs, Napoleon adopted Eugene as his son, and made him heir to the "iron crown" of Italy. Satisfying himself that Eugene felt the obligations under which he was laid, and hoping in his after measures, to be able to deal with him successfully, Napoleon left Milan, and after a hasty tour through the other Italian provinces, returned with Josephine to Paris.

The winter which succeeded this journey, was one of the gayest which Paris had known since the days of Louis XIV. The city was crowded with gay nobles and demoiselles from all parts of the empire. Foreign ambassadors from every quarter of the world were present, and vied with each other in the splendor

of their entertainments. The Emperor and Empress held their court at St. Cloud, with unrivalled magnificence. Several marriages of high diplomatic importance were celebrated, all tending to swell the tide of gayety which was flowing in every part of the capital. The Duke of Arberg, one of the princes of the Rhenish Confederacy, led to the altar Mademoiselle de Tascher, a niece of the Empress. Soon after were celebrated the nuptials of the Prince Hohenzollern with a niece of Murat, and speedily following, the Marshal Berthier was wedded to a princess of the royal house of Bavaria. Napoleon contrary to his usual custom mingled in all these festivities, displaying an appearance of unwonted gayety; and even consented repeatedly to wear a disguise, and appear among the dancers at the masked balls. Josephine, however, began to penetrate the secret delusion and fathom his plans, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal them from her knowledge. In all his attentions to herself; in all his gayeties; in all the honors which he had lavished upon her son, she began to read her own dark destiny. It was a terrible thought which forced itself upon her mind, that Napoleon's present appearance was only a guise, thrown over his own real feelings; that the smile of his countenance with which he was wont to greet her, was designed to cover the frown which lay upon his heart.

In public, no one read her own secret feelings. The heart which was ready to break *seemed* light and joyous as that of a child. She was playing a part as well

as Napoleon, though none knew it then but herself. With a resolute effort to hide her sorrow, she engaged in all the festivities of the season, danced and played, the gayest of the gay crowd which thronged the capital; receiving with becoming grace all the attentions which the Emperor continued to bestow upon her; while all the time her soul was burdened, by the double anguish of slighted love, and wounded pride. The disposition of Josephine was naturally light and joyous. She was inclined by nature to and a brighter view in every picture of life, and it was doubtless this which supported her so well under the knowledge she possessed of Napoleon's intentions towards her. Her *hopefulness*, also, led her at times fondly to trust that the storm would retire, while reason persuaded her that the Emperor would not allow her happiness to thwart the plan which she knew he cherished. What was she in comparison with him? What was her poor human heart worth, and what availed the treasure of its affection to him, who made them subordinate to a throne, and the inscription of his name on its columns? Bleeding affections, blasted hopes, and tears, never bowed the will of Napoleon. Josephine perfectly understood that such trifles in his path, would be swept away like chaff before the resistless march of the whirlwind.

Let not Napoleon, however, be misunderstood. As we have said before, he loved Josephine, and this, probably, with a stronger affection than he ever gave to any other object. But he would not let one of the

purposes or plans which he had formed go unaccomplished, though the world were to perish. "All, or nothing," was his motto when a boy in Corsica, and it was one feeling of his heart when he became a man. No plan which he made was a trivial one with him, for it affected himself. Everything, in his estimation, should be subservient to him, and everything over which he had the control was made so. With this view, we can easily see that his love for Josephine would not endure for a moment, if it conflicted with any of his designs for self-aggrandizement. The Empress understood it, and knowing that one of his cherished schemes was for the perpetuity of his empire, she now clearly saw that her own sacrifice was inevitable. The Prince of Holland had died; the viceroy, Eugene, though adopted by Napoleon, Josephine knew could never be the successor to the empire. Upon no living member of his own family, would the Emperor fix his choice, and there was thus left no alternative to his seeking a wife who might bring him up an heir to the throne.

It is not at all unnatural, that Napoleon should have so strong a desire for posterity. Aside from political motives, and inordinate self-love, such a desire belongs to every man. It is in a certain degree the outgoing of every one's natural affection. The owner of a single hut, or of a petty farm, is unhappy if he have

"No son of his succeeding,"

to whom he can leave his solitary estate. No one

quits the world without desiring that there should be some link to connect him still to it; that there remain behind him some stream of influence which has risen in himself, and which, when he is gone, shall flow on and move mankind. It is a wish natural to universal humanity, and there are few to which men cling with such sincere attachment. It belonged to Napoleon in common with his race, and was stronger in him than in any other man, because his power was more extensive, and his influence vaster; it was a desire commensurate with his own greatness, which grew with every victory, and strengthened with every increase of his power, winding itself more and more closely about his heart with every step taken in his ascending career; and which accompanied every thought of glory, and held a power over him only equalled by that which he himself swayed so tremendously over the minds of other men.

Napoleon, however, gave Josephine no direct intimation of his intentions, but continued to treat her with all the cordiality which he had ever manifested. The winter passed as we have described, a scene of uninterrupted gayety. The Emperor had, however found time to plan a great movement upon Spain which in the spring he began to carry into execution. Napoleon had long been bent upon having the Spanish throne, and by the treaty of Tilsit, the Emperor of Russia had covenanted not to interfere with any of his designs in this respect, and the field was now open. Spain had broken her treaty with France, and thus

afforded Napoleon all the pretext which he needed, to commence operations against her. His design was fixed, that the Pyrenees should no longer separate these two independent monarchies; that the house of Braganza, as well as that of Bourbon, should be demolished, and that of Bonaparte built upon the ruins of them both.

Partly to make arrangements for this, he left St. Cloud early in April, accompanied by Josephine. The design of his journey, as well as the fact that he contemplated it, were all unknown to the Empress, till a few hours previously to their departure. Fontainebleau was to be their first stopping-place after having left St. Cloud, and the following hasty note, written by Josephine to the Countess de la Rochefoucauld, her lady of honor at Fontainebleau, illustrates the suddenness with which she was frequently compelled to meet the behests of the Emperor.

"We set out at four this morning,* and will be with you to breakfast at ten. I hasten to expedite this billet, that you may not be taken by surprise. You know the Emperor's activity and inflexible resolution; both seem to increase with events. But an hour ago I was completely ignorant of this departure. We were at cards. 'Be ready, madam,' said he to me, 'to get into your carriage at midnight.' 'But,' answered I, 'it is now past nine.' 'It is so,' said he, 'you must require some time for your toilet; let us start at two.' 'Where are you going, if you please?' 'To Bayonne.' 'What,

* It was the 5th of April.

so far! and my pensioners, I must regulate their affairs.' 'I cannot, madam, refuse you one hour for the unfortunate; take another to write to your friends—you will not forget Madam de la Rochefoucauld.' Good night, my dear friend. I am just falling asleep—they will carry me thus to the carriage, and I shall not awaken till with you, to bid you good morning and embrace you with all my heart."

The journey thus announced proved an eventful one to Josephine as well as to Napoleon. We cannot better relate it than by inserting the hasty notes which she penned during its progress. It was the last tour of importance which she ever made with Napoleon.

"This evening we leave St. Cloud, in order to visit the whole of the western coast of France. I shall trace a few notes in pencil.

"At Etampes* we were stopped by a number of young people of both sexes, who presented us, some with cherries, other with roses. The Emperor, in passing through their village, sent for the mayor and the curate. The former, a merry peasant, began to banter his compatriots on the nature of their presents. 'Certainly,' said the Emperor, 'however beautiful theirs may be, an ear of corn and a bunch of grapes would have been more rare.' 'Here are three of each sort,' replied the rural magistrate; 'and confess, sir, that in

* "Etampes is the first town in the Orleannais proceeding from Paris to Bordeaux. The passage is interesting, as an example of Napoleon's manner with his subjects; but how are we to explain corn and grapes in April? Was this one of his contrivances?"—*Memes.*

April, it is good farming.' 'Nature has been bountiful to your canton,' observed the Emperor, presenting the offering to me. 'Accept it, madam; and forget not those whom Providence deigns to keep in mind. 'Providence,' said the curate, 'always blesses the industrious; for they fulfil the most important of his laws.' 'Here,' remarked the Emperor, making a sign for the postilions to proceed, 'here are men who unite flowers and fruits, the useful with the agreeable. They deserve to succeed.'

"*Orleans.*—The national guard was under arms, and the authorities in full attendance; but from the knitting of his brows, I saw that the Emperor was not pleased. 'It is painful for me,' were his words, to have to repay with severity these expressions of joy. But I have no reproaches to make to the people; I address myself to the authorities. You perform the functions improperly, or you do not perform them at all. How have the sums been employed which I granted for the canal? How comes it, that on the roll of sales two thousand arpents of common, as divided in 1805 and 1806, are totally suppressed? I require restitution. The national domains have been below par, and the purchases more difficult during the last eighteen months—the date of your entering upon office, Mr. Prefect. Whence are these things? I am not ignorant that here there exists two opinions, as directly opposed to the goverment as they are to each other. I have no desire that opinions should be subjects of persecution; but if they break out into deeds

and these deeds be crimes—no pity!' The storm passed, the Emperor assumed a less severe tone, and talked familiarly with the bishop and civil functionaries, not excepting even the prefect. But his observations were just. It is but too certain, that in these departments of the Loire the jacobins and emigrants have in turn been protected.

"*Bordeaux.*—Here exist two dispositions perfectly distinct, and that in a reverse sense from those which prevail throughout almost the whole of France. There the people love the revolution, and the privileged classes alone oppose its progress, or rather retard its results. These results are strong and liberal institutions, which time, that wears out all others, will, on the contrary, tend to consolidate. In order to found these institutions upon the ruins of party, there required a conqueror who was also a legislator, and that legislator continuing to be a conqueror. All must unite in the regeneration of a state. To chain down faction, by converting its passions into common interests, is but little—nothing more, at most, than half the work—if to these neighboring interests be not attached. Before we can be master at home, at once happy and glorious there, we must neither be under apprehensions from each other, nor dread the process of erecting a wall of partition. But how is this to be accomplished? First by reducing all to submission, and then by extending to each a friendly hand, which may secure without humbling. This is the Emperor's doctrine, which he has applied to France, which France has devotedly

accepted; readily comprehending that a period of transition, of trial, of reparation, could not be an era of enjoyment. 'To-day,' has the Emperor often said to me, 'to-day we sow in tears and in blood; hereafter we shall reap glory and liberty.' This is exactly what mercantile selfishness prevents them from understanding at Bordeaux. Altogether opposed to the rest of the empire, the body of the people here oppose the new institutions, they perceive only the temporary obstacle which these institutions present, not to commerce, but to their own particular commerce. What to them imports the good of to-morrow? It is the profit of to-day they want. Some facts have confirmed these observations. While we were on our way to the theatre the *vivas* of the crowd were rare, but within the house the applause was general and continued. The *coup d'œil* of the port is magnificent; all the ships were hung with flags and fired minute guns, to which the forts replied. The whole of the animated, and, despite its discontent, joyous population, the variety of sounds, songs, movements, and costumes, presented a delightful sight. We were particularly struck on seeing a southern dance executed by three hundred young persons of both sexes, in small brown jackets, blue pantaloons, red sashes, straw hats turned up with ribands and flowers, who, guided by various instruments, and each with castanets or a tambourine, darted forwards, united, turned, and leaped with equal rapidity and elegance.

"*Bayonne.*—About two leagues from this city the

Emperor was presented with a spectacle worthy of him. On the declivity of a mountain gently scooped out in different parts of its descent, is pitched one of those camps which the foresight of the country has provided for its defenders. It is composed of seven handsome barracks, different in form and aspect, each isolated, surrounded with an orchard in full bearing, a well-stocked poultry yard, and at different distances, a greater or less quantity of arable land, where a diversity of soil yields a variety of produce. One side of the mountain is wild, but picturesque, with rocks and plants; the other seems covered with rich tapestry, so varied and numerous are the plots of richly-cultivated ground. The summit is clothed with an ever-verdant forest; and down the centre, in a deep channel, flows a limpid stream, refreshing and fertilizing the whole scene. On this spot the veterans who occupy it gave a fête to the Emperor, which was at once military and rural. The wives, daughters, and little children of these brave men formed the most pleasing, as they were themselves the noblest, ornament of the festival. Amid piles of arms were seen beautiful shrubs covered with flowers, while the echoes of the mountain resounded to the bleating of flocks and the warlike strains of a soldiery intoxicated on thus receiving their chief The Emperor raised this enthusiasm to the highest pitch by sitting down at a table at once quite military and perfectly pastoral, and drinking with these brave fellows all of whom had risked their lives in his service. Toasts were given to all that does honor to the

French name—'to our native land;' 'to glory;' 'to liberty.' I dare not mention the attentions of which I was the object; they touched me deeply; for I regarded them as proofs of that veneration which France has vowed to the Emperor.

"At Bayonne an important personage waited the Emperor's arrival, namely, Don Pedro de las Torres, private envoy of Don Juan Escoiquitz, preceptor of the Prince of Asturias. As a consequence of the events of Aranjuez, this latter has been proclaimed under the title of Ferdinand VII.; but the old King Charles, from whom fear had extorted an abdication, now protests against that act. The new monarch pretends that his father, led by the queen, who is in turn the puppet of the Prince of Peace, never has had, and never can have a will of his own. Meanwhile, the nation, taking the alarm, is divided between two heads. If one party reproach Charles with being wholly devoted to the will of Manuel Godoy, the other imputes to Ferdinand that of acknowledging no principles of action save those dictated to him by Don Juan Escoiquitz. The first, haughty and impertinent, as are all favorites, keeps his master in bondage and the people in humiliation; the second, honey-tongued and wheedling, at once deceives the nation and enslaves his pupil. Both have caused, and still cause the misfortunes of Spain.

"What in truth can be more deplorable than the respective situation of the governors and governed? The former are without confidence, the latter without

attachment. Amid these two factions, which may well be termed parricidal, a third has secretly sprung up, which calculates upon, perhaps encourages their misunderstanding, in order to favor the triumph of liberty. But is ignorant and superstitious Spain prepared to receive this blessing? With her haughty nobles, and bigoted priesthood, her slothful population, how can she execute an enterprise which supposes the love of equality, the practice of toleration, and an heroic activity?

"These are things which the Emperor will have to consider. He is appealed to by all parties as mediator: he arrives among them without knowledge of them, and, as a man, feels perfect impartiality. His enlightened policy will take counsel of necessity; and in this great quarrel, of which he is constituted umpire, will reconcile what is due to the interests of France with what is demanded for the safety of Spain.

"This same Don Pedro de las Torres has not been sent without his errand. Don Juan, his patron, knew that he possessed, some leagues from Bayonne, an extensive farm, on which are bred numerous flocks of merinoes. Thither, under a plausible pretext, we were conducted to-day. After a feast of really rustic magnificence, we made the tour of the possession on foot. At the bottom of a verdant dell, surrounded on all sides by rocks covered with moss and flowers, all of a sudden a picturesque cot appeared lightly suspended on a projecting point of rock, while round it were feeding between seven and eight hundred sheep of the most

beautiful breed. We could not restrain a cry of admiration; and upon the Emperor addressing him in some compliments, Don Pedro declared that these flocks belonged of right to me. 'The king, my master,' added he, 'knows the Empress's taste for rural occupations; and as this species of sheep is little known in France, and will constitute the principal ornament, and consequently wealth of a farm, he entreats her not to deprive herself of an offering at once so useful and so agreeable.' 'Don Pedro,' replied the Emperor, with a tone of severity, 'the Empress cannot accept the present save from the hands of the king, and your master is not yet one. Wait, before making your offering, until your own nation and I have decided.' The remainder of the visit was very ceremonious."

At Bayonne, also, they met the Prince of Asturias, who had been induced to cross the Bidassoa in the vain hope of being recognized by Napoleon as king of Spain. Such, however, were not at all the Emperor's plans; his own designs upon Spain would admit of no such course. He promptly told Ferdinand that he must relinquish the throne. Finding him less tractable than he had anticipated, Napoleon ordered Murat at Madrid to send over Charles IV. and the Queen to Bayonne. The feuds in their own family, and in the Spanish government, were such that they instantly obeyed, and meeting Napoleon they threw themselves at once and entirely upon his protection. The efforts of Charles and the Emperor were now brought to bear upon Ferdinand, to induce him to resign his claims to

the succession of the Spanish crown. Charles himself had previously abdicated the throne in favor of Ferdinand, but this act had been unrecognized by Napoleon, and it was now regarded as void. On the 5th of May, Charles renewed his abdication, but at this time giving his crown to Napoleon. On the 12th of the same month, Ferdinand was brought to a renunciation of all his claims, thus surrendering to Napoleon the full title to the inheritance of Arragon and Castile.

The struggles by which he was afterwards compelled to maintain this possession belong to Napoleon's rather than to Josephine's history. But in the manœuvrings which were carried on at Bayonne and by which they were gained, Josephine acted her full part. Her brilliant conversation and the charms of her person won the favor of the Spanish King. Her rare elegance and grace captivated the heart of the Spanish Queen; while her remarkable insight into character, and the readiness with which she detected motives, assisted Napoleon much in influencing Charles and Ferdinand. The issue was doubtless owing mainly to the *finesse* of the Emperor, but the adroitness of Josephine exerted no feeble influence in bringing matters to a successful termination. Josephine had an apprehension of the result to which all these things might lead, which Napoleon seems never to have entertained. In anticipating the consequences of any great undertaking, her opinion, if it differed from his, was very likely to be the safer one. It was at least so in the present case. The

Emperor never believed that his plans could fail. As Josephine once said of him, and none could speak from a better knowledge—"Napoleon is persuaded that he is to subjugate all the nations of the earth. He cherishes such a confidence in his *star*, that should he be abandoned to-morrow by his family and allies, a wanderer and proscribed, he would support life, convinced that he should yet triumph over all obstacles, and accomplish his destiny by realizing his mighty designs." This confidence, if it enabled him to realize some of his plans, certainly prevented him from seeing the difficulties which would attend the accomplishment of others. Josephine, calm and unbiased, looked at every possible danger and formed an opinion in reference to it, in many cases, far more accurately than Napoleon. In the present instance, had he taken her advice he would have pursued a different, and, as the result showed, a wiser course. His compact with Charles and Ferdinand, and the campaign which grew out of it, were the first steps to his overthrow.

Leaving Bayonne on the 21st of July, the imperial pair continued their journey, visiting Pau, Tarbes, Toulouse, Montauban, Bordeaux, La Vendee, and Nantes. Everywhere they were received with the greatest favor. Public addresses, congratulating him upon his success, and applauding his benevolent deeds, met the Emperor in every city. Citizens flocked to meet him crowding in his path, and hailing him as the liberator and savior of their country. Old men tottered forth to catch one look at the wonderful Corsican, who strode

so rapidly to eminence, and having seen him, went again to their homes, contented now to die. Little children, who had been hushed to stillness by the story of his battles, cried to behold him, and were seen in their nurses' arms in every street through which he passed. His whole course was like a triumphal procession ; and he perfectly understood how to avail himself of it, and make it turn to his future advantage He manifested an affability and interest in the affairs of the common people which delighted them ; and when he returned to Paris, he knew that he could rely on the entire devotion to his cause, of every province through which he had journeyed.

Josephine evidently seemed to have enjoyed this tour. She was pleased with the affection with which the Emperor was received, for her whole heart was still his own, and delighted with everything which could minister to his pleasure or success. Still, she returned to Paris more fully convinced than ever that the Emperor's intentions were, when a convenient time should come, to set her aside and place the diadem which she wore, upon another brow.

It is singular, that this same journey, which opened to Josephine more fully Napoleon's plans concerning herself, also shed a stronger light upon the difficulty of carrying these plans into execution. The proofs of the Empress's goodness and attachment were displayed to him at every step of the way, and he had never seen them so fully before, because they had never before contrasted so beautifully with his own dark designs.

Without a murmur she had left St. Cloud at his bidding, and had endured with cheerfulness the change from the ease of a palace to the inconvenience of a journey, long and hastily provided for, finding hourly satisfaction in the thought that she was gratifying him. She had cherished him under all the weariness of the journey, and made him feel that every joy was sweeter because it was witnessed by her. She had added in this tour another chain around his heart, which he felt it would be difficult to break when he put her away. And he remembered his lowly fortunes when he won his bride, and the assistance she had rendered in bringing him to his present renown. He thought of his absence in Egypt, of his trials and apprehensions there, and then he reflected that every fear had been dispelled, and every obstacle in the way of his success removed before his return, chiefly by the efforts which Josephine had put forth in his behalf. He recollected her sacrifices for him, and how many personal comforts she had freely given up to advance his interests. The vision of Josephine as Empress also rose before him. He thought of her talents and taste; he remembered the grace and dignity with which she was wont to play her part in the imperial pageant. He heard over and again the murmur of admiration which was always called forth at her approach. All these he could not slight, none of them could he forget, yet though the difficulties in the way of his separation from her were thus increased by the excursion to Bayonne, his purposes for taking such a step had never

been stronger than when he entered the capital on their return. The history of Bonaparte is pre-eminently that of one in whose path difficulties only appeared to fan the flame and increase the strength of the desire, which they seemed to oppose.

The Emperor and Josephine reached St. Cloud early in August. The Emperor's birthday was celebrated a few days afterwards* with unusual rejoicings. The acquisition of Spain to the Great Empire, which was supposed to have been accomplished by the measures taken at Bayonne, gave Bonaparte greater favor than ever in the eyes of the people. Unconscious of the struggle which was yet to ensue, they looked only at the outward appearance of the picture, and believed that the great idea for which Louis XIV. had labored, was now realized by the force of Napoleon's mightier genius. Triumphal arches were erected in honor of him, and the streets through which he passed were strewed with flowers. Every bell in Paris rung out its acclamations in honor of the great hero, whose success no obstacle could check—whose fame no rival that the world had produced, could now eclipse. Upon the cause of all these rejoicings, Josephine looked with distrust. She saw that the acquisition of Spain to the French empire was only a nominal one, and though she could not foresee that the lives of a million of Frenchmen were yet to be sacrificed in order to maintain it, she did anticipate fearful results. Our task being mainly with Josephine, we might leave all far-

* Napoleon was born August 15th, 1769.

ther allusions to Spanish affairs, since her immediate connection with them ceased upon her return to the capital. To show, however, that she had ground for the fears which she cherished, we cannot forbear quoting in this connection from the language of Napoleon himself, made years afterwards, when the hand of adversity had hurled him from his eminence, and forced him to look calmly back upon the varied scenes of his wonderful destiny. He thus spoke at St. Helena:—

"It was that unhappy war in Spain which ruined me. The results have irrevocably proved that I was in the wrong. There were serious faults in the execution. One of the greatest was that of having attached so much importance to the dethronement of the Bourbons. Charles the IV. was worn out. I might have given a liberal constitution to the Spanish nation, and charged Ferdinand with its execution. If he had put it forth in good faith, Spain would have prospered, and put itself in harmony with our new constitutions; if he had failed in the performance of his engagements, he would have met with his dismissal from the Spaniards themselves. 'You are about to undertake,' said Escoiquiz to me, 'one of the labors of Hercules, where, if you please, nothing but child's play is to be encountered.' The unfortunate war in Spain proved a real wound, the first cause of the misfortunes of France. If I could have foreseen that that affair would have caused me so much vexation and chagrin, I would never have engaged in it. But after the first steps were taken in the affair, it was impossi

ble for me to recede. When I saw those *imbécilles* quarrelling and trying to dethrone each other, I thought I might as well take advantage of it to dispossess an inimical family; but I was not the contriver of their disputes. Had I known at the first that the transaction would have given me so much trouble, I would never have attempted it."

Josephine was now again to be alone. Matters of state demanded Napoleon's absence from Paris, and in this journey he chose to leave the Empress at St. Cloud. On the 21st of September, he set out to meet the Emperor of Russia at Erfurth, ostensibly to renew the treaty of amity to which they had sworn at Tilsit. It was a matter of the highest importance to Bonaparte, that Alexander should for the present keep the peace which now existed between Russia and France. His troubles were already such that the influence of Alexander might have made the scale preponderate fearfully against him. The affairs in Spain had already begun to assume a new and threatening appearance. Austria was evidently looking only for a favorable opportunity to take up arms against France. Prussia was desirous to throw off the yoke which Napoleon had imposed upon her; the Burschenschafts were laboring zealously and effectually for the liberation of Germany, and Holland was ready to take up hostilities at a moment's warning. All this Napoleon knew, and gave all his efforts to dispel the blackening cloud before it should burst in a resistless storm upon his head.

He reached Erfurth on the 27th of September, and found Alexander as tractable as at their former interview at Tilsit. The Czar himself had ambitious designs, and wished the assurance that his French ally would not interfere with his attempts upon Turkey, Sweden and Finland. Napoleon was very ready to promise this, upon the condition that his own transactions in Spain should be ratified, and that he should be unmolested in his farther attempts to increase his power. These matters being settled, Napoleon had another scheme which in his view was full as important as the first. He renewed to Alexander the proposals which he had formerly hinted at Tilsit, for a matrimonial alliance with the imperial family of Russia. He intended to enter on such negotiations when he left Paris, and if this was not the chief design of his journey, it was at least his chief reason for making it alone. His mind was now fully bent upon a divorce, and a new marriage, and the house of Russia seemed at the present time to offer him the most eligible connection. Alexander saw the embarrassment which would ensue should such an alliance be consummated, and when a direct overture was made to him for the hand of one of the Russian Archduchesses, he declined the proposal, and evaded the real difficulty by alleging that the difference in their systems of religion offered an insurmountable obstacle in the way of Napoleon's desires. Napoleon, of course, penetrated this flimsy pretext at a glance, and left Erfurth highly indignant, though he manifested no outward signs of displeasure.

It was of the first importance, that he should keep up friendly relations with Russia, and he therefore pocketed an indignity, which under more favorable circumstances he would have terribly revenged.

Josephine heard of all these transactions at St Cloud, though Napoleon had not as yet communicated to her a word upon a subject which so deeply affected the hopes and happiness of her life. Her pride enabled her to conceal from her attendants the agitation of her spirit, but there were moments of bitter anguish when she was alone, and could commune unobserved with the secrets of her own heart. Vague rumors of the proposals which Napoleon had made to Alexander, had floated to the palace and were commented upon by the maids of honor, who wondered that the step of the Empress could be light, and her smile so gay, when they knew that her heart was breaking under the burden of sorrow. Josephine *appeared* cheerful and even mirthful. Her daily walks were made, and her charities distributed with the gentleness and generosity which had always characterized her. Her favorite swan was not for a day unvisited; her pet gazelle was never denied a fond caress. She had a smile and a kind word for every one; and whether doing the honors of the imperial court, or attending to the wants of some poor pensioner upon her bounty—whether amid her maids of honor or with the nobles of the empire, in all that outward circumstances could indicate, she was the same blithesome being as before. However dark were her prospects, she still hoped on, and determined

to labor on, knowing that the sunshine will at last melt down the iceberg whose glittering front has for centuries stood in cold defiance of its beams. When Napoleon returned to St. Cloud, she received him with her usual cordiality. Both she and the Emperor had cherished suspicion, and repeatedly manifested this disposition to each other; but Josephine, though she had more reason to indulge the sentiment than ever before, felt that the present was no time for its exhibition. Napoleon, also apprehensive of giving Josephine premature indication of his views, was unusually affable and attentive. Thus a few weeks vanished, each feeling, but neither disclosing, constraint in the other's society; till Napoleon having opened the meeting of the Legislative Body, at Paris, with great pomp, left Josephine at St. Cloud on the 27th of October, and hastened to clear up his already darkening prospects in Spain.

Josephine earnestly desired to accompany him in this expedition. She knew its difficulties and perils, and was willing to brave them in the hope of alleviating them, but especially from the desire of exerting the spell of her constant influence over the heart of Napoleon. Her request was denied, firmly, but with apparent kindness. The Emperor represented to her the annoyances to which she would be constantly subjected, and pleaded the need which she had of repose. She assured him that she could bear the trials, and needed no rest; that she should be happier amid the privations of the camp, and the tumults of war, by his

side, than alone, with all the pleasures of the imperial palace at her command. Napoleon was deeply touched with this exhibition of Josephine's love, yet persisted in his refusal; for his resolution once taken was never reversed, and Josephine bade him farewell on the 27th of October, then retired to her chamber to weep, in secret, tears more bitter than any previous agony had made to flow.

In the campaign upon which he now entered, Napoleon found enough to occupy his attention, without proceeding farther with his plans for the divorce of Josephine. All Spain was alive with hostility. In every quarter of the land, from Navarre to Andalusia, from Catalonia to Gallicia, the voice of opposition was swelling loud against him. The notes of freedom were echoed from every mountain and valley, hamlet and city, in tones which would have blanched the cheek and shaken the heroism of any ordinary invader. The Spanish armies, though driven from the plains, were still unconquered. The Alpine nests of Asturias; the inaccessible retreats of Gallicia; the rugged ranges which swept between the Duero and the Guadalquivir; every mountain fastness, from the Pyrenees to the Sierra Nevada, swarmed with sturdy and invincible defenders. Ferdinand VII. had been proclaimed sovereign at Madrid, and King Joseph, whom Napoleon had crowned, had been driven from the capital. Toledo had risen in insurrection, and kindled a flame of patriotic resentment against France, which spread like a conflagration throughout the Peninsula.

As though by a simultaneous impulse, the citizens of almost every town in Spain were ridding themselves of the French residents by a terrible butchery. In Cadiz and Seville, in Carthagena and Valencia, the streets were red with the flow of blood. The French armies had, also, met with untold disasters. After their first victory,* the tide of battle had everywhere turned against them. Duhesme had been forced to shut himself up in Barcelona by the brave Catalonian mountaineers; Moncey, who had attempted the siege of Valencia, had been beaten back from its walls with slaughter and disgrace; Dupont had been driven successively from Jaen, and Baylen, to Menjibar, and had at last been forced to surrender himself and his men as prisoners, upon the most humiliating terms. Lefebvre had found the indomitable zeal of the Spaniards proof against all his attempts upon Saragossa, and had at last abruptly abandoned the siege. The spirit which had in days of old lived in the unconquerable defenders of Numantia and Saguntum, seemed everywhere to be breathed again into the breasts of their heroic descendants. As if the efforts and successes of the Spaniards were not enough to intimidate the French invaders, a source of fresh anxiety at this time appeared in another quarter. A heavy English force had landed in the Peninsula, and was now moving forward with rapid march towards the scene of conflict. The advance guard of the English army had already

* At Rioseca. This battle was fought on the 14th of July, and ended in the total overthrow of the united Spanish army.

crossed the Guadarrama mountains, when Napoleon came down in the midst of the French host, which lay encamped at Vittoria. His eye glanced over the whole state of things in a moment, and saw that not an instant was to be lost. His plan of operations was immediately laid, and, with the energy which his presence never failed to inspire, was carried into execution at once. The immense host, which, in anticipation of his arrival, he had collected at Vittoria, was instantly put in motion. Marshals Victor and Lefebvre, with forty thousand men, were commanded to march upon the Spanish troops who were waiting for a junction with the approaching English army, in Biscay. Soult was ordered to put to rout Count de Belvidere in Estremadura, while Napoleon himself, taking the main strength of his army, hastened with the rapidity and resistlessness of an avalanche against the whole left wing of the Spanish host, as it lay stretched from Bilboa to Burgos. Everywhere, he was successful. The Spanish armies melted away like dew before him, and the fate of all those upon the Ebro was finally sealed, almost before the English forces had heard that Napoleon had arrived in Spain. Following up his successes, the Emperor marched at once upon Madrid, which he entered upon the 4th of December, after a stern but ineffectual resistance. Leaving the capital as soon as he had established his authority there, and collecting his forces, he hurled himself with resistless energy upon the British army, which, under the command of Sir John Moore, had already retreated to

Corunna. The battle of Corunna took place on the 16th of January, 1809, resulting in the complete discomfiture of the English, and the acknowledgment, for the time, of Napoleon's supremacy over Spain. Flushed with his victories, and unable to foresee the subsequent disasters for which they opened the way, the Emperor left the command of the French battalions in the Peninsula to his brother Joseph, and then hastily departed for Paris. He reached St. Cloud on the 23d of January, having achieved the most astonishing results in a campaign of but little over two months' duration. In Bonaparte's whole course he was constantly crowding into a moment, events which it would have taken other men a lifetime to have brought about. He moved over the earth, as a meteor flashes across the sky, surprising and startling men by the suddenness and splendor of his career.

But little of the time which Napoleon now spent at the palace was devoted to Josephine's society; fresh cares were crowding upon him. News that the war in Spain was, after all, still undecided, reached his ears, while indications that Austria was designing war upon France, were becoming distinct and authentic. The Empress was more neglected, and the counsel which Napoleon had heretofore frequently asked in reference to his plans, was now rarely sought. This was unnoticed by all but Josephine, and the rumors of a divorce were less common than formerly. To others, Napoleon appeared uniformly kind towards her, and in their daily intercourse at St. Cloud, or in their occa-

sional excursions together to the parks of Rambouillet, his cherished purpose was not anticipated by the ordinary observer. He was struggling to keep from Josephine the knowledge of his designs, while she was endeavoring, as constantly, to keep him ignorant of the fact that she fathomed them all. While this double game was played, neither could be happy, but Josephine was continually seeking his society, hoping, though against hope, that she might break, for once, the iron determination of Napoleon.

It was almost morning, of the 12th of April, that a courier came dashing to the palace gates, demanding instant audience of the Emperor. Bonaparte, who was still up, tore open the despatches which the courier laid before him, and read with a flashing eye the tidings that Austria had broken the treaty of peace, and that Prince Charles was already marching his legions against the French in Bavaria. As usual, his course was decided instantly; and hastily proceeding to the apartments of the Empress, who had already retired, he broke her slumbers, and bade her be ready in two hours to accompany him to the borders of Germany. Said he, "You have played the part of Empress long enough; you must now again become the wife of a general. I leave immediately; you will go with me to Strasburg." This was the first intimation which Josephine had received that it was the Emperor's intention that she should accompany him on his contemplated Austrian campaign. As ever, however, she unhesitatingly obeyed the summons. She was too

familiar with the suddenness of Napoleon's plans to be taken with surprise by any new movement, and was consequently never wholly unprepared for an unexpected journey. Before three o'clock they set off from St Cloud. Both were in good spirits. Napoleon had a presentiment that he should conquer the Austrians, and Josephine, after having been denied her request to accompany the Emperor to Spain, hailed this privilege as a mark of returning favor. The idea that he could be defeated seems never to have entered Napoleon's mind, and he appeared to regard the Austrian outbreak, as only a new opportunity of adding to his power. His destiny, as he fancied, was leading him on another stride in the pathway to greatness. He was therefore in the best possible humor, and his suavity and attentions brought back to Josephine the glad memories of other days.

Their route to Strasburg lay through Champagne and Lorraine, embracing some of the finest regions in France. The valleys of the Marne and Meuse, enchanted the travellers with their lovely scenery and agricultural wealth. Napoleon was well pleased to see the marks of thrift and industry displayed on every hand, for he could expect from these fresh supplies for his coffers and conscript rolls. A pleasing incident in this journey illustrates the character of both. On leaving one of the villages in Lorraine, Josephine called his attention to an old woman who was kneeling on the steps of the chapel, bathed in tears. Her grief touched the heart of the Empress, who sent for her, and bade

her tell the cause of her sadness. Said she, "My kind friends, my poor grandson Joseph has been included in the conscription, and for nine days have I come here regularly to make my *neuvaine* that he might draw a good lot; and that which he has drawn bears the number 4. Thus I lose not only my grandson, but my prayers also. Nor is this all; my eldest son's daughter is about to marry one of our neighbors, named Michael; and Michael now refuses to marry her, on account of Joseph, her brother, being in the conscription. Should my son conclude to procure a substitute for poor Joseph, why, then adieu to Julie's dowry, for he would give her nothing; and that dowry is to be six hundred francs in cash." "Very good, take that," said the Emperor—sending her a bank note. "You will find a thousand to supply his place for that amount. I want soldiers, and for that purpose I encourage marriages." Josephine was also so much interested in the story, that when she arrived at Strasburg, she sent Julie a rich bridal present. This incident illustrates the kindness which was always active in the Empress, and which was not a stranger to Napoleon's heart.

At Strasburg, on the confines of France and Germany, Bonaparte left Josephine and hurried on to Frankfort, and the scene of action. The faithful Empress would have joyfully accompanied him on his way, but refusing his assent, she was left behind to watch the progress of the campaign, the event of which was to have so decisive an influence upon her own happiness.

In addition to the ladies of her court who attended her at Strasburg, Hortense and her children, the Queen of Westphalia, and the Princess Stephanie contributed by their presence to remove the gloom of her separation. In the society of these, she passed a few pleasant weeks at Strasburg, when a messenger from Paris summoned her thither as regent of the Empire again, during Bonaparte's absence. She returned to St. Cloud, and amid scenes of former enjoyment dreaded each day more deeply the fatal blow, which from the progress of affairs in Austria, she perceived was inevitable, and which was to sever the strongest ties forever.

To understand more fully the *denouement* of Josephine's strange destiny, we must now recur to Napoleon in his present campaign. Like those of previous dates, this was a series of brilliant successes. He found upon his arrival in the camp that his army was in disorder, and that the important plans, which he had left an incompetent Marshal* to carry out, had been only partially put in execution. His forces had been scattered in various directions, under the miserable pretext of keeping in check several trifling divisions of the Austrian host, while Prince Charles with the main body of his force was already occupying the field. On the 17th of April, he arrived in the French camp at Donauworth, and instantly began his work, unfatigued by the journey, or undismayed by the prospects before him. As rapidly as possible he collected his scattered soldiers, and took up his line of march for

* Berthier.

Vienna. At Abensberg, at Eckmuhl, and at Ratisbon, the Austrians, who attempted in great strength to block up his path, were totally routed, and Prince Charles was forced to cross the Danube with the remnant of his army, thus leaving Napoleon an unobstructed way to the capital. He continued his course as rapidly as he commenced it, and after a short struggle, on the 12th of May, his armies entered and took possession of Vienna. The tidings of these successes were borne to Josephine, and received by her with gratitude; but a new scene in the drama was soon to appear. The imperial family of Austria, with one exception, had hastily left the capital, to save themselves from the hands of the conqueror. The Archduchess, Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor Francis II., alone remained, and met with becoming dignity the possessor of her father's throne, at Schœnbrunn *

It is possible that Napoleon, when refused a matrimonial alliance with Russia, had determined to seek such a connection with Austria; it is, at least, certain, that this was in contemplation when he entered upon his present campaign. When the Archduchess was presented, his choice was made, and with his natural impetuosity, he at once paid his court and addresses to her. The haughty daughter of the Cæsars heard his offers calmly, but refused to compromise her dignity in the slightest degree. She told him it was no time then

* This chateau was built by Maria Theresa, in 1754, and is distant only a mile from Vienna. Maria Louisa preferred it to all the palaces of her father.

to listen to his vows, and demanded protection for herself, and safety for her fugitive family. Napoleon left her, resolved that the war should not cease till the Emperor of Austria was forced to surrender to him this beautiful prize.

All this was borne to Josephine upon the wings of the wind. Her private couriers told her of the youth and charms of the Archduchess, and exaggerated the influence which they were exerting over Bonaparte. Then followed the bulletin of battle. The tide of war was again swelling to its flood, and the heart of the devoted Empress forgot its jealousy in the apprehension for a husband's safety. Now his star was in the ascendant—then it seemed to sink, and again it rose in glory, and blazed with a brighter splendor than before. Napoleon was triumphant—the campaign was ended—a treaty of peace had been signed—and the conqueror of another empire was again on his return to France.

Austria was completely humbled, but yet the terms upon which peace was made, were so favorable to her that all Europe was astonished. Napoleon was not accustomed to show undue liberality when matters of this kind were at his entire disposal, but in the present instance, he had allowed Austria to retain nine millions of square miles of her territory, while he only took for France a few small provinces,* and had given her

* These were Trieste, the districts of Carniola, Friuli, the circle of Villach, and small parts of Croatia, and Dalmatia, embracing about two hundred thousand square miles.

peace, upon conditions which still left her, next to France and Russia, the most formidable power upon the continent. It was said at the time, and with great probability, that the reason for these remarkable concessions lay in the contemplated matrimonial alliance between Bonaparte and the house of Hapsburg; though the statement that his marriage was one of the secret articles in the treaty of peace, was afterwards denied by Napoleon.

On the 16th of October, Bonaparte left Schœnbrunn; at Munich, he stopped and despatched a courier to the Empress at St. Cloud, apprising her that he should arrive at Fontainebleau on the 27th, and directing the court to proceed thither to receive him. So rapid, however, was his progress, that he reached Fontainebleau at ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th, and of course found no preparations made for his reception. This threw him into a rage, though he could not have forgotten that his arrival was a day earlier than he had fixed, and cursing their tardiness, ordered a courier to gallop immediately to St. Cloud, and announce to the Empress his arrival. Fontainebleau is forty miles distant, and it was one o'clock before Josephine received the intelligence. Aware of the Emperor's disposition, she set off hastily, with a feeling of dismay, fearing he might charge the consequences of his own haste upon her.

Towards evening, Josephine arrived; Bonaparte was writing in his library, and when an attendant told him the Empress had come, he took no notice of

the announcement. It was the first time he had failed to welcome her after absence, and not only Josephine, but all, marked so strange a mood. Inquiring after him, the Empress ran to the library, threw open the doors, and, unheralded, stepped forward to greet him. At her first salutation, the Emperor raised his eyes, and without rising from his seat, gave her a look that was like the touch of death. "Ah! so you are come, madam," said he. "'Tis well; I was just about to set out for St. Cloud." Josephine attempted to answer, but her emotions choked her, and she burst into tears. Was this the reception which was to requite her love, her fears for his safety, her efforts for his success? As she stood sobbing there, Napoleon's heart smote him, and rising, he apologized for his rudeness. "Forgive me," he said, tenderly embracing her—"I own I was wrong. Let us be friends again." Josephine was ready for a reconciliation, but she could not at once dry her tears. Retiring to dress, they flowed afresh, and for several moments she freely indulged them. What meant his coldness, and then his returning favor? Was his kindness real, or did he show it only to give her a false hope, as the boa is said to loosen its folds and look brightly in the eye of its victim, as a prelude to the last struggle?

When Josephine and the Emperor again met, it was with mutual smiles, and apparent cordiality. Each seemed to have forgotten the previous misunderstanding, and mainly desirous of treating the other with affection. It was not many days, however, before the

attendants saw tokens of alienation. The manners of the Emperor towards Josephine, assumed a formality, and those of the Empress towards him, betrayed an unusual constraint. It was evident that something had ruffled the tide of their domestic happiness. Their time was spent mostly at Fontainebleau, interspersed with occasional visits to the capital. When at Paris, everything appeared in its accustomed way, and Josephine was ever glad of a pretext which called them there, for at the palace life was irksome and full of disquiet. Napoleon had told her that she stood in the way of his prosperity, that he needed not only an heir, but that to render his power stable, he must seek an alliance with one of the great reigning houses of Europe, that she lay as ever near his heart, but bade her ask herself the question, if it would be a pleasing reflection, that the great empire to whose formation she had essentially contributed, was to crumble away at his death. "What a glorious sacrifice," he would say, "you can make, not only to myself but to our empire." Josephine would answer sometimes by tears, then by supplications, and again by arguments, to which even Napoleon could not reply. She would appeal by turns to his generosity, to his former love, and to his superstition. She would talk to him of that mysterious influence which had bound them together, and against which he might not rashly sin. "See there," said she to him, one starlight evening, as they sat alone at a window of the palace, — "Bonaparte, behold that bright star; it is mine! and remember, to mine, not to

thine, has sovereignty been promised. Separate, then, our fates, and your star fades!"

Nothing, however, could swerve the Emperor from his purpose, and Josephine saw from day to day, that her influence over him was declining. It was a humiliating thought to her, that her attendants noticed this, and even her waiting-maids had already begun to regard her in the light of a repudiated wife. "In what self-constraint," said she, "did I pass the period during which, though no longer his wife, I was obliged to appear so to all eyes! Ah! what looks were those which the courtiers suffered to fall upon me." The private passage-way between her apartments and the Emperor's had been closed by his orders, and the free and joyous intercourse which they had frequently held together seemed past forever. A dark shadow rested over the path of Josephine, and she moved slowly forward into its ever deepening obscurity, groping for light amid the chaos of happiness which once was hers. The language of her thoughts was, as our English poet expressed it,

> "Like the lily,
> That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
> I'll hang my head, and perish."

Bonaparte endeavored to act his part without betraying his emotion, but it was in vain. The strong man who had smiled in the face of danger and death, trembled as he drew near the closing scenes of this strange drama. Some have represented him as appearing to act a comedy, and pass with perfect calm-

ness through the ordeal; but this is only an outside view of the picture. It was no farce that made Napoleon Bonaparte weep in his chamber, while his whole frame shook with the emotions which were wildly struggling in his breast. But the iron hand of destiny was upon him, destiny which had impelled him on in the career of glory, and still pointed to a brighter eminence beyond—and he could not resist it. He looked before him, but the abyss which was already yawning at his feet was covered, and like a bed of flowers, upon which his star shone undimmed. The die was cast, his resolution was irrevocably taken, and though, while he should carry it into action, clouds might gather upon his sky, they would roll away, leaving his path the clearer and brighter, in contrast with a transient eclipse.

It was the last day of November, that he formally announced his purposes to Josephine. He had previously urged her to consent to the divorce, but had never before positively told her that she must cease to be his wife. Upon this day, dinner had been served as usual, to which the Emperor and Empress sat down. Josephine had been weeping all the morning, and to conceal the tears which were still falling, she appeared at the dinner-table, wearing a head-dress which completely shaded the upper part of her face. The dinner was one merely of form. The viands were brought on and removed, but neither Josephine nor Bonaparte tasted the luxuries or uttered a word Once or twice their eyes met, but were instantly

averted, each fearing to read the look which revealed the spirit's struggle. Josephine saw that her sun-light had passed away, and felt that the storm would quickly spend its wrath upon her.

The dinner ceremony concluded, the Emperor rose, and Josephine followed him mechanically into the adjoining saloon. Napoleon ordered all the attendants to retire, and for a few moments they were alone, and both were silent. Josephine instinctively apprehended her fate, but as she watched the changing expression of Bonaparte's countenance, and read through these the struggles of his soul, a single ray of hope darted athwart the gloom. Would he, could he cast her away? But all hope fled as she saw his features settle into a look of stern resolve, and her spirit sank within her, for she knew that her hour had come. Approaching her with trembling steps, the Emperor gazed at her for a moment, then took her hand and laid it upon his heart, as he said—"Josephine! my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you, to you alone, that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will; my dearest affections must yield to the interests of France." "Say no more," said the Empress; "I expected this, I understand and feel for you, but the stroke is not the less mortal." Josephine stopped; she tried to say more, but the appalling vision of her doom choked her utterance. She endeavored to command her feelings, but they were too strong to be restrained, and sobbing

out, "Oh, no, you cannot surely do it!—you would not kill me?"—she sunk upon the floor, overcome with the weight of her calamity. Napoleon, alarmed for her safety, threw open the doors of the saloon and called for help. The court physician was instantly summoned, and committing the hapless Empress to his care, the author of her misery shut himself up in his cabinet, with feelings known only to Him, whose Omniscient eye "*searches the hearts* of the children of men."

Josephine remained in her swoon for three hours. Again and again, the Emperor came to inquire after her, and would hang over her couch with an expression of the deepest anxiety. Corvisart, the physician, and Hortense, watched eagerly for tokens of returning animation; but when the Empress opened her eyes again in consciousness, it was with a look so full of sadness, that those who stood around, almost wished that she could then bury her sorrows in the forgetfulness of death.

"I cannot describe," she afterwards writes, "the horror of my condition during that night! Even the interests which *he* affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me additional cruelty. Oh, *mon Dieu!* how justly had I reason to dread becoming an Empress!" When she recovered, she made no effort to change Napoleon's resolution, but simply expressed to him her acquiescence. A day or two afterwards she wrote the following letter to the Emperor, which, as it

illustrates her peculiar feelings in relation to this event, we have inserted:

"My presentiments are realized. You have pronounced the word which separates us; the rest is only a formality. Such is the reward—I will not say of so many sacrifices, (they were sweet, because made for you,)—but of an attachment unbounded on my part, and of the most solemn oaths on yours. But the state, whose interests you put forward as a motive, will, it is said, indemnify me, by justifying you! These interests, however, upon which you feign to immolate me, are but a pretext; your ill-dissembled ambition, as it has been, so it will ever continue, the guide of your life—a guide which has led you to victories and to a throne, and which now urges you to disasters and to ruin.

"You speak of an alliance to contract—of an heir to be given to your empire — of a dynasty to be founded! But with whom do you contract that alliance? With the natural enemy of France—that insidious house of Austria—which detests our country from feeling, system, and necessity. Do you suppose that the hatred so many proofs of which have been manifested, especially during the last fifty years, has not been transferred from the kingdom to the empire; and that the descendants of Maria Theresa, that able sovereign, who purchased from Madam Pompadour the fatal treaty of 1756, mentioned by yourself only with horror; think you, I ask, that her posterity, while they inherit her power, are not animated also by her spirit?

I do nothing more than repeat what I have heard from you a thousand times; but then your ambition limited itself to humbling a power which now you propose to elevate. Believe me, so long as you shall be master of Europe, Austria will be submissive to you; but never know revèrse!

"As to the want of an heir, must a mother appear to you prejudiced in speaking of a son? Can I—ought I to be silent respecting him who constitutes my whole joy, and on whom once centered all your hopes? The adoption of Eugene was, then, a political falsehood? But there is one reality, at least; the talents and virtues of my Eugene are no illusion. How many times have you pronounced their eulogium! What do I say? Have you not deemed them worthy the possession of a throne as a recompense, and often said they deserved more? Alas! France has repeated the same; but what to you are the wishes of France?

"I do not here speak of the person destined to succeed me, nor do you expect that I should mention her. Whatever I might say on the subject would be liable to suspicion. But one thing you will never suspect—the vow which I form for your happiness. May that felicity at least recompense me for my sorrows. Ah! great it will be if proportionate to them!"

The Empress was not a woman that yielded to despair, though to appear cheerful, or even calm, at this time, cost her a struggle that shook the throne of reason. But she was Empress still, and while her moments of solitude were consumed in weeping and

unavailing regret, she lost none of her dignity or ease when subjected to the curious gaze of the officers of the court, or the ladies who had a more immediate access to her person. She even went to Paris, and presided at some of the splendid fêtes given in honor of Napoleon's late victories; but in all her movements, no one detected a step less light, an air less gay, a mien less commanding, than had distinguished her in the palmiest days of her imperial happiness. Hortense was at Fontainebleau when Napoleon made his announcement to the Empress, and Eugene left Italy and hastened to cheer his mother by his presence, as soon as the first tidings of her calamity reached him. Both of her children desired immediately to withdraw from farther association with Napoleon. Eugene tendered his resignation as viceroy of Italy, and asked to be excused from future service. Said he, "The son of her who is no longer Empress, cannot remain viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children." Napoleon was much affected at this declaration, and urged Eugene not to relinquish hastily his honors. He told him that it was necessity, and not inclination, which urged the sacrifice of Josephine; that he still loved her, and lavished the same affections upon her children as before. "Should you leave me," said he, "and should I have a son, who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father? who will bring him up? who is to make a man of him?" Josephine also heroically pleaded Napoleon's request.

"The Emperor," said she to Eugene, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are indebted for everything, and, therefore, owe a boundless obedience." History hardly shows a stronger instance of self-denying devotion than that which the Empress exhibited during the whole of these scenes. She became willing to sacrifice all her interests—to leave the proudest throne the world could then boast, and lay her crown at his feet who had bestowed it upon her; to see all her hopes wither, and mourn over the bereavement of her tenderest affections—willing to give up everything could she advance the glory of Napoleon. This was the goal of her changeful existence. The trial, though severe, was met and sustained. With heroic fortitude she looked into the gulf before her, and with calmness stepped forward to meet her fate. True, there were moments when the heart would rise, when the fountains of sorrow would overflow; but she struggled resolutely against these emotions, and before the day of separation arrived, she could talk of the event with Eugene and Hortense with, apparently, perfect composure.

That "fatal day" was not to be averted. It came, and notwithstanding her previous fortitude, the blow fell with a crushing weight upon her soul. A stupor, as though death were fastening his arrow in her heart, came over her. She was the gay and lovely Josephine no longer. She lost the self-control which she had with so much conflict gained, and was again a weak, broken-hearted woman, helpless and comfortless; a

vine reaching forth in vain its tendrils for the sup-
port whence it was rudely torn.

The 15th of December had been announced as the
day for the intended separation. Napoleon had caused
to assemble at the Tuilleries the different members of
his own family, the Arch-chancellor of France, and al
the high officers of state who composed the imperia
council. It was a magnificent assembly, but each
countenance wore a shade of gloom, as if some terrible
blow were impending over the dearest prospects of
every heart. Napoleon first addressed them and told
them the object of his calling them together. "The
political interests of my monarchy," said he, "the
wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my
actions, require that I should leave behind me, to heir
of my love for my people, the throne on which Provi
dence has placed me. For many years I have lost all
hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the
Empress Josephine; this it is which induces me to
sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to con
sider only the good of my subjects and desire a disso
lution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty
years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long
enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and
disposition, the children with which it may please
Providence to bless me. God knows what such a de
termination has cost my heart! but there is no sacri
fice which is above my courage when it is proved to
be for the best interests of France. Far from having
any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but i

raise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved ife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life— ie remembrance of them will be forever engraven on y heart; she was crowned by my hand: she shall tain always that rank and the title of Empress: but, bove all let her never doubt my feelings or regard me it as her best and dearest friend."

The sweet but faltering tones of Josephine's voice ruck a chord of sympathy in every heart, as she thus, ith great dignity, replied—"I respond to all the senti- ents of the Emperor, in consenting to the dissolution a marriage, which henceforth is an obstacle to the ppiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of ing one day governed by the descendants of that eat man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface e evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, e throne, and social order. But his marriage will in respect change the sentiments of my heart; the mperor will ever find in me his truest friend. I know hat this act, commanded by policy and exalted inter- ts, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacri- es which we make to the good of the country. I el elevated in giving the greatest proof of attachment d devotion that was ever given upon earth." When e had finished, the Empress was assisted out of the artment, but the exercises of the day, from which e was drinking such draughts of bitterness, were not t brought to a close. Again had the imperial family d chief nobles of the realm assembled, all in grand stume, to witness the final consummation. A decree

of the Senate had been obtained, proclaiming the divorce, and all that was now necessary, was that it receive the signatures and seals of the parties to be separated. Napoleon wore a hat whose sweeping plumes mostly concealed his face, but an observer could still read in his countenance traces of deep emotion. He stood with his arms crossed upon his breast motionless and speechless. A writing apparatus of gold lay upon a small table in the midst of the apartment, and before it an arm-chair was placed, waiting the entrance of the Empress. The door opened and Josephine, leaning on the arm of Hortense, came slowly forward. For a moment she gave an involuntary shudder, and paused while her lustrous eye ran over the face of every one present, as though she had now for the first time gained a full apprehension of her doom.

"She stood, as stands the stricken deer
Check'd midway in the fearful chase,
When bursts upon his eye and ear
The gaunt, gray robber baying near
Between it and its resting-place—
While still behind, with yell and blow,
Sweeps, like a storm, the coming foe."

It was, however, but for a moment, and proceeding forward she seated herself in the chair at the table, and listened to the decree of the council which completed the separation between herself and the object of her warmest affections. The decree was as follows:—

"Art. I. The marriage contracted between the Em

peror Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, is dissolved.

Art. II. The Empress Josephine shall preserve the title and rank of Empress Queen Crowned.

Art. III. Her allowance is fixed at an annual payment out of the public treasury.

Art. IV. Whatever provision the Emperor shall make in favor of the Empress Josephine out of the funds belonging to the civil list, shall be obligatory upon his successors.

Art. V. The present Senatus consultum shall be transmitted by a message to her imperial and royal majesty."

Josephine listened to this decree, but the warm tears fell like rain from her quivering lids. Rising from her chair, she pronounced the oath of acceptance with a tremulous voice, and then overcome with emotions, sank again into her seat. Count Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely placed the pen in her hand, with which she signed the fatal decree. The deed was done, but oh, with what a heaving heart did that martyr lay down the pen, and look up to catch one glance of love from the stern countenance, which, pale and motionless as that of a statue, was turned full upon her. With one convulsive sob she rose, and leaning again upon the arm of Hortense, left the apartment no longer the wife of Bonaparte.

Eugene, who had been an agonized spectator of the whole scene, followed her closely, but his emotions were too strong for his sensitive nature to endure. He had

hardly left the saloon before he fainted and fell, completely overcome by his anguish.

Josephine shut herself up in her apartment, where the sorrow of her soul could be unseen by human eye. She had nerved herself for the issue, had for days been steeling her heart to composure, but when the blow fell, she bowed like a reed before the tempest. It was in vain that she assumed tranquillity, the tide of feeling swept its barriers. At night she sought a last interview with Napoleon. He had retired to rest when, with eyes swollen and red from weeping, Josephine entered the apartment. She threw open the door but stopped, as she saw the Emperor, doubtful whether to advance or retire. A throng of emotions—delicacy, love—the consciousness that she had no longer any right there, and an unwillingness to leave without an adieu, struggled in her breast. Napoleon, dismissing his servant in waiting, rose and clasped the Empress in his arms, and for a few moments they were locked in each other's embrace, silently mingling their tears together. Josephine remained with him an hour, and then parted from the man who had won and broken her heart. Her sobs told what a weight of sorrow still rested upon her spirit as she left the apartment, but the bitterness of death had passed.

And another trial was in store for her. The next morning she was to leave the Tuilleries, and bid adieu to scenes sacred to the memory of happiest years. At eleven o'clock an officer of the guard entered her room, and told her that he had orders to conduct her to Mal-

maison. Silently she prepared to obey the summons, but paused to weep again, when she thought of what she had sacrificed and what she was to leave. To add to her sadness, the whole household, who were tenderly attached to her, assembled together on the stairs and in the vestibule through which she was to pass, anxious to catch one last look at their martyr mistress, "who carried with her into exile the hearts of all that had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence." The expressions of their grief as they met her ears, were too much for the heart of Josephine. She would have stopped and taken them each by the hand, but she knew if she had hesitated now, a delirium of grief would lay her a helpless victim at their feet. She leaned upon one of her ladies, and moved on with mournful step, more tremulously and wearily than the unfortunate, but faithful Beauharnais, had trod the floor of the guillotine. A carriage stood at the gates, an officer assisted her up the steps, and pausing to take a farewell gaze at the scenes of past greatness and departed happiness, she veiled a face whose two-fold expression of resignation and sorrow, made it indescribably touching and lovely; and was borne away forever from the palace consecrated by her presence, to the empire of virtue and affection.

CHAPTER X.

JOSEPHINE'S RETIREMENT AND SORROW.—HER RESIDENCE AT MALMAISON AND NAVARRE.—MARIA LOUISA.—NATIONAL JOY AT THE BIRTH OF YOUNG NAPOLEON.—CONGRATULATIONS OF JOSEPHINE.—INCIDENTS OF LIFE AT NAVARRE.—BONAPARTE'S CAMPAIGN TO RUSSIA.—HIS DISASTERS.—THE FIDELITY OF JOSEPHINE.—LETTERS.—NAPOLEON ABDICATES THE THRONE.—JOSEPHINE RECEIVES THE HOMAGE AND SYMPATHY OF THE GREAT.—HER LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.—FUNERAL.—SUMMARY OF HER CHARACTER.

JOSEPHINE returned to Malmaison, the mansion which twelve years before she entered as the bride of Napoleon, and where she had passed the happiest hours of life, now heart-broken and desolate. She struggled vainly to calm the agitation of her unoffending spirit, that forced the tears like rain from her swollen eyes, and to hide the agony written in unmistakable lines upon her meek and mournful face. Though past middle age, she was still youthful in appearance, and seemed the very angel of sorrow, smiling through the grief and gloom of her great calamity; the more distressed, because others were sad on her account. Every object that she looked upon reminded her of the varied past, her present humiliation, and a joyless future. Her favorite walks were no more taken for refreshment or pleasure, but became the hours of weeping, while every apartment of that villa

chosen and embellished by her taste, presented to her eye some trace of the man whose ambition crushed her, or gave back to her imagination an echo of his familiar voice. It was not simply that her divorce was unjust, and her pride wounded by so rudely taking from her brow a crown she had not sought, but her affections were torn from their object and bleeding—she was spurned from a heart that had won her own, and loved deeply in turn—and all to gratify an insatiate thirst for power and permanent fame. None but those who have striven to conceal the throes of anguish which almost brought tears of blood, can sympathize with this uncomplaining sufferer during the months that succeeded her separation from Napoleon.

Still her residence was the resort of the *distingue*, and often presented scenes of gayety similar to those of the royal palace. The drawing-rooms were elegantly furnished, and the furniture adorned with embroidery wrought by Josephine and the ladies of her court, in previous years. The apartment Bonaparte had occupied was untouched from the time he left it, excepting the dusting by her own hand. She kept the key and guarded its contents sacredly as the relics of a consecrated temple. The volume of history lay where he closed it, with a leaf turned down to the place of perusal—a pen was beside it, and a map of the world which he used to spread before him and mark out his course of conquest, and show his conclave of confidential friends the comprehensive plans

of action he had designed. His camp-bed, arms laid aside, and apparel thrown off carelessly where he changed it, were undisturbed. No intruder entered this silent room, which to Josephine was a haunted spot—where she could give unchecked indulgence to her bitter woe, and sit in a wild reverie, unbroken by the curious gaze or words of condolence.

Her personal arrangements at this time were all becoming and simple. The only costly piece of furniture she added to her own chamber was the splendid toilet service, made of gold, which she left behind her in the palace, but which Napoleon sent to her, with other valuable articles she refused to take as private property. The Empress desired now an unostentatious life—an exterior worthy of her rank, yet within this a quiet and secluded home in harmony with her subdued and wounded spirit. A letter addressed to her superintendent, displays her taste and refinement of feeling.

"Profit by my absence, dear F——, and make haste to dismantle the pavilion of the acacias, and to transfer my boudoir into that of the orangery. I should wish the first apartment of the suite, and which serves for an ante-room, to be painted light green, with a border of lilacs. In the centre of the panels you will place my fine engravings from Esther, and under each of these a portrait of the distinguished generals of the Revolutions. In the centre of the apartment there must be a large flower-stand constantly filled with fresh flowers in their season, and in

each angle a bust of a French philosopher. I particularly mention that of Rousseau, which place between the two windows, so that the vines and foliage may play around his head. This will be a natural crown, worthy of the author of *Emile*. As to my private cabinet, let it be colored light blue, with a border of ranunculus and polyanthus. Ten large engravings from the Gallery of the Musée, and twenty medallions. will fill up the panels. Let the casements be painted white and green, with double fillets gilded. My piano, a green sofa, and two *chaises longues*, with corresponding covers, a secretaire, a small bureau, and a large toilet-glass, are articles you will not forget. In the centre, place a large table always covered with freshly gathered flowers; and upon the mantle-shelf a simple pendule, two alabaster vases, and double-branched girandoles. Unite elegance to variety; but no study, no profusion. Nothing is more opposed to good taste. In short, I confide to you the care of rendering this cherished spot an agreeable retreat, where I may meditate—sleep, it may be—but oftenest read; which says sufficient to remind you of three hundred volumes of my small edition."

Many persons of rank from St. Cloud frequented this abode of elegance, because they knew it gratified Napoleon, whose affection still clung to Josephine. From nine o'clock till midnight, all the phases of life at court were witnessed here, while *savans* were not only regular guests, but in the circle of the Empress' warmest friends. The pencil and lyre were scarcely

ever absent from her apartments, while Canova, then in his glory, adorned the galleries with the creations of his genius, or by his presence enhanced the pleasure of conversation in the saloons.

Several months were spent in this manner at Malmaison, her sadness unbroken, however brilliant the social aspect; when a change of residence brought diversion to her thoughts, and in proportion to this effect, a relief to her mental gloom. The chosen spot was Navarre, once a kingly palace, and celebrated for its extensive and beautiful park, its winding and crystal streams, transparent lakes, and fairy lawns. The chateau was in the bosom of the forest of Evreux, whose grand old trees locked their arms around it, and whose shadowy aisles ran in diverging lines into the solemn twilight. But the Revolution had not spared this magnificent seat; it was a splendid wreck. Tangled shrubbery had usurped the mounds where flowers had bloomed, the streams were filled with fallen branches, and the lakes stagnant with mouldering vegetation. To restore the departed grandeur and beauty was Josephine's new employment, which was a double source of delight, in furnishing entertainment to herself, and a means of benevolence in the labors of the poor peasantry. Bonaparte gave her a million of francs, or forty-one thousand pounds sterling, on her retirement, as part of her allowance, which she devoted entirely to this object. Soon the wilderness of decay "blossomed as the rose;" the waters sparkled and murmured along their channels, and slumbered

in their boundaries fringed with foliage—the sunny slopes were gay with flowers, and the wide fields alive with the laborers, who were grateful for toil, if it purchased bread. In the centre of this miniature kingdom, the ex-Empress lived more secluded than before, and consequently more in unison with her taste. There was less parade, and fewer guests, but more freedom and greater intimacy of friendship. A quotation is subjoined, which gives with a minuteness similar to a former description, the order of domestic affairs.

"At ten o'clock breakfast was served; and it was the duty of the ladies and chamberlains in attendance to be in the saloon to receive her majesty, who was exact to a minute in all such arrangements. 'I have never,' she used to say, 'kept any one waiting for me, half a minute, when to be punctual depended on myself. Punctuality is true politeness, especially in the great.' From the saloon the Empress immediately passed into the breakfast-room, followed by her court, according to their rank; naming herself those who were to sit on her right and left. Both at breakfast and dinner the repast consisted of one course only, everything except the dessert being placed on the table at once. The Empress had five attendants behind her chair, and those who sat down with her, one each. Seven officials of different ranks performed the ordinary service of the table. After breakfast, which was never prolonged beyond three quarters of an hour the Empress, with her ladies, retired to a long room

named the gallery, adorned with pictures and statues, and commanding a beautiful prospect, where they continued to employ themselves in various elegant or useful works, while the chamberlain in attendance read aloud to the party. At two, when the weather permitted, the ladies rode out in three open carriages, each with four horses, Madam d'Arberg, lady of honor, one of the ladies in waiting, and a distinguished visitor always accompanied the Empress. In this manner passed two hours in examining improvements, and freely conversing with every one who desired anything, when the party returned, and all had the disposal of their time till six o'clock, the hour of dinner. This repast concluded, the evening, till eleven, was dedicated to relaxation, the Empress playing at backgammon, piquet, or casino with the personages of her household, or guests whom she named for that honor, or conversing generally with the whole circle.

"The younger ladies, whether members of the household or visitors, of whom there were always several, often many, whose education Josephine thus completed by retaining them near her person, usually adjourned to a small saloon off the drawing-room, where a harp and a piano invited either to music or the dance under the control of some experienced matron. Sometimes, however, this slight restraint was forgotten, and the noise of the juvenile party somewhat incommoded their seniors in the grand apartment. On these occasions, the lady of honor, who had the charge of the whole establishment, and was, moreover, a strict dis-

ciplinarian, would hint the necessity of repressing the riot; but Josephine always opposed this. 'Suffer, my dear Madam d'Arberg,' she would say, 'both them and us to enjoy, while we may, that delightful innocency of mirth which comes from the heart and goes to the heart.' At eleven, tea was served, and the visitors retired; but the Empress generally remained for an hour longer, conversing with her ladies. 'These conversations,' says one who frequently bore a part in them, 'afforded the best means of judging of the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart. She loved to give herself up, without reserve, to the pleasure of this confidential intercourse, but would sometimes check herself in the midst of an interesting recital, observing, 'I know that everything I say is reported to the Emperor, a circumstance extremely disagreeable, not in itself so much, as in the consequent restraint which it imposes.' Napoleon, in fact, had intelligence within a few hours of everything which was done or said at Malmaison and Navarre. I know not that the member of our circle who thus played the spy was ever suspected, but certain it is, such an official existed. On this subject, we may remark, that the same system prevailed at St. Cloud and the Tuilleries; but what was most singular, besides the regular *police*, established by Napoleon and Josephine for mutual surveillance, some one member of the court had gratuitously assumed the office of secret reporter. Within a few hours the Emperor or Empress received information of whatever had occurred

of a peculiar nature in the conduct of either, which the one might be deemed desirous of concealing from the other. These communications came by the ordinary letter office attached to the palaces, were evidently by the same hand, and yet the writer remained undetected."

Yet Josephine felt not a thrill of joy amid all this change, unless upon receiving words of love from Napoleon, or at the gladness of others—the words of inspiration were deeply her experience: "Every heart knows its own *bitterness!*" There is nothing more sad in life's changes, than the suffering of the innocent for the guilty; the unuttered grief of a bosom another has robbed of hope—the slow death of one who has a wounded spirit. But such are the woes that make the pastime of half the world. The millionaire rides in a gilded chariot bought with the gains that made tears fall like rain—the man with a little brief authority walks unmoved upon the prostrate form of another whom he fears or hates—and in a thousand homes, woman is a secluded martyr to the vice and caprice of a heartless ruffian.

To Josephine, this view of earth, after the completed work of desolation, which banished her from St. Cloud, became naturally the habitual one, as expressed in a letter to Bonaparte:

"Sire,—I received, this morning, the welcome note which was written on the eve of your departure for St. Cloud, and hasten to reply to its tender and affectionate contents. These indeed, do not in themselves

surprise me; but only as being received so early as fifteen days after my establishment here; so perfectly assured was I that your attachment would search out the means of consoling me under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of both. The thought that your care follows me into my retreat renders it almost agreeable.

"After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the suffering of one that is so no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved, enthusiastically admired, is there aught else, save repose, to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me? All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus, the only ties which yet bind me to life are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of being able still to do some good, and above all, the assurance that you are happy. Do not, then, condole with me on my being here, distant from a court, which you appear to think I regret. Surrounded by those who are attached to me, free to follow my taste for the arts, I find myself better at Navarre than anywhere else; for I enjoy more completely the society of the former, and form a thousand projects which may prove useful to the latter, and will embellish the scenes I owe to your bounty. There is much to be done here, for all around are discovered the traces of destruction; these I would efface, that there may exist no memorial of those horrible inflictions which your genius has

taught the nation almost to forget. In repairing what ever these ruffians of revolution labored to annihilate, I shall diffuse comfort around me; and the benedictions of the poor will afford me infinitely more pleasure than the feigned adulations of courtiers.

"I have already told you what I think of the functionaries in this department, but have not spoken sufficiently of the respectable bishop (M. Bourlier.) Every day I learn some new trait, which causes me still more highly to esteem the man who unites the most enlightened benevolence with the most amiable dispositions. He shall be intrusted with distributing my alms-deeds in Evreux; and as he visits the indigent himself, I shall be assured that my charities are properly bestowed.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you, sire, for the liberty you have permitted me of choosing the members of my household, all of whom contribute to the pleasure of a delightful society. One circumstance alone gives me pain, namely, the etiquette of costume, which becomes a little tiresome in the country. You fear that there may be something wanting to the rank I have preserved, should a slight infraction be allowed in the toilet of these gentlemen; but I believe you are wrong in thinking they would, for one minute, forget the respect due to the woman who was your companion Their respect for yourself, joined to the sincere attachment they bear to me (which I cannot doubt,) secures me against the danger of being obliged to recall what it is your wish they should remember. My most hon-

orable title is derived, not from having been crowned, but assuredly from having been chosen by you—none other is of value—that alone suffices for my immortality.

"I expect Eugene. I doubly long to see him; for he will doubtless bring me a new pledge of your remembrance; and I can question him at my ease of a thousand things concerning which I desire to be informed, but cannot inquire of you; things, too, of which you ought still less to speak to me. My daughter will come also, but later, her health not permitting her to travel at this season. I beseech you, sire, to recommend that she take care of herself; and insist since I am to remain here, that she do everything possible to spare me the insupportable anxiety I feel under any increase of her ill health. The weakness in her chest alarms me beyond all expression. I desire Corvisart to write me his opinion without reserve.

"My circle is at this time somewhat more numerous than usual, there being several visitors, besides many of the inhabitants of Evreux and the environs, whom I see of course. I am pleased with their manners, and with their admiration of you, a particular in which, as you know, I am not easily satisfied; in short, I find myself perfectly at home in the midst of my forest, and entreat you, sire, no longer to fancy to yourself that there is no living at a distance from court. Besides you, there is nothing there I regret, since I shall have my children with me soon, and already enjoy the society of the small number of friends who remained

faithful to me. Do not forget *your friend;* tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment which constitutes the felicity of her life; often repeat to her that you are happy, and be assured that for her the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy—and often sad."

While these scenes were passing in the mansion of Josephine, the Emperor held councils at Paris to determine the most advantageous matrimonial alliance for his realm. Austria gained the honor of furnishing the second wife of Napoleon. Count Lauriston and Prince Neufchatel were sent to demand the hand of Maria Louisa, of the Austrian monarch. The marriage ceremony was celebrated according to the definite arrangements of Bonaparte, March, 1810. That it is a *weakness* when a great mind is unable to descend to minute and common things, was illustrated by contrast in this affair, planned and directed in all its details by the same genius that scaled the Alps, and gave sceptres to trembling kings. The season passed, and Napoleon rejoiced in the prospect of an heir to his diadem and name. After a visit he made during this period at Navarre, Josephine remarked to a friend:—

"You cannot conceive, my friend, all the torments I have endured since that fatal day: I cannot think how I survived it. You can form no conception of the misery it is to me to see everywhere description of fêtes. And the first time he came to see me after his marriage, oh! what a meeting was that! what tears I shed! The days on which he comes are days of

torture to me, for he has no delicacy. How cruel of him to speak to me about his expected heir! you may suppose how distressing all this is to me. Better far to be exiled a thousand leagues from hence! However, some few friends still continue faithful to me, and that is now my only consolation in the few moments I am able to admit of it."

And yet this amiable, grieving exile, was among the first to express her interest on the father's account, when the birth of the King of Rome was announced. This event occurred March 26th, 1811, after imminent danger in regard to the fate of both the queen and her son. It was during this crisis, Napoleon, with the calm accents of complete self-command, said to Dubois, the attending physician, "Treat my wife as you would a shop-keeper's in the Rue St. Denis." And when the question arose which should be sacrificed, if one must die, mother or child, he exclaimed, "Save my wife! the rest affects me little." It is difficult after all, to estimate the motive in the direction to Dubois. For love to Maria Louisa alone, could not have governed him; greater affection had been violated to obtain the gift he was likely to lose—but doubtless he preferred the probability of another heir to the death of a queen and the difficult care of a motherless infant

The joy which succeeded the intensely painful suspense of the people, when the thunder of cannon heralded the presence of a prince in the palace of St. Cloud, was a wild burst of enthusiasm, that swept

storm-like over an empire whose population was fifty-seven millions. Unconscious heir of prospective glory!—the object of national idolatry, the treasure of a monarch whose wealth was kingdoms, and the occasion of solicitude to the sovereigns of half the world!

Josephine's household were at a magnificent entertainment given by the prefect, when the tidings came to him, whose office required his aid in extending the public jubilee. The guests dispersed, and among those who returned to the saloon of Josephine, where she was alone with the Princess d'Arberg, was Madam Decrest, who touchingly said—"I confess that my boundless affection for Josephine caused me violent sorrow, when I thought that she who occupied her place was now completely happy. Knowing as yet but imperfectly the grandeur of soul which characterized the Empress, her entire denial of self, and absolute devotion to the happiness of the Emperor, I imagined there must still remain in her so much of the woman as would excite bitter regret at not having been the mother of a son so ardently desired. I judged like a frivolous being of the gay world, who had never known cares beyond those of a ball.

"On arriving at the palace, where the first comers had spread the news, I learned how to appreciate one who had so long been the cherished companion, often the counsellor, and always the true friend of Napoleon. I beheld every face beaming with joy, and Josephine's more radiant than any, for all but reflected her satisfac-

tion. No sooner had the party from the carriage entered the saloon, than she eagerly enquired what details we had learned. 'I do regret,' she continued to repeat, 'being so far from Paris; at Malmaison I could have had information every half hour! I greatly rejoice that the painful sacrifice which I made for France is likely to be useful, and that her future destiny is now secure. How happy the Emperor must be! One thing alone makes me sad; namely, not having been informed of that happiness by himself: but then he has so many orders to give, so many congratulations to receive. Young ladies, we must do here as elsewhere; there must be a fête to solemnize the accomplishment of so many vows. I will give you a ball. And, as the saloons are small, I will have the hall of the guards floored above the marble; for the whole city of Evreux must come to rejoice with us: I can never have too many people on this occasion. Make your preparations; get ready some of my jewels; I must not, in the present case, continue to receive my visitors in a *bonnet de nuit*. As for you, gentlemen, I require, for this once, your grand costume.' Her majesty's pleasant countenance was, if possible, more than usually open and frank in its expression while she spoke, and never, in my opinion, did she show herself more worthy of the high fortunes she had enjoyed."

Napoleon was too much absorbed with the consummation of his ardent wishes, to think for a time of his repudiated wife, who tempered the torture of regret with sincere rejoicing, on the fruition of his most daz-

zling hopes. Upon important occasions, he usually sent a special messenger to Navarre to inform Josephine of passing events; but her intelligence of the royal birth had come only through the prefect, and demonstrations of gladness that filled the heavens with the continual roar of artillery, and spread music and dancing over the land. She was grieved by this neglect, and addressed a note to the Emperor, which shows a confidence in his regard, and a magnanimity of soul, that none can contemplate without the admiration and interest of a personal esteem.

"NAVARRE, MARCH 20–21, 1811.

"SIRE,—Amid the numerous felicitations which you receive from every corner of Europe, from all the cities of France, and from each regiment of your army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear, and will you deign to listen to her who so often consoled your sorrows and sweetened your pains, now that she speaks to you only of that happiness in which all your wishes are fulfilled? Having ceased to be your wife, dare I felicitate you on becoming a father? Yes, sire, without hesitation, for my soul renders justice to yours, in like manner as you know mine; I can conceive every emotion you must experience, as you divine all that I feel at this moment; and, though separated, we are united by that sympathy which survives all events.

"I should have desired to learn the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not from the sound of the cannon of Evreux, or the courier of the prefect; I

know, however, that in preference to all, your first attentions are due to the public authorities of the state, to the foreign ministers, to your family, and especially to the fortunate Princess who has realized your dearest hopes. She cannot be more tenderly devoted to you than I; but she has been enabled to contribute more towards your happiness, by securing that of France. She has then a right to your first feelings, to all your cares; and I, who was but your companion in times of difficulty—I cannot ask more than a place in your affection, far removed from that occupied by the Empress Maria Louisa. Not till you have ceased to watch by her bed, not till you are weary of embracing your son, will you take the pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait.

"Meanwhile, it is not possible for me to delay telling you, that more than any one in the world do I rejoice in your joy; and you doubt not my sincerity, when I here say, that, far from feeling affliction at a sacrifice necessary to the repose of all, I congratulate myself on having made it, since I now suffer alone. But I am wrong—I do not suffer, while you are happy; and have but one regret, in not having yet done enough to prove to you how dear you were to me. I have no account of the health of the Empress; I dare to depend upon you, sire, so far as to hope that I shall have circumstantial details of the great event which assures the perpetuity of the name you have so nobly illustrated. Eugene and Hortense will write me, imparting their own satisfaction; but it is *from you* that I

desire to know if your child be well—if he resemble you—if I shall one day be permitted to see him; in short, I expect *from you* unlimited confidence, and upon such I have some claims, in consideration, sire, of the boundless attachment I shall cherish for you while life remains."

The next day Eugene arrived and gave his mother the particulars she desired; and at eleven o'clock the same evening, a page was formally announced bearing a message direct from St. Cloud to Josephine. She had not forgotten the youthful member of her former court, and with native kindness relieved his embarrassment while searching for the note he had too carefully concealed about his person, by inquiring familiarly after his friends and his own success. But the instant her hand felt the precious billet, she vanished to her private apartment, and for half an hour sprinkled the blotted sheet with tears. Eugene had followed her, and when they returned, gave evidence that Josephine had not wept alone. The scene upon rejoining the company, is thus described by a friend.

"We dared not question the Empress; but observing our curiosity, she had the condescension to gratify us with a sight of the letter; it consisted of about ten or twelve lines, traced on one page, and was, as usual, covered with blots. I do not exactly remember the commencement, but the conclusion was, *word for word*,—'This infant in concert with *our Eugene*, will constitute my happiness and that of France.' 'Is it possible,' remarked the Empress, 'to be more amiable?

or could anything be better calculated to soothe whatever might be painful in my thoughts at this moment, did I not so sincerely love the Emperor? This uniting of my son with his own is indeed worthy of him, who, when he wills, is the most delightful of men. This it is which has so much moved me.' Calling, then, for the messenger, Josephine said, 'For the Emperor and for yourself'—giving the page a letter, and a small morocco case, containing a diamond brooch, value five thousand francs (two hundred guineas.) This, indeed, was the present intended for the messenger, should the child be a girl, and one of twelve thousand francs for a boy; but, with her usual good taste, she made this alteration, fearing the people might talk rather of her munificence than satisfaction. Exactly in the same style of splendid propriety was given the entertainment which she had promised to her little court."

So disinterested was this sorrowful spirit, that she sought a friendly intercourse and correspondence with Maria Louisa. Though Bonaparte favored cordially the proposal, the Queen was a stranger to that elevation of sentiment which suggested it, and jealous of associations involving her unrivalled sovereignty of the Emperor's heart, if not of the realm he ruled We are, at every new disclosure of the principles of action that animated the heroine of this history, induced to pause and wonder, while we eulogize the unparalleled nobility of nature, at the symmetry and spotless purity of a character matured under influences

generally corrupt, at least inadequate to the sublime development she exhibited. This reflection was awakened here by the perusal of a letter to the Queen on the subject of more intimacy in social life.

"MADAM,—While you were only the second spouse of the Emperor, I deemed it becoming to maintain silence towards your majesty; that reserve, I think, may be laid aside, now that you are become the mother of an heir to the empire. You might have had some difficulty in crediting the sincerity of her whom, perhaps, you regarded as a rival; you will give faith to the felicitations of a French woman, for you have bestowed a son upon France. Your amiableness and sweetness of disposition have gained you the heart of the Emperor; your benevolence merits the blessings of the unfortunate, the birth of a son claims the benedictions of all France How amiable a people—how feeling—how deserving of admiration are the French! To use an expression which paints them exactly—'*they love to love!*' Oh! how delightful, then, to be loved by them! It is upon this facility and, at the same time, steadiness of affection, that the partisans of their ancient kings have so long rested their expectations; and here their trust is not without reason. Whatever may happen, the name of Henry IV., for instance, will always be reverenced. It must be confessed, however, that the Revolution, without corrupting the heart, has greatly extended the intelligence, and rendered the spirits of men more exacting Under our kings, they were satisfied with repose—now

they demand glory. These, madam, are the two blessings, the foretaste of which you have been called to give to France. She will enjoy them in perfection under your son, if to the manly virtues of his sire he join those of his august mother, by which they may be tempered."

In this generous endeavor she was unsuccessful, although by the kindness of Napoleon permitted frequently to see his son. These visits were unknown to Maria Louisa, and were made at a royal pavilion near Paris, in the presence of the Emperor, and Madam Montesquieu, governess of the child. Josephine, during the interviews, could seldom restrain her emotions. With Bonaparte by her side, and the innocent boy for whose sake she was repudiated, in her arms, it is not strange that she showered upon his fair forehead the dew of feeling too deep for utterance. Her smile of affection upon the father and child, would break through her grief, like the bow of summer amid the sobbings of the passing storm. In uncomplaining resignation, she caressed the baby-king, and clasped him to her bosom as though he were her own, till Napoleon would brush away a tear from his own calm face, and gaze for a moment with former tenderness on the lovely being, whose countenance, so radiant with expression, made the "burial places of memory give up their dead," and glowed like living fire on his conscience. At length such occasions more seldom recurred, until from the difficulty of concealment, they ceased entirely. It was removing a source of melan-

cholv joy from Josephine, closing the parted clouds of a tempest again above her drooping head, and leaving her only the rays of comfort that pierced the darkness, when a note or verbal message from the Emperor reached Navarre.

In a letter written about this time, she alludes to the privileges she had enjoyed, and the necessity of its sacrifice.

"Assuredly, sire, it was not mere curiosity which led me to desire to meet the King of Rome; I wished to examine his countenance—to hear the sound of his voice, so like your own—to behold you caress a son on whom centre so many hopes — and to repay him the tenderness which you lavished on my own Eugene. When you recall how dearly you loved mine, you will not be surprised at my affection for the son of another, since he is yours likewise, nor deem either false or exaggerated, sentiments which you have so fully experienced in your own heart. The moment I saw you enter, leading the young Napoleon in your hand, was unquestionably one of the happiest of my life. It effaced for a time the recollection of all that had preceded; for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection. It is more: it is one of esteem—of sincere attachment. Still, I am perfectly sensible, sire, that those meetings which afford me so much pleasure cannot be frequently renewed; and I must not so far intrude on your compliance as to put it often under contribution. Let this sacrifice to your

domestic tranquillity be one proof more of my desire to see you happy."

An interesting story is told of the two Empresses in connection with the King of Rome, which, whether strictly authentic or not, illustrates their character. Redoute, a distinguished artist, and frequent visitor at the saloons of Navarre, was one morning on his way to the chateau with paintings of flowers, when he beheld in the garden of the Tuilleries a hurrying multitude, and heard the shouts of "The King of Rome! The Empress!" By the side of Maria Louisa, was a miniature carriage drawn by four snow-white goats. He paused to gaze on the novel scene, when his eye fell upon a pale young mother near him, whose tears from their sunken orbs dropped freely on the rosy cheeks of her child. He caught these broken accents of grief:—

"My poor little one!—my darling! you have no carriage, my angel; no playthings—no toys of any kind. For him abundance, pleasure, every joy of his age, for thee, desolation, suffering, poverty, hunger! What is he that he should be happier than you, darling? Both of you born the same day, the same hour! I as young as his mother, and loving you as fondly as she loves him. But you have now no father, my poor babe; you have no father!"

The artist forgot the rushing crowd, and the pageant they were pursuing, and kindly addressed the poor woman.

"Madam, why do you not make known your situation to the Empress?"

"To what purpose, sir? Small compassion have the great ones of this world."

"But why not make the attempt?"

"I have done so, sir, already. I wrote to the Empress, and told her that my son was born the same day, the same hour with the King of Rome. I told her, alas! that he has no father, that my strength is failing that we are utterly destitute. But the Empress has not deigned to answer."

"You will have an answer, rest assured. Perhaps the memorial has not been yet placed before her majesty. Give me your address, I beg of you?"

Upon meeting Josephine, who was surprised at the delay in his appointed call, he apologized with a relation of these incidents by the way. She replied—

"I see the great artist, as always happens, has a feeling heart. If Napoleon did but know the destitution of this child, born the same day, the same hour with his son! Be with me to-morrow morning at nine o'clock; we will together visit this poor creature."

At the time appointed, Redoute and Josephine were threading a narrow and dismal alley, leading to the widow's abode, a miserable garret in the fifth story of a dark old structure. Ascending the damp stair-way, the painter soon introduced his fair companion to the ghastly wreck of a lovely woman, and her laughing boy. Josephine caressing the unconscious orphan, learned from the mother, the mournful history of her bereavement and poverty. Then rising, she placed in the hand of the child a purse, and with the tremulous

tones of deep feeling, assured the widow that brighter days were before her—and promising a physician, and also a removal on the morrow to a cheerful dwelling At this moment the door opened, and a lady elegantly attired, entered with an escort, and calmly surveyed the apartment, as though her presence were a miracle of benevolent condescension. It was Maria Louisa, who had with unwonted interest in the poor, answered at her leisure the appeal of the sufferer. She did not recognize her rival in the love of the Emperor, having carefully avoided intercourse with her; while Redoute was studying with an artist's earnestness and observant eye, the faces of each—the one expressing the pride of rank and consciousness of power, the other the sweetness of benignity itself, excepting a shadow of disdain for the display of greatness, that passed over her sad yet radiant features. When the Empress disclosed the design of her visit, Josephine spoke—"Your intention is most laudable, doubtless, madam, but you are rather late; the young mother and the child are under my protection." Maria haughtily replied, "I have some reason to believe that my patronage will be a little more advantageous." After a spirited conversation in which the artist and chamberlain joined to defend the illustrious philanthropists, Josephine withdrew. For two years she protected and maintained the widow and her son—and when both she and that mother were dead, the homeless Charles, deserted by relatives, became the *protegé* of the struggling and gifted Redoute.

Napoleon when in exile, said of his wives, that he

had been much attached to them both—adding, "The one was the votary of art and the graces; the other was all innocence and simple nature; and each, he observed, had a very high degree of merit. The first, in no moment of her life, ever assumed a position or attitude that was not pleasing or captivating; it was impossible to take her by surprise, or to make her feel the least inconvenience. She employed every resource of art to heighten natural attractions, but with such ingenuity as to render every trace of allurement imperceptible. The other, on the contrary, never suspected that anything was to be gained by innocent artifice. The one was always somewhat short of the truth of nature; the other was altogether frank and open, and was a stranger to subterfuge. The first never asked her husband for anything, but she was in debt to every one; the second freely asked whenever she wanted, which, however, very seldom happened, and she never thought of receiving anything without immediately paying for it. Both were amiable and gentle in disposition, and strongly attached to their husband."

Josephine's benevolence never shone more purely than at Navarre. Her income was 125,000*l.* a year, of which four or five thousand were devoted to charitable uses. The suffering were relieved—the homeless found refuge—and we have seen how the widow and the fatherless were visited in their affliction. In addition to this, she avoided at all times a tone of voice or a look, which might fling a shadow upon the path of the humblest pilgrim to the goal of mortality. When

needful to rebuke an attendant for delinquency, it was simply by silence—withholding any expression of favor, which never failed to restore the offender penitently to duty. If a member of her court was sick, she was the first to enter the chamber, and as often as the strength of returning health would allow, appointed the meetings of her little circle in the apartment of the invalid, to cheer with their entertainment the heart weary of confinement. She received and deserved the title of "the excellent Josephine," exhibiting in the minutest details of daily life, the same gentleness, and magnanimity, on great occasions displayed more strikingly to the multitude. She thus writes to a friend in relation to her joining the group, whose attachment lent a charm to existence, which misfortune had so bereft of its clustering delights.

"You will find with me the gentlest and most agreeable society. Some of my ladies are kind and good; they have not always been happy, and will therefore sympathize in your melancholy without forcing you to be gay; others will beguile you of your sorrows by the charms of their wit; and with the gentlemen of my court you may converse on those acquirements which you have cultivated with pleasure and success. Some young persons in whom I am interested will study along with your amiable daughter; she will increase their knowledge by communicating her own, and will receive in return lessons in music and accomplishments not otherwise accessible in the chateau of her deceased father. Thus, many advan-

tages concur to decide you to come and live with me; and I venture to believe that your affection will reckon among these inducements the certainty of thus contributing to render my retreat more pleasing. Hitherto, I have been surrounded by all imaginable proofs of regard. I have received visits from the whole of Napoleon's court. It is known that he *desires* I should always be treated as Empress; and besides, people wish to see with their own eyes how I support my new situation. When they shall have been able to say several times before Napoleon that they have been at Malmaison, and shall have fully examined my countenance, and criticized my manners, they will cease to come eight leagues to visit a person who can no longer do anything for them, and I shall be left alone with my true friends, of whom *I will* that you augment the number. These words *I will* have escaped me; it is the consequence of a habit which I shall correct; but one of my habits I shall never resign—that of loving you faithfully. Come, and believe in the attachment of JOSEPHINE."

The continued confidence that Napoleon reposed in Josephine, and her devotion in return, present his character in a sublime aspect, however intense our indignation at the deed of separation. He would have torn his own frame with instruments of torture if France and glory required it—and none but himself knew the agonies of remorse that brought hours of wakefulness to his couch—and the bitter memories that sometimes thronged his spirit in moments of soli-

tude. The gentle Josephine felt that he must suffer thus, and wept over it, scarcely less frequently than over the hopes he had sternly trodden in the dust. The mutual regard referred to, is finely expressed in a letter written in reply to a note of inquiry after her health, during a slight illness.

"SIRE,—The indisposition which has given you some uneasiness on my account has left no bad effects, and I am almost tempted to bless the dispensation, as the cause of my receiving a billet, which proves you continue always to cherish the same interest in my well-being. This certainty of your attachment will contribute to re-establish a health which is already better. What you say respecting your family disputes afflicts me so much the more that I cannot, as formerly, endeavor to reconcile them. I have laid down as a law never to meddle with what concerns your sisters; and I believe, if I were to fail in this self-imposed rule of conduct, my representations would be ill received. I have never been loved by these personages, who interest me deeply, since your happiness depends in part upon their conduct. Envy and jealousy, unfortunately, were the sentiments I inspired; and now that I am deprived of a power, the cause of their umbrage, resentment still remains at having been so long obliged to conceal their jealousy. I believe you exaggerate their faults towards you, a necessary consequence of the affection you bear them. They love you sincerely, but not with that exaltation of sentiment you require in everything; and they feel not, therefore, the chagrin

they may cause you. The Queen of Naples, for instance, was forced, not only to receive the Princess of Wales, while travelling through her states, but to observe all the honors due to that title. You would have blamed her had she acted otherwise; for her royal highness was unfortunate—a claim more urgent than even illustrious birth. Why, then, impute it as a crime to have received an afflicted woman, accused, perhaps, through injustice and calumny? Separated from a husband and from a child who loved her, had she not whereof to complain? and why, then, deny her the sad consolation of an honorable hospitality? Be assured, therefore, that in all this there was nothing of political contrivance, no intention to *brave* you. Your sister of Naples may be ambitious, but she overflows with tenderness for you, and is too proud of the title of your sister ever to do anything which might render her unworthy thereof. As to the Princess Pauline, she is a pretty child, whom all of us have taken a pleasure in spoiling; we need not, then, be surprised or offended at her absurdities. With her, indulgence always succeeds better than a severity, which we are forced to lay aside whenever we look upon her ravishing beauty. Do not chide her, then; recall her gently, and she will reform. Joseph is obliged to manage the Spaniards, a circumstance which fully explains the kind of opposition in which you are often placed. Time will bring back union between you, by consolidating a power opposed by many obstacles in this its commencement. When you are better satisfied with your family, do not

fail to inform me; none, sire, can more rejoice in the good understanding that ought to prevail there. Adieu. Calm your head—allow your heart to act; there I hold a place which I desire to maintain, and will eternally merit by an affection without limits."

These annals of private intercourse bring the life of Josephine to 1812, a year of mighty events to Europe and Napoleon. Determined to avenge the injuries of Russia, and extend his conquests, he put his affairs in order for an enterprise which attracted the attention of the civilized world. Disasters were occurring in Spain—and Wellington was on his way to Madrid; but these were now the pastime of war, and almost forgotten in the hurry of preparation for a campaign which filled the timid with alarm, and made heroes pause in astonishment before the gigantic plan of a single confident and majestic mind. Defeated in the design of forming an alliance with Turkey and Sweden, the only powers of Europe not in some way bound to his throne, he was yet undismayed, the only calm spirit that surveyed the vast and perilous field of conflict, spreading from the Niemen to the summits of eternal snow. Before his departure for Russia, he visited Josephine. She received him cordially, and with her nice sense of propriety, gave him a seat in the garden, where the courtiers could see, but not hear them during the long and earnest conversation that followed. She spoke of his campaign with deep concern, and would have persuaded him to abandon an expedition so fraught with danger. She said, "You

are playing for your crown, for the existence of your dynasty and the lives of my children."

But the conqueror kissing her hand, entered his carriage, and was again in the tide of preparation which bore men and munitions of war toward the plains blackened by the legions of his foe. Maria Louisa accompanied him to Dresden to see her father, while he hastened to the banks of the Niemen. The mighty host marched forward, passed the Dnieper, gained the heights of Smolensk, and over silent redoubts, entered upon a pavement of ghastly corpses, the evacuated and ruined city. Never was there a more heroic and desolate march than that of the French battalions towards the throne of the Autocrat. Under the walls of Moscow a fierce struggle covered the ground with the dead, and as victory sent the shout of the living along the lines, the fog which had wrapped the city rolled away, and the sun poured his glory on the domes of the doomed metropolis. Napoleon exclaimed, "Soldiers, 'tis the sun of Austerlitz!" —and pressed on to the prize. Even then he might have seen the flame of Russia's offering for rescue, and the lurid sign of his own terrible calamity.

That awful conflagration swept away the hopes of an army, leaving the brave legions unsheltered amid the rigors of a northern winter. Every heart quailed at the prospect, but that of the unconquerable Napoleon. Rumors had spread in Paris that he was slain; and the fanatic Mallet conceived the project of overthrowing the Empire and restoring in some shape the

Republic. The stroke was given the very day Bonaparte turned his back on the smoking ruins of Moscow, and arriving at Smolensk, received intelligence of the treason. Though the conspiracy was a signal failure, and the insane leader with fourteen associates were executed, the Emperor was in a rage, and exclaimed to General Rapp:—

"Is it come to this, then—is my power so insecure as to be endangered by a single individual, and he a prisoner? It would seem that my crown sits but loosely on my head, if, in my own capital, the bold stroke of three adventurers can shake it. Rapp, misfortune never comes alone; this is an appropriate finish to what is passing here. I cannot be everywhere, but I must go back to Paris; my presence there is indispensable to reänimate public opinion. I must have men and money; great successes and great victories will repair all; I must set off."

Giving the command of his thinned and disheartened ranks to the experienced generals, among whom was Eugene, for whose fate a fond and noble mother was deeply anxious, he pressed on to the capital of a nation in mourning

"For the unreturning brave."

To him it was an entrance strangely in contrast with former advents upon the theatre of public homage. Hitherto, the flying courier, followed by the roar of artillery, had proclaimed to the waiting millions, the annihilation of armies and the glory of France. Now

he left the struggling remnants of a magnificent host among the blood-stained snows of a cheerless waste and sadly, yet unyieldingly came again to take his sceptre, sullied with the touch of conspiracy.

Intelligence of all these movements was conveyed to Josephine at Malmaison. She still watched with the tenderest solicitude over Napoleon's fate, and heard with deep sadness of his disastrous Russian campaign. An ordinary woman might have had a selfish delight in the reflection that her own repudiation was the first step in his descending career; but this was far from the thoughts of Josephine. If her life would have contributed to his prosperity or happiness, she was ready for the sacrifice. She would gladly have hastened to meet him on his return to Paris, and bound up his wounded spirit, with her sympathy and love. She heard indeed of the congratulations and addresses of the public functionaries of Paris upon his return—and that the cities of Rome, Florence, Milan, Turin, Hamburgh, Amsterdam, and Mayence, had sent him the assurance that his presence alone was necessary to remove the disquietude that existed in the Empire, but she was also aware that sources of fearful trouble to the Emperor, were arising in the capital and in various parts of France. She understood thoroughly the schemes of the Philadelphes,* and was apprised of that daring treason, headed by one of their number, General Mallet, which affected her deeply, for it indicated

* A secret association in the army, formed for the purpose of overthrowing the Imperial power.

feeling against the Emperor, more widely extended than apparent upon the surface of society. In these tidings her quick ear caught the first moaning of the tempest which would wreck his splendid fortunes.

The campaign of Saxony, upon which Napoleon now entered, completed his downfall. He commenced it with high anticipations of success, and though at the outset a few great victories attested his genius, he soon began to feel the mortification of repeated defeats. His armies were no longer the invincible host, which had hitherto never failed him in the hour of trial.

Toward the spring of 1814, when the allies had invaded more than one third of France, and Napoleon's throne was trembling on the undulations of an earthquake, whose march his prophetic vision discerned, but which he could not avert; he made his last visit to the home of Josephine. The bright sun was sinking behind the purple hills, and Malmaison was peaceful as though the plains and slopes of vine-clad France were untrodden by contending armies, and unreddened by the blood of slaughter, when, with distressful air, the Emperor entered the retreat of her who clung to his side with intenser affection amid the gloom of darkening disaster. They wept together, and while he looked upon her sad and loving face he said—"Ah! I have been as fortunate as was ever man on the face of the earth; but to-day, now when a storm is gathering over my head, I have not, O Josephine, in the wide world, any but you upon whom I can repose."

The Jacobins were disposed to offer their influence

to save the "child of destiny," but demanded in return, entire control of the press, and permission to advocate freely the principles of the revolutionary period. His words on the subject are forceful, and indicate regard for enlightened freedom not wholly extinguished by absolute rule, and disclose some filial emotion in this offspring of Liberty, "to whom he owed everything, though he had disowned his mother, and was about to fall." He said indignantly—"This is too much! In battle I shall have a chance of deliverance; but I shall have none with these furious blockheads. There can be nothing in common between the demagogic principles of ninety-three, and the monarchy; between clubs of madmen and a regular ministry; between revolutionary tribunals and established laws. If my fall is decreed, I will not at least bequeath France to the revolutionists from whom I have delivered her."

When about leaving Paris to make the last desperate onset upon his exulting foe, he summoned the National Guard to the Tuilleries, and while the large and brilliant assembly were waiting in the deepest silence, Napoleon entered the hall, leading by the hand the son of his hopes, not yet three years old. With a calm but melancholy mien, he surveyed the impressive scene, then with his usual clear and sonorous voice, delivered a speech, from which the following is a quotation:—

"Gentlemen, and Officers of he National Guard! I am happy to see you around me. This night I set out to take the command of the army. On quitting the capital, I confidently leave behind me my wife, and my

son, in whom so many hopes are centered. Under your faithful guard I leave all that, next to France, I hold dear. To your care they are intrusted."

Bonaparte threw himself into the overwhelming tide of allied forces, and struggled nobly to regain the foundation of sovereignty, sliding so rapidly from beneath his feet. He did not, however, forget Josephine; but as often as communication was possible, sent letters breathing the warmest affection; while hers in return were hailed with delight that brooked no delay in perusal, even amid the very tumult of battle. At length the closing scenes in the terrible tragedy, of which a hero and king was the victim, interrupted the correspondence. She could almost behold the field of strife, and hear the discordant roar of combat.

One day, while sitting in a summer-house, looking toward Paris, she saw a Sister of Charity near her casement, and inquired respecting her mission of mercy, The nun told her that the sisterhood had many wounded officers under their care, and no sheets with which to bind the bleeding limbs, and that she was on her way to the capital for a supply. The Empress immediately took the purchase into her own hands, and the saloons of Malmaison became alive with the activity of fair women preparing lint and bandages for the suffering.

Josephine was tortured with suspense, and when she heard that the royal family were flying to Blois, before the advancing invaders, in her excitement and despair she determined to depart for Navarre. On her way thither, discovering a detachment of troops in the dis-

tance, who were French hussars, she mistook them for the terrible Cossacks, who had descended like demons upon the arena of universal war. Beneath the peltings of the storm, she fled across the fields; and when the illusion was dispelled, entering her carriage, she silently pursued her journey, and awakening as from a trance upon their arrival at the palace, it is related, exclaimed, "Surely, surely, Bonaparte is ignorant of what is passing within sight of the gates of Paris; or if he knows, how cruel the thoughts that must now agitate his breast! Oh! if he had listened to me!"

On the 31st of March, 1814, the allies entered Paris During the fierce struggle beneath its walls upon the preceding day, he was at Troyes, and with a suite of four officers travelled towards the metropolis at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, but did not hear of the decisive battle till within a few miles of the city. His army followed, marching with the unrivalled rapidity of more than fifty miles a day. Napoleon tried to inflame the enthusiasm of his generals, and strike once more for France—but it was too late; the enemies of the new dynasty and freedom had thrown their Briarean arms around both and crushed them. On the 11th of April, Bonaparte signed the articles of unconditional abdication of his throne, expressed in these words:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon is the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe; the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and

Italy, and that there is no personal sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France."

Maria Louisa without having a parting interview with the Emperor as she requested, departed for Rambouillet with her son, and soon after for Austria. She was attached to Napoleon, but how unlike in her *resignation* to his fate, the disinterested and magnanimous Josephine. She in the mean time, was reading with swimming eye his last messages, or carrying them in her bosom, near her beating heart.

Vague rumors only had broken the painful silence of many days, when the subjoined letter confirmed her apprehensions, and revealed the changeless devotion of a proud and fallen monarch.

"FONTAINEBLEAU, April 16, 1814.

"DEAR JOSEPHINE,—I wrote to you on the 8th of this month (it was a Friday,) and perhaps you have not received my letter. Hostilities still continued possibly it may have been intercepted ; at present the communications must be re-established. I have formed my resolution ; I have no doubt this billet will reach you. I will not repeat what I said to you : then I lamented my situation ; and now I congratulate myself thereon. My head and spirit are free from an enormous weight. My fall is great, but at least it is useful, as men say. In my retreat I shall substitute the pen for the sword. The history of my reign will be curious ; the world has yet seen me only in profile—I shall show

myself in full. How many things have I to disclose! how many are the men of whom a false estimate is entertained! I have heaped benefits upon millions of wretches! What have they done in the end for me? They have all betrayed me—yes, all. I except from this number the good Eugene, so worthy of you and of me. Adieu, my dear Josephine; be resigned as I am, and ever remember him who never forgot, and never will forget you. Farewell, Josephine. NAPOLEON.

"P. S. I expect to hear from you at Elba: I am not very well."

When the paroxysm of grief was over, she spoke with all the ardor of her earnest spirit of the forsaken Exile: "I must not remain here—my presence is necessary to the Emperor. That duty is indeed more Maria Louisa's than mine; but the Emperor is alone—forsaken. Well, I at least will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with while he was happy—now, I am sure he expects me." Then turning with more composure to her chamberlain, added—"I may, however, interfere with his arrangements. You will remain here with me till intelligence be received from the allied sovereigns—they will respect her who was the wife of Napoleon."

The allied sovereigns did not disappoint her—she was urged to keep her residence at Malmaison, and assured of their friendship and protection.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia, was especially attentive and kind to Josephine, and as the only refuge, she accepted the generous proposal, and was soon

quietly restored to her favorite hermitage. Napoleon was a prisoner to the Kings of Europe, and like a caged eagle, his soaring genius was confined within the narrow horizon of ocean-bound Elba, while their vulture gaze was still fixed anxiously upon him. Josephine's heart was there with the captive, as is seen in her letter addressed to him soon after his arrival upon the island.

"Sire,—Now only can I calculate the whole extent of the misfortune of having beheld my union with you dissolved by law; now do I indeed lament being no more than your friend, who can but mourn over a misfortune great as it is unexpected. It is not the loss of a throne that I regret on your account; I know from myself how such a loss may be endured; but my heart sinks at the grief you must have experienced on separating from the old companions of your glory. You must have regretted, not only your officers, but the soldiers, whose countenances, even names, and brilliant deeds in arms you could recall, and all of whom you could not recompense; for they were too numerous. To leave heroes like them deprived of their chief, who so often shared in their toils, must have struck your soul with unutterable grief; in that sorrow especially do I participate.

"You will also have to mourn over the ingratitude and falling away of friends, on whom you deemed you could confide. Ah! sire, why cannot I fly to you! why cannot I give you the assurance that exile has no terrors save for vulgar minds, and that, far from dimin

ishing a sincere attachment, misfortune imparts to it new force! I have been on the point of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrained me, and that you may divine. If I learn that, contrary to all appearance, I *am the only one* who will fulfil her duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where henceforth there can be happiness for me, since I shall be able to console you when you are there isolated and unfortunate! Say but the word, and I depart. Adieu, sire; whatever I would add would still be too little; it is no longer by words that my sentiments for you are to be proved, and for actions your consent is necessary. JOSEPHINE.

"Malmaison has been respected; I am there surrounded with attentions by the foreign sovereigns, but had much rather not remain."

But the constitution of Josephine began to yield to the repeated shocks it had sustained during the eventful years, whose departure left her a divorced and crownless queen, and the Emperor who deserted her, a throneless exile on a solitary island. To increase her solicitude and suffering, promised pensions were withheld, and her sensitive nature put to the torture by distressing embarrassment. As spring advanced, her system began to develop disease, and by the application of remedies, obtained a partial and transient restoration. This was in the beginning of May. On the tenth, she gave a dinner party, upon which oc-

casion among the distinguished guests, was the Emperor Alexander. Though suffering alternately the thrilling pain and chills which shook her delicate frame, she assumed her wonted smile, and after the entertainment, joined in games of amusement on the beautiful esplanade. Compelled at length to retire from the ring, she betrayed her suffering only by the pallor of her countenance, and in reply to inquiries, assured her friends it was fatigue, and would be gone with the morrow. But disease was doing its work. The successive days brought no relief, and by the 25th, she was rapidly sinking before the ravages of a malignant quinsy.

Physicians were constantly by her side; science and love exhausted their resources to rescue the uncomplaining sufferer from the skeleton hand of the destroyer. She was conscious of her danger, but sweetly avoided any intimation of it, or utterance of pain, that might distress those who were watching for a ray of returning hope. But none shone on the marble forehead of the dying Josephine.

Eugene and Hortense were apprised by the physicians that death was near, that they might prepare for the dreaded event. They whispered with faltering accents in the ear of that mother, her approaching doom, while they hung over her couch with the agony of breaking hearts—like those beside the grave of hope. Nor is it strange that such grief was theirs; a mother—and one who was an angel of love and guidance to their path, was just entering the portal of a

bourne, whence no fond voice replies to the spirit's questioning or its bitter prayer. Josephine soon after received the sacrament.

The Emperor Alexander arriving, approached her bed-side; and as the fading eye of Josephine recognized him, she rallied her departing strength, and, while a new light beamed upon his features and then fell on her kneeling and weeping children,—she beckoned to the silent group about her to come near, and said with a celestial smile, and in tones of death's gentlest music:—

"At least I shall die regretted; I have always desired the happiness of France; I did all in my power to contribute to it; and I can say with truth to all of you now present at my last moments, that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a single tear to flow."

As these words died upon her lips, she passed into a slumber, unbroken till on the morning of the 29th of May, she left the shadows of time for the realm of immortality.

The body was embalmed and laid in a coffin of sycamore lined with lead, and on the 2d of June, the funeral procession moved from Malmaison to the village of St. Ruel. While the remains lay in state, twenty thousand persons from various parts of France, came to look on the illustrious sleeper—and when the concourse followed her to the grave, sovereigns led the countless host, and *two thousand poor* formed the last company of mourners, deeply lamenting the loss

of their benefactor. An oration was made on the occasion, by the Archbishop of Tours, and while prayers were offered by the bishops, Hortense was alone in her devotions, having retired to a chapel, where undisturbed, she might pour her grief on the infinite bosom of Him whose name is Love. And when the multitude had gone from the sacred edifice, how beautiful the spectacle of that dutiful daughter kneeling with Eugene beside the tomb; and both baptizing it with their tears. Upon the simple monument of unadorned marble, Josephine is represented in royal robes, in the attitude of kneeling, and on the memorial of virtue, whose snowy whiteness is no false symbol of character, is the brief and affecting inscription,

"EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE."

In the narrative of stirring events, and common incidents in the life of Josephine, the same unselfish motives of action, untarnished virtue, gentleness, and fidelity are always visible. She was endowed with a fine intellect, and an attractive, though not beautiful person. But what is most conspicuous and lovely, is her warm and earnest sympathy with the suffering—her joy in doing good. And while the name of Napoleon is repeated with admiring wonder at the splendor of his genius, and sadness because of its perversion, in the memory of all the good to the last hour of time will be embalmed the name of JOSEPHINE.

THE END.

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